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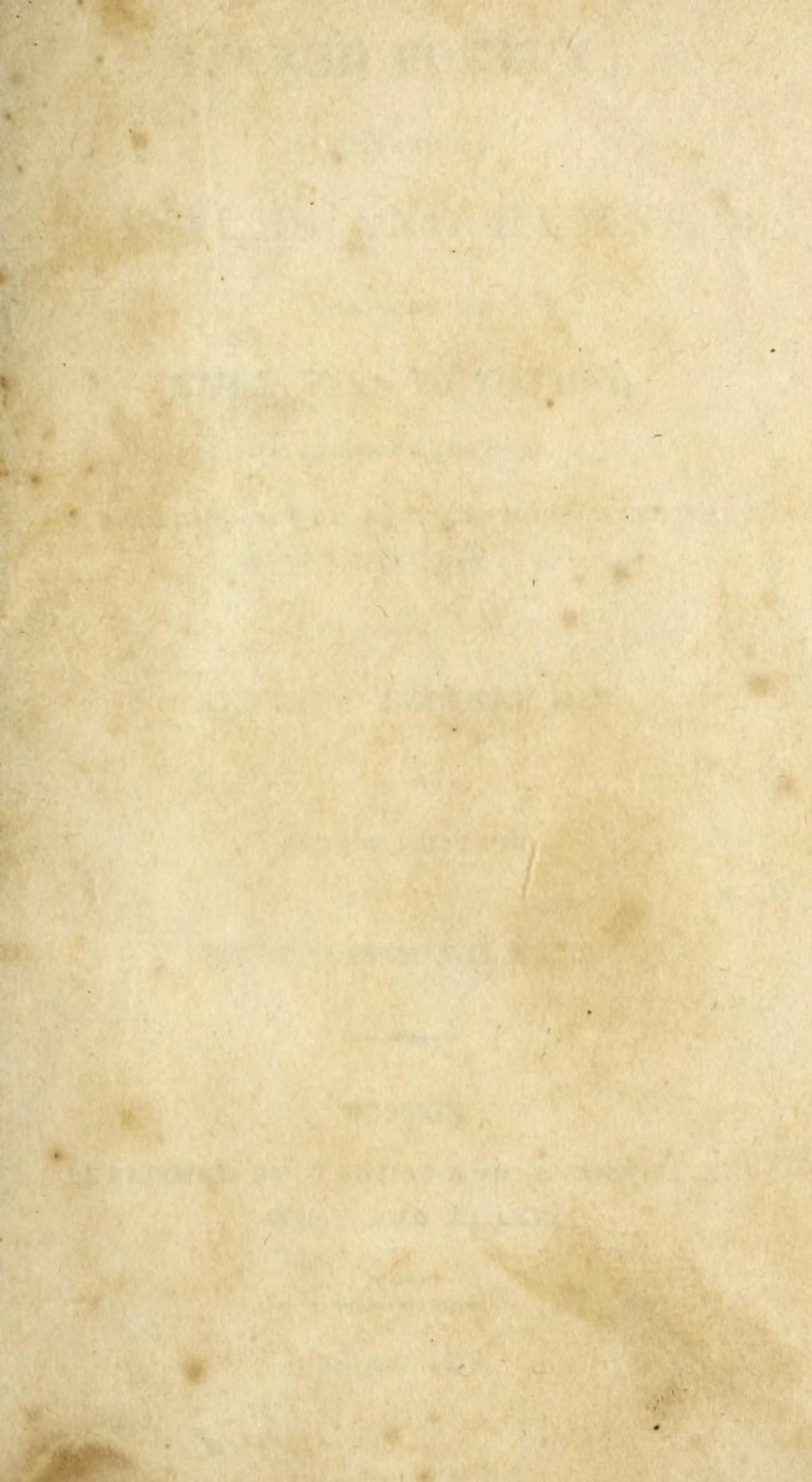
S. P.













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SACRED POETRY :
CONSISTING OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS,
ADAPTED TO
CHRISTIAN DEVOTION,
IN PUBLICK AND PRIVATE.

SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORS, WITH VARIATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

.....
BY JEREMY BELKNAP, D. D.

.....
A NEW EDITION.

WITH ADDITIONAL HYMNS.



BOSTON :
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS AND ANDREWS AND
WEST AND BLAKE,

.....
C. STEBBINS, PRINTER.
.....

Nov. 1812.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit:*

District Clerk's Office.

BE it remembered, that on the fourth day of November, A.
D. 1812, and in the thirty-seventh year of the Independence
of the United States of America, THOMAS and ANDREWS and WEST and BLAKE, of the said district, have
deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof
they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:—
“Sacred Poetry : consisting of Psalms and Hymns, adapted
to Christian Devotion, in publick and private. Selected from
the best Authors, with variations and additions. By Jeremy
Belknap, D. D. A new edition, with additional Hymns.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.” And also to an Act entitled “An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, ‘an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

WILLIAM S. SHAW,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

DR. JOHNSON hath observed concerning devotional poetry, that “the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction.” Inferior subjects may be heightened by the charms of rhetorick, but this is too sublime to receive any decoration from human eloquence; and we often debase it by making the attempt.

Dr. WATTS, in one of his hymns, hath said.

“Join all the names of love and power
“That ever men or angels bore;
“All are too mean to speak his worth,
“Or set EMANUEL’s glory forth.

Yet, such was the imperfection of one of the best of men, that we frequently find in his divine poems, epithets and allusions taken from “mortal beauties,” and applied to the Saviour, with a license disgusting to the spirit of devotion. It has been my aim to avoid these familiarities; and either to change or omit such epithets and allusions.

The names of the authors from whom this selection is made, are subjoined to each psalm or hymn; excepting when they are unknown, or have requested concealment. Most of these names are familiar to the readers of poetry; but there is one, to whom I am largely indebted for some of the most elegant of these productions, who is but little known in this country, and of whom I conceive the following account will be acceptable to every reader.

"ANNE STEELE was the eldest daughter of a dissenting minister at Broughton, in Hampshire; a man of piety, integrity, benevolence, and the most amiable simplicity of manners. She discovered in early life, her love of the muses, and often entertained her friends with the truly poetical and pious productions of her pen. But, it was her infelicity, as it has been of many of her kindred spirits, to have a capacious soaring mind inclosed in a very weak and languid body. She lived, for the most part, a life of retirement, in the same peaceful village where she began and ended her days. The duties of friendship and religion occupied her time, and the pleasures of both constituted her delight. Her heart was apt to feel, often to a degree too painful for her own felicity; but always with the most tender and generous sympathy for her friends. Yet, she possessed a native cheerfulness; of which, even the agonizing pains she endured, in the latter part of her life, could not deprive her. In every short interval of abated suffering, she would, in a variety of ways, as well as by her enlivening conversation, give pleasure to all around her. Her life was a life of unaffected humility, warm benevolence, sincere friendship, and genuine devotion. She waited with christian dignity for the hour of her departure: when it came, she welcomed its approach; and having taken an affectionate leave of her friends, closed her eyes with these animating words on her lips, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."*

* This account is taken from the preface to the third volume of her "miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse," published under the name of THEODOSIA, by the Rev. Caleb Evans, of Bristol, 1780, after her decease.

It is humbly apprehended, that a grateful and affectionate address to the exalted Saviour of mankind, or a hymn in honour of the Eternal Spirit, cannot be disagreeable to the mind of God. To stigmatize such an act of devotion with the name of idolatry, is (to say the least) an abuse of language. It cannot be justly charged with derogating from the glory due to the ONE God and Father of all, because he is the ultimate object of the honour which is given to his Son and to his Spirit.

In this selection, those Christians who do not scruple to sing praises to their Redeemer and Sanctifier, will find materials for such a sublime enjoyment; whilst others, whose tenderness of conscience may oblige them to confine their addresses to the Father only, will find no deficiency of matter suited to their idea of "the chaste and awful spirit of devotion."

BOSTON, MAY 10, 1795.

N. B. The characters denoting the sharp or flat key, are prefixed to each psalm or hymn, at my request, by the Rev. Dr. MORSE, of Charles-town.

THE Hymns from the 300th to the end, are added to this edition, and have been selected by the successor of the Rev. Author. It is hoped that they will increase the value of the collection, and will serve to cherish that spirit of genuine devotion which the whole work is eminently adapted to promote.

PSALMS.

PSALM I. *Common Metre.*

*

The Happiness of the Righteous and the Misery of the Wicked.

- 1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 He, like a tree of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storm and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine ;
Whilst fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust !
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,

When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well ;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

WATTS.

PSALM II. *Common Metre.*

*

The Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 ATTEND, O earth, when God declares
His uncontroll'd decree ;
“ Thou art my Son, this day, my heir,
“ Have I begotten thee.
- 2 “ Upon my holy Zion's hill
“ My King I thee ordain ;
“ And though thy foes dispute my will,
“ Thou shalt for ever reign.
- 3 “ Ask and receive thy full demands,
“ Thine shall the heathen be ;
“ The utmost limits of the lands
“ Shall be possess'd by thee.
- 4 “ Thy righteous sceptre thou shalt sway,
“ And all thy foes command ;
“ Just as the potter breaks the clay,
“ And moulds it with his hand.”
- 5 Be wise, ye princes, then, give ear,
Ye judges of the earth ;
Worship the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.
- 6 Approach the Son with due respect,
To him your homage pay ;
Lest ye persist in your neglect,
And perish in your way.

- 7 If but in part his anger rise,
 Who can endure the flame ?
 Then blest are they whose hope relies
 On his most holy Name.

TATE, varied.

PSALM II. *Short Metre.*

*

The Death, Resurrection and Glory of Christ.

- 1 MAKER, and sovereign Lord
 Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
 Thy providence confirms thy word,
 And answers thy decrees.
- 2 The things so long foretold
 By David, are fulfill'd ;
 When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay
 Jesus, thy holy child.
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
 And Jews with one accord
 Unite their counsels to destroy
 Th' anointed of the Lord ?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree
 To form a vain design ;
 Against the Lord they join their powers,
 Against his Christ combine.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,
 And will support his throne ;
 He who hath rais'd him from the dead,
 Hath own'd him for his Son.
- 6 He asks, and God bestows
 A vast inheritance ;
 Far as the earth's remotest ends
 His kingdom shall advance.

WATTS.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

b

Doubts and Fears suppressed.

- 1 MY God, how many are my fears !
How fast my foes increase !
Their number, how it multiplies !
How fatal to my peace !
- 2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief from heaven ;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too great to be forgiven.
- 3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence,
On thee my hopes rely ;
My sinking spirit thou wilt raise,
And lift my head on high.
- 4 In former times of deep distress
To God I made my prayer :
He heard me from his holy hill ;
Why should I now despair ?
- 5 Guarded by him, I lay me down
My sweet repose to take ;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.
- 6 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save ;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

TATE and WATTS. united and varied.

PSALM IV. ver. 6, 7. C. M. * or b

True Happiness only in God.

- 1 WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfin'd,
Amidst the varied scene of things
Which entertain the mind ;

- 2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
 In search of sacred rest,
 The whole creation is too poor
 To make us fully blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ
 Each flattering specious wile,
 For what can yield a real joy
 But our Creator's smile ?
- 4 Let earth with all her charms depart,
 Unworthy of the mind ;
 In God alone our restless heart
 An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great Source of all felicity,
 To thee our wishes tend !
 Do not these wishes rise from thee,
 And in thy favour end ?
- 6 Thy favour, Lord, is all we want,
 Here would our spirit rest ;
 O seal the rich, the boundless grant,
 And make us fully blest.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM IV. ver. 8. *Long Metre.*

An Evening Song.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;

His ever watchful eye shall keep
Its constant guard around my bed.

- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
O may thy presence ne'er depart ;
And in the morning let me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground ;
And wait thy voice to break the tomb,
With glad salvation in the sound.

WATTS.

PSALM V. Common Metre.

*

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I address my prayer,
To thee direct mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.
- 5 The men who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour, as a shield.

PSALM VI. *Common Metre.***b**

Prayer in Sickness.

- 1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
But spare a wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
Too heavy to be borne.
- 2 Sorrow and pain consume the day,
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.
- 3 My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind,
And fills my soul with grief;
How long, O Lord, wilt thou delay
To grant me thy relief?
- 4 The gloomy shades of death cannot
Thy glorious acts proclaim;
No prisoner of the silent grave
Can magnify thy name.
- 5 He hears when dust and ashes pray,
He pities all my groans;
He saves me for his mercy's sake,
And heals my broken bones.
- 6 The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores my fainting breath;
To him will I devote that life
Which he has sav'd from death.

TATE and WATTS united and varied.

PSALM VII. *Common Metre.* * or **b**

Confidence in God.

- 1 MY trust is in my heavenly friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those who seek my blood.

2 If malice lurk'd within my heart,
 Before thy piercing eyes,
 I should not dare appeal to thee,
 Nor ask my God to rise.

3 Impartial Judge of all the world,
 I trust my cause to thee ;
 According to my righteousness
 So let thy sentence be.

4 Let wicked arts of wicked men
 Be wholly overthrown ;
 But guard the just, O God, to whom
 The hearts of both are known.

5 Then will I all the righteous ways
 Of Providence proclaim ;
 I'll sing the praise of God most high,
 And celebrate his name.

TATE and WATTS united.

PSALM VIII. *Common Metre. ** or **b**
 Divine Condescension.

1. O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
 Within this earthly frame !
 Through all the world, how great art thou,
 How glorious is thy name !
2. When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
 Employs my wondering sight ;
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light ;
3. Lord, what is man ! that thou shouldst choose
 To keep him in thy mind !
 Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
 To them so wondrous kind !
4. Him next in power thou didst create
 To thy celestial train ;

Ordain'd with dignity and state
O'er all thy works to reign.

- 5 They jointly own his powerful sway,
The beasts that prey or graze ;
The bird that wings its airy way,
The fish that cuts the seas.
- 6 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !

TATE.

PSALM VIII. *Long Metre.* b

Adam and Christ, or the old and new Creation.

- 1 LORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place ?
- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below ;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet !
- 3 But what sublimer glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state !
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born !
- 4 See him below his angels made !
See him in dust among the dead !
To save the world from death and sin :
But he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

WATTS,

PSALM IX. ver. 10, 11. L. M. *

Encouragement to Faith.

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.
- 2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all-sufficient Lord ;
Through all the world, most high confess'd,
By him 'twas form'd and is possess'd.
- 3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abra'm, God of Peace ;
New, by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That he has sought his God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same.
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM X. Common Metre. b

A Prayer for Deliverance from Oppression.

- 1 WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress ?

- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
 Thy justice and thy power ?
 Shall they erect their heads in pride,
 And better men devour ?
- 3 Arise, O God ! lift up thy hand,
 Attend our humble cry ;
 No enemy shall dare to stand,
 When God our help is nigh.
- 4 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
 And still incline thine ear ;
 Thou knowest what thy children say,
 And thou their voice wilt hear.
- 5 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
 No more despise the just ;
 And mighty sinners shall confess
 They are but earth and dust.

WATTS.

PSALM XI. *Long Metre.*

b

The Justice of Divine Providence.

- 1 ON God my steadfast hopes rely ;
 Why do my foes insulting cry,
 “ Fly like a timorous, trembling dove,
 “ And seek the mountain’s lonesome grove.”
- 2 Behold the wicked aim their darts
 Against the men of upright hearts !
 If government be overthrown,
 Who then the injur’d cause will own ?
- 3 The Lord, enthron’d above the sky,
 On suffering virtue casts his eye ;
 Though he afflict his saints, to prove
 Their patience, and to try their love ;

- 4 Yet lawless hands and hearts impure,
 His frowns vindictive will endure ;
 His lightning wings its rapid way,
 His thunder fills them with dismay.
- 5 Where truth and justice hold their place,
 God will reveal his gracious face ;
 Delighted, in the upright mind
 His own reflected beams to find.

MERRICK with additions.

PSALM XII. *Common Metre.*

b

Corruption of Manners.

- 1 HELP, Lord ! for men of virtue fail,
 Religion loses ground ;
 The sons of wickedness prevail,
 And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,
 Yet act the flatterer's part ;
 With fair deceitful lips they speak,
 And with a double heart.
- 3 Scoffers appear on every side,
 Where a vile race of men
 Are rais'd to seats of power and pride,
 And bear the sword in vain.
- 4 Lord, when iniquities abound,
 And blasphemy grows bold ;
 When faith is hardly to be found,
 And love is waxen cold ;
- 5 Is not thy chariot hastening on ?
 Hast thou not given the sign ?
 May we not trust and live upon
 A promise so divine ?

- 6 Thy word, like silver seven times tried,
 Through ages shall endure ;
 The men who in thy truth confide,
 Shall find the promise sure.

WATTS.

PSALM XIII. *Common Metre.*

b

Complaint under Temptation.

- 1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face ?
 My God, how long delay ?
 When wilt thou send thy heavenly rays
 To drive my fears away ?
- 2 How long shall my distressed soul
 Struggle and toil in vain ?
 Thy word can all my foes control,
 And ease my raging pain.
- 3 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
 My soul in safety keep ;
 Make haste, before my eyes are seal'd
 In death's eternal sleep.
- 4 How would the tempter boast aloud,
 If I become his prey,
 And all the host of hell grow proud
 At thy so long delay !
- 5 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
 And Satan hide his head ;
 He knows the terrors of thy look,
 And hears thy voice with dread.
- 6 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace
 On which my hopes have hung ;
 I shall employ my lips in praise,
 And victory shall be sung.

WATTS.

PSALM XIV. *Common Metre.***b**

Universal Depravity.

- 1 FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
“That all religion’s vain :
“There is no God that reigns on high,
“Or minds th’ affairs of men.”
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds ;
And by their impious hands are done
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Look’d down on things below,
To find the men that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.
- 4 He saw that all were gone astray,
Their practice all the same ;
That none did fear his Maker’s hand,
That none did love his name.
- 5 Their tongues are us’d to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease,
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace !
- 6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found ;
Nor will they bear diviner fruit
Till grace refine the ground.

WATTS.

PSALM XV. *Common Metre.* * or **b**
The Citizen of Zion.

- 1 LORD, who’s the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair ?
And whilst he bows before thy throne,
Shall find acceptance there ?

- 2 'Tis he, whose truly honest heart
 By rules of virtue moves ;
 Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.
- 3 Who never will a slander forge,
 His neighbour's fame to wound ;
 Nor hearken to a false report,
 By malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who vice, when drest in pomp and power,
 Can treat with just neglect ;
 And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
 Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood ;
 And though he promise to his loss,
 He makes his promise good.
- 6 Who seeks not in oppressive ways
 His treasure to employ ;
 Whom no reward can ever bribe
 The guiltless to destroy.
- 7 The man, who by his steady course
 Has happiness insur'd,
 When earth's foundations shake, shall stand,
 By Providence secur'd.

TATE.

PSALM XV. *Long Metre.* * or b
 The Virtues of a Christian.

- 1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
 Great God, and dwell before thy face ?
 The man who loves religion now,
 And humbly walks with God below.
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
 Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;

No slanders dwell upon his tongue,
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

- 3 He will not trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt ;
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.
- 4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good ;
Nor will he change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.
- 5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold ;
If others vex and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.
- 6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face ;
And doth to all men still the same
That he could hope or wish from them.
- 7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone :
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

WATTS.

PSALM XVI. First Part. L. M. b

Good Works profitable to Men.

- 1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need ;
For succour to thy throne I flee ;
But have no merit there to plead,
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess
How empty and how poor I am ;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glory to thy name.

- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
 Some profit by the good I do ;
 These are the company I keep,
 These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
 To give a relish to their wine ;
 I love the men of heavenly birth
 Whose works and language are divine.

WATTS.

PSALM XVI. Second Part. C. M. b

The Blessings of Nature and Grace.

- 1 LET heathens to their idols haste,
 And worship wood or stone ;
 But my delightful lot is cast
 Where the true God is known.
- 2 In this enlighten'd, pleasant land,
 My happy portion lies ;
 Where nature's ever bounteous hand
 All human want supplies.
- 3 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
 Whose precepts give me light,
 And consolation still afford
 In sorrow's dismal night.
- 4 I strive each action to approve
 To thine all-seeing eye ;
 No danger shall my hope remove,
 For thou art ever nigh.
- 5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
 Which to thy presence lead ;
 Where pleasures dwell without alloy,
 And joys which never fade.

WATTS and TATE varied.

PSALM XVI. Third Part. C. M. *

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
 " He bears my courage up ;
" My heart and tongue their joys express,
 " My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 " My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 " Where souls departed are ;
" Nor quit my body to the grave,
 " To see corruption there.
- 3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
 " And raise me to thy throne ;
" Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
 " Thy presence, joys unknown."
- 4 Thus in the name of Christ the Lord
 The holy David sung ;
And Providence fulfils the word
 Of his prophetick tongue.
- 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
 Was crucified and slain ;
Behold the tomb its prey restores,
 Behold he lives again.
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
 On heaven's eternal hills ?
There sits the Son, at God's right hand,
 And there the Father smiles.

WATTS.

PSALM XVII. Common Metre. b

The transforming Vision of God.

- 1 MY God, the visits of thy face
 Afford superior joy,
To all the flattering world can give,
 Or mortal hopes employ.

- 2 But clouds and darkness intervene,
 My brightest joys decline ;
 And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
 This wandering heart of mine.
- 3 Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee ;
 Unsatisfy'd I stray ;
 Break through the shades of sense and sin,
 With thy enlivening ray.
- 4 O let thy beams resplendent shine,
 And every cloud remove ;
 Transform my powers, and fit my soul
 For happier scenes above.
- 5 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
 To those transporting joys ;
 Then shall I scorn each little snare,
 Which this vain world employs.
- 6 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
 To life I shall awake ;
 And, in the likeness of my God,
 Of heavenly bliss partake.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XVII. *Long Metre.*

*

The Resurrection.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
 When shall I wake and find me there !
- 3 O glorious hour, O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God,

And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.

PSALM XVIII. First Part L. M. b

Confidence in divine Protection.

- 1 NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God address'd my humble cry ;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his throne on high.
- 4 The Lord did on my side engage,
From heaven my righteous cause upheld,
And sav'd me from the furious rage
Of threatening waves that proudly swell'd.
- 5 Thou to the just shalt justice show,
The pure thy purity shall see ;
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.
- 6 Who then deserves to be ador'd
But God, on whom my hopes depend ?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend ?

TATE.

PSALM XVIII. Sec. Part. L. M. * or b

God executing Judgment on his Enemies.

- 1 INCUMBENT on the bending sky,
The Lord descended from on high ;
And bade the darkness of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.
- 2 Thick woven clouds around him clos'd,
His secret residence compos'd ;
And waters, high suspended, spread
Their dark pavilion o'er his head.
- 3 His voice th' Almighty Monarch rear'd,
Thro' heaven's high vault in thunder heard ;
And down in fiercer conflict came
Tremendous hail and mingled flame.
- 4 With aim direct, his shafts were sped,
In vain his foes before them fled ;
Around his dreadful lightnings stray,
And sure destruction marks their way.
- 5 Earth's basis, open to the eye,
And ocean's springs, were seen to lie,
As the tempestuous fury past,
And o'er them rag'd the dreadful blast.

MERRICK.

PSALM XVIII. Third Part. L. M. b

Sincerity proved, or the Equity of Providence.

- 1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear ;
Before my eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learnt thy holy ways,
My actions have proclaim'd thy praise
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest ;
 What wars and strugglings in my breast ;
 But through thy grace that reigns within,
 I hope to conquer every sin.
- 4 With an impartial hand, the Lord
 Deals out to mortals their reward ;
 The kind and faithful souls shall find
 A God more faithful and more kind.
- 5 The just and pure shall ever say
 God is more pure and just than they ;
 And men that love revenge shall know
 God hath an arm of vengeance too.

WATTS.

PSALM XVIII. Fourth Part. C. M. *

Thanksgiving for Victory.

- 1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
 The triumph of the day ;
 Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
 And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
 And break united powers ;
 By thee their lofty walls we scale,
 Or burn their proudest towers.
- 3 God speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
 Whole armies are dismay'd ;
 His voice, his frown, his angry look,
 Strike all their courage dead.
- 4 He forms our soldiers for the field,
 With all their martial skill ;
 Instructs their hand the sword to wield,
 And gives them hearts of steel.

- 5 The Lord our Saviour ever lives,
 His name be ever blest ;
 His powerful arm the victory gives,
 And gives his people rest.

WATTS.

PSALM XIX. First Part. C. M. *

The Voice of Nature proclaiming God.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 Which that alone can fill ;
 The firmament and stars express
 Their great Creator's skill.
- 2 The dawn of each returning day
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
 And from the dark returns of night,
 Divine instruction springs.
- 3 Their powerful language to no realm
 Or region is confin'd ;
 'Tis nature's voice, and understood
 Alike by all mankind.
- 4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
 Through earth's extent display,
 Whose bright contents the circling sun
 Does round the world convey.
- 5 No bridegroom, on his nuptial day,
 Has such a cheerful face ;
 No giant does like him rejoice
 To run his glorious race.
- 6 From east to west, from west to east,
 His restless course he goes ;
 And, through his progress, cheerful light
 And vital warmth bestows.

TATE.

PSALM XIX. Sec. Part. C. M. * or b.

The Excellency of Scripture.

- 1 GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight ;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid ;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd.
- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
Which from the comb distil.
- 5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warning give ;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.
- 6 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall ?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God, who know'st them all.

TATE.

PSALM XIX. *Long Metre.*

Nature and Scripture compared.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Through the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ hath all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

WATTS.

PSALM XIX. *Six Line L. M.* *

- 1 GREAT God, the heaven's well order'd frame
Declares the glory of thy name ;
Here thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence, they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the circuit of the sun,
 And every nation knows their voice ;
 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
 He publishes his maker, God,
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 But when we read thy written word ;
 What light and joy those leaves afford !
 These are our study and delight :
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 5 From the discoveries of thy law,
 The perfect rules of life we draw ;
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 Which makes our guilty conscience clean,
 Converts our soul, subdues our sin,
 And gives a free but large reward.
- 6 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
 Forgive, O Lord, our secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain :
 Accept the tribute of our praise,
 That we have read thy book of grace,
 And book of nature, not in vain.

WATTS.

PSALM XIX. *Short Metre.*

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way,
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light ;

It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !

For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !

O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

5 I hear thy word with love,
O help me to obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 Whilst with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

WATTS.

PSALM XX. *Long Metre.*

b

For a Day of Prayer in War.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry ;
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And sends deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls ;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts ;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

- 4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of God, the Lord,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our ships shall spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boast ;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly host.
- 6 Save us, O Lord, from guilty fear,
And let our hopes be firm and strong ;
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

WATTS.

PSALM XXI. *Long Metre.*

*

The Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace ;
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand !
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And given the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold ;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine ;
Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

WATTS.

PSALM XXII. First Part. C. M. b

The Sufferings and Glory of Christ.

- 1 "NOW, in the hour of deep distress,
" My God, support thy SON,
" When horrors dark my soul oppress,
" O leave me not alone !"
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears ;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted stands ;
And all the nations of the earth
Shall bow to his commands.
- 4 A numerous offspring shall reward
The Saviour's dying groans ;
" I call them," saith the glorious Lord,
" My daughters and my sons."
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread ;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

WATTS varied.

PSALM XXII. Second Part. L. M. b

Christ's Death and Resurrection.

- 1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn ;
" He rescu'd others from the grave,
" Now let him try himself to save.

- 3 "Behold the man who did pretend
 "God was his father and his friend ;
 "If God the blessed lov'd him so,
 "Why doth he fail to help him now ?"
- 4 O harden'd people ! cruel priests !
 How they stood round like savage beasts !
 Like lions gaping to devour,
 When God had put him in their power !
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
 Till streams of blood each other meet ;
 By let his garments they divide,
 And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.
- 6 But God his father heard his cry ;
 Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high ;
 The nations learn his righteousness,
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

WATTS.

PSALM XXII. Third Part. C. M. * or b

Obedience to God due from all Men.

- 1 LET all the various tribes of men
 To God their homage pay ;
 And distant nations of the earth,
 One sovereign Lord obey.
- 2 'Tis his prerogative supreme
 O'er subject kings to reign ;
 'Tis just that he should rule the world,
 Who does the world sustain.
- 3 The rich, whom he with plenty feeds,
 His goodness shall confess ;
 The sons of want, whom he relieves,
 Their bounteous patron bless.
- 4 With humble confidence to God
 Let all for aid repair ;

For he who first their beings gave,
Will make them still his care.

- 5 Blest time ! when all of human birth
Devoted to his name,
Shall to their heirs, his sacred truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

TATE varied.

PSALM XXIII. *Common Metre.*

God's tender Care of his People.

- 1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Is pleas'd to be my guide ;
The shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring feet reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I'll pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 With liberal and unceasing care,
He does my table spread ;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.
- 6 Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

TATE.

PSALM XXIII. *Short Metre.*

*

God's tender Care of his People.

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 Whilst he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My God is with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
He does my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of his love,
Shall crown my future days ;
Nor from his house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak his praise.

WATTS.

PSALM XXIII. *Six Line Long Metre.*

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :

My noon day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amidst the verdant landscapes flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

ADDISON.

PSALM XXIV. *Common Metre.*

The Man whom God approves.

- 1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is ;
The world, and they who dwell therein,
By sovereign right are his.
- 2 He fix'd the land, and spread the seas,
With all which they contain ;
Then man in his own image form'd,
O'er all these works to reign.
- 3 But for himself, this Lord of all
One chosen seat design'd :

O who shall to that sacred hill
Desir'd admittance find?

- 4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free ;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.
- 5 This is the man on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessings down ;
Whom God his Saviour shall be pleas'd
With righteousness to crown.
- 6 Such is the character of those
Who seek the face of God ;
Whose happy feet shall stand within
The place of his abode.

TATE varied.

PSALM XXIV. *Long Metre.* *

Heaven the Residence of Saints, and the Ascension of Christ.

- 1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms and beasts and birds ;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky ;
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God ?
- 3 He who abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race
Who seek the God of Jacob's face ;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour way;
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes, with God to dwell.
- 7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens Heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
With their Redeemer and their God.

WATTS.

PSALM XXV. *Short Metre.* b

Seeking Divine Forgiveness and Direction.

- 1 TO God I lift my eyes,
My trust is in his name;
And they whose hope on him relies,
Shall never suffer shame.
- 2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening's shade,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
And ask thy heavenly aid.
- 3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper age,
And follies of my youth.
- 4 Thro' all the ways of God,
Both truth and mercy shine,
To those who with religious hearts
To his blest will incline.
- He those in safety guides
Who his direction seek,

And in his sacred paths will lead
The humble and the meek.

For thy own goodness' sake,
Save thou my soul from shame ;
And pardon all my sins, tho' great,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

TATE and WATTS united and varied.

PSALM XXVI. *Long Metre.*

b

Self Examination.

- 1 JUDGE me, O God, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart ;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy word my feet depart.
- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies ;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
In my esteem shall never rise.
- 3 In innocence I'll wash my hands,
From pride and guilt and folly clear ;
Then at thy sacred altar stand,
And hope to find acceptance there.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thy honours dwell ;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood ;
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

WATTS varied.

PSALM XXVII. *Common Metre.* * or b

The Church is our Safety and Delight.

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What mortal flesh can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires,
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.
- 4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die ;
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
- 6 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up ;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And elevate your hope.

WATTS.

PSALM XXVII. *Long Metre.* b

The Safety of trusting in God.

- 1 THE Lord, my Saviour, is my light,
What terrors can my soul affright ?
Whilst God, my strength, my life is near,
What mortal shall alarm my fear ?

- 2 When numerous hosts besiege me round,
My courage shall maintain its ground ;
Tho' war should rise in dread array,
God is my strength, my hope, my stay.
- 3 This only bliss my heart desires,
To this my ardent wish aspires,
In God's own house to spend my days,
To hear his word and speak his praise ;
- 4 When troubles rise, my guardian God
Will hide me safe in his abode ;
Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,
Sustain'd by his almighty hand.
- 5 Should every earthly friend depart,
Should love forsake a parent's heart ;
The God on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.
- 6 Ye humble souls, in every strait
On God with faith and patience wait ;
His hand shall life and strength afford ;
Wait, therefore, ever on the Lord.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XXVIII. *Common Metre.*

b

The humble Suppliant trusting in God.

- 1 O LORD, my rock, to thee I cry,
In sighs consume my breath ;
Hear me, O Lord, or I shall be
Like those who sleep in death.
- 2 Regard my supplication, Lord,
The cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes and lifted hands,
Before thy mercy seat.
- 3 If wicked men thy works despise,
Nor will thy grace adore,

Thy justice shall avenge the cause,
And build them up no more.

- 4 But I, with gratitude inspir'd,
Thy praises will resound ;
From whom, the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.
- 5 As thou hast fill'd my heart with joy,
'Tis just that I should raise
The cheerful tribute of my thanks,
And celebrate thy praise.
- 6 Preserve thy people, Lord, and deign
Thy heritage to bless ;
Crown them with plenty and with peace,
With honour and success.

T A T E varied.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre. *

The Majesty of God in Thunder.

- 1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power ;
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
O'er the vast ocean, and the land ;
His voice dissolves the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 When he from heaven in thunder speaks,
With majesty and terror crown'd ;
His voice the stately cedar breaks,
And throws its scatter'd limbs around.
- 4 His voice divides the flames of fire,
And forked streaks of lightning sends ;
The mountain trembles at his ire,
The lofty forest lowly bends.

- 5 His lightning rends the firmest rock,
And pierces deep the solid ground ;
The hinds affrighted feel the shock,
And shudder at the awful sound.
- 6 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever king ;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his praise securely sing.
- 7 In gentler language, here the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts ;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

WATTS and TATE united and varied.

PSALM XXX. *Common Metre.*

Prayer heard.

- 1 BENEATH my God's protecting arm,
How did my soul rejoice !
And fondly hop'd no future harm
Would interrupt my joys.
- 2 Lord, 'twas thy favour fix'd my rest ;
Thy shining face withdrew,
Then troubles fill'd my anxious breast,
And pain'd my soul anew.
- 3 Again to thee, O gracious God,
I rais'd my mournful eyes ;
To thee I spread my woes abroad,
With supplicating cries.
- 4 What glory can my death afford,
In the dark grave confin'd ?
Shall senseless dust adore the Lord,
Or call thy truth to mind ?
- 5 Hear, O my God, in mercy hear,
Attend my plaintive cry ;

Be thou, my gracious helper, near,
And bid my sorrows fly.

6 Again I hear the voice divine ;
New joys exulting bound ;
My robes of mourning I resign,
And gladness girds me round.

7 Then let my utmost glory be
To raise thy honours high ;
Nor let my gratitude to thee
In guilty silence die.

8 To thee, my gracious God, I raise
My thankful heart and tongue ;
O be thy goodness and thy praise
My everlasting song.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XXX. Long Metre.

✳

Recovery from Sickness.

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night ;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long ;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comfort dy'd.

3 Corrected by a Father's rod,
I cry'd aloud to thee, my God ;
"If laid in dust, can I declare
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead ;"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love remov'd my guilt.

- 5 My sad complaints in praises end,
And tears of gratitude descend ;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Thy power and goodness shall proclaim ;
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXI. *Common Metre.* *

Relief from Distress.

- 1 COME, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God in grateful songs ;
And let the memory of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.
- 2 His frown what mortal can sustain ?
But soon his anger dies ;
His life-restoring smile again
Returns, and sorrow flies.
- 3 Her deepest gloom, when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
His face celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart.
- 4 To thee, my God, oppress'd with grief,
I breath'd my humble cry ;
Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wip'd my weeping eye.
- 5 Thy mercy chas'd the shades of death,
And snatch'd me from the grave ;
O may thy praise employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to save.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XXXI. Long Metre. * or **b**
Confidence in God.

- 1 LORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust ;
Save me from sorrow, guilt and shame,
Thou ever gracious, ever just.
- 2 Thou art my Rock, thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat ;
O make thy power and mercy known,
To safety guide my wandering feet.
- 3 To thy kind hand, all gracious Lord,
My soul I cheerfully resign ;
My saviour God, I trust thy word,
For truth, immortal truth, is thine.
- 4 I hate their works, I hate their ways,
Who follow vanity and lies ;
But to the Lord my hopes I raise,
And trust his power who built the skies.
- 5 What perfect bliss, O bounteous Lord,
Immensely great, divinely free,
Hast thou reserv'd for their reward,
Who fear thy name, and trust in thee !
- 6 Blest be the Lord, for ever blest,
Whose mercy bids my fear remove ;
The sacred walls which guard my rest,
Are his almighty power and love.
- 7 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart !
Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace,
And he will heavenly strength impart.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XXXII. *Long Metre.*

b

The Marks of true Repentance.

- 1 HE's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear ;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.
- 2 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 3 Whilst I kept silence and conceal'd
My load of guilt within my heart,
What torment did my conscience feel !
What agony of inward smart !
- 4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
By day and night alike distress'd ;
Till quite of vital moisture drain'd,
Like land with summer drought oppress'd.
- 5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 6 For this display of sovereign grace,
In my distress so freely giv'n,
Each humble soul will seek thy face,
And find his way to peace and heav'n.

TATE and WATTS united and varied.

PSALM XXXII. *Short Metre.*

b

Confession and Pardon.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er,
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord,
Imputes their guilt no more !

- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 When I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound ;
But I confess'd my sin to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help, in time of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXIII. *Common Metre.*

*

The Works of Creation and Providence.

- 1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
The work belongs to you ;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true !
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim ;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly orbits spread ;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep ;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand ;

He spoke, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs ;
His counsel stands thro' every age,
And in full glory shines.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXIII. Six Line L. M. *

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 HAPPY the nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne ;
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
But God, their Maker, is unknown.
- 2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength, the warrior boast,
In vain they boast, in vain rely ;
In vain they trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of the horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.
- 3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death and danger threat'ning stand ;
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou, our Physician, thou, our Shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne ;
We wait to see thy goodness shine,
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXIV. First Part. C. M.

*

Encouragement to trust and love God.

- 1 THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy ;
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all who are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just :
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide ;
How blest are they, and only they
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 Whilst hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their wants supply'd.

TATE.

PSALM XXXIV. Second Part. C. M. b

The Way of Holiness and its Reward.

- 1 APPROACH, ye piously dispos'd,
And my instruction hear ;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of God's religious fear.

- 2 Let him who length of life desires,
 And prosperous days would see ;
 From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
 His lips from falsehood free.
- 3 The crooked paths of vice decline,
 And virtue's ways pursue ;
 Establish peace where 'tis begun,
 And where 'tis lost, renew.
- 4 The Lord from heaven beholds the just
 With favourable eyes ;
 And when distress'd, his gracious ear
 Is open to their cries.
- 5 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
 When his relief they crave ;
 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
 The contrite spirit save.

TATE.

PSALM XXXV. ver. 12, 13, 14. C. M. b
 Love to Enemies.

- 1 BEHOLD the love, the generous love,
 Which holy David shows !
 Hark, how his tender pity moves
 To his afflicted foes !
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
 And seems to feel the smart ;
 The spirit of the gospel reigns,
 And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole,
 As for a brother dead !
 And, fasting, mortify'd his soul,
 Whilst for their life he pray'd !

- 4 They groan, and curse him on their bed,
 Yet still he pleads and mourns ;
 And double blessings on his head
 The righteous God returns.
- 5 O glorious type of heavenly grace !
 Thus Christ the Lord appears ;
 Whilst sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
 And pities them with tears.
- 6 He, the true David, Israel's King,
 Bless'd and belov'd of God,
 To save our souls from death and sin,
 Shed his own precious blood.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVI. First Versi. L. M. *

The Perfections and Providence of God.

- 1 THY mercy, Lord, my only hope,
 The highest orb of heaven transcends ;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Above the spreading skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
 Thy providence the world sustains,
 The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust.
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast ;
 And drink, as from the fountain head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 Then let thy saints thy favour gain,
 To upright hearts thy truth display ;

With thee, the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day.

TATE.

PSALM XXXVI. Sec. Versi. L. M. *

The Divine Being and Perfections.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud,
Which veils and darkens thy designs,
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both men and beasts thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with rich repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain full and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVII. First Part. C. M.

b

The Cure of Envy and Unbelief.

- 1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise ?
Or envy sinners waxing great,
By violence and lies ?
- 2 As flowery grass, cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glory vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good ;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And never want for food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will ;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known ;
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.
- 6 The meek shall still the earth possess,
And be the heirs of heaven ;
True riches, in abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVII. Sec. Part. C. M.

b

Religion in Words and Deeds.

- 1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold ;
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
 But ne'er designs to pay ;
The just is merciful, and lends,
 Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with liberal hand he gives
 To all the sons of need ;
His memory to long ages lives,
 And blessed is his seed.
- 4 His lips abhor to speak profane,
 To slander or defraud ;
His ready tongue declares to men
 What he has learn'd of God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord
 Deep in his heart abide ;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
 His feet shall never slide.
- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
 Preserv'd from every snare ;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
 And dwell for ever there.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVII. Third Part. C. M. * or b

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 MY God, the steps of pious men
 Are order'd by thy will ;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
 Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
 Their virtue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
 Nor leave the men he loves.

- 3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man or God ;
Like princely laurel fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad ;
- 5 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen ;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.
- 6 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend ;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

WATTS.

PSALM XXXVIII. ver. 9, 10. C. M. b

Consolation in Death.

- 1 MY soul, the awful hour will come,
Apace it hastens on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.
- 2 My heart, long labouring with its woes,
Shall pant and sink away ;
And you, my eyelids, soon shall close
On the last glimmering ray.
- 3 Whence, in that hour, shall I receive
A cordial for my pain ?
When, if the richest were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain !
- 4 Great King of nature and of grace,
To thee my spirit flies ;

And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All my desires to thee are known,
And every secret fear ;
The meaning of each broken groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

6 O place me by that mighty power
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
And groans are chang'd to songs.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM XXXIX. *Common Metre.* b

Man's Mortality.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
How short the fleeting time ?
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

- 6 This fruitless search no more be mine,
 Such hopes I now recal ;
 My earthly prospects I resign,
 And make my God my all.

WATTS.

PSALM XL. First Part. C. M. b

Deliverance from great Distress.

- 1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
 He bow'd to hear my cry ;
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 Sunk in the depths of sore distress,
 And all my struggles vain ;
 When human help seem'd daily less,
 He rais'd me up again.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
 And taught my cheerful tongue
 To praise the wonders of his hand,
 In a new, thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
 The saints with joy shall hear ;
 And sinners learn to make my God
 Their only hope and fear.
- 5 What mercies fill my wondering view !
 How many, and how great !
 Life is too short, and words too few,
 Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
 With hope I'll never part,
 For God beholds my heavy woe,
 And bears me on his heart.

WATTS.

PSALM XL. Sec. Part. C. M. *

The Divine Mission and Sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, " Your work is vain,
 " Give your burnt offerings o'er ;
 " In dying goats and bullocks slain,
 " My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, " Lo, I'm here,
 " My God, to do thy will ;
 " Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
 " Thy servant shall fulfil."
- 3 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
 Th' eternal Son appears ;
And at the appointed time assumes
 The body God prepares !
- 4 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
 And much his truth he show'd ;
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
 Where great assemblies stood.
- 5 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
 He pitied sinners' cries ;
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
 Was made a sacrifice.
- 6 No blood of beasts on altars shed
 Could cleanse from guilt within ;
But the one sacrifice he made,
 Atones for all our sin.
- 7 Then was the great salvation spread,
 And Satan's kingdom shook ;
Thus, by the woman's promis'd seed,
 The serpent's head was broke.

WATTS.

PSALM XLI. *Long Metre.*

*

Charity rewarded.

- 1 BLEST is the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress ;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hand can do ;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head ;
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven ;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

WATTS.

PSALM XLII. *Common Metre.* * or b

The Pleasure of Publick Worship.

- 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine ?
- 3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with my religious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.

- 4** When I advanced with songs of praise,
 My solemn vows to pay ;
 Amidst the joyful sacred throng,
 Which kept the festal day.
- 5** Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, and he'll employ
 His aid for thee, and change thy sighs
 To hymns of sacred joy.
- 6** Why, restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE.

PSALM XLIII. *Long Metre.* * or b
 Complaint and Hope.

- 1** GOD of our strength, to thee we cry,
 O let us not forgotten lie ;
 Oppress'd with sorrows and with care,
 To thy protection we repair.
- 2** O let thy light attend our way,
 Thy truth afford its steady ray ;
 To Zion's hill direct our feet,
 To worship at thy sacred seat.
- 3** Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre,
 Thy love our joyful song inspire ;
 To thee, our cordial thanks be paid,
 Our sure defence, our constant aid.
- 4** Why then dejected and distress ?
 And whence the grief that fills our breast ?
 In God we'll hope, and to him raise
 A monument of endless praise.

Altered from MERRICK.

PSALM XLIV. Common Metre. * or b

In time of War.

- 1** O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
 In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
 And in more ancient years.
- 2** 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword
 To them salvation gave ;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength
 That did their country save.
- 3** By thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
 Whose succour they implor'd,
Thy providence protected them,
 Who thy great name ador'd.
- 4** As thee, their God, our fathers own'd,
 So thou art still our King ;
O therefore, as thou didst to them,
 To us deliverance bring.
- 5** We will not trust our sword nor bow,
 When we in war engage ;
But thee, who canst subdue our foe,
 And calm their haughty rage.
- 6** To thee the glory we'll ascribe,
 From whom salvation came ;
In God our shield we will rejoice,
 And ever bless thy name.

T A T E varied.

PSALM XLV. First Part. L. M. *

The Glory of Christ and the Power of his Gospel.

- 1** NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
 The glories of my Saviour King ;
My tongue shall all his worth proclaim,
 And speak the honours of his name.

- 2 O'er all the sons of human race
 He shines with a superior grace ;
 Love from his lips divinely flows,
 And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
 Gird on thy sharp victorious sword ;
 In majesty and glory ride,
 With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
 Shall pierce thy foes of stubborn heart ;
 Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
 Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God,* for ever stands,
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;
 Thy laws and works are just and right ;
 Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 Thy Father, God, hath richly shed
 His oil of gladness on thy head ;
 And with his sacred spirit blest
 His first born Son above the rest.

* See Hebrews, i. 8.

WATTS.

PSALM XLV. Sec. Part. L. M. *

Christ and his Church.

- 1 THE King of Saints, how fair his face !
 Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold
 The church, array'd in purest gold ;
 The world admires her heavenly dress,
 Her robes of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her graces like his own,
 He calls and seats her near his throne :

Then let thy wandering heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the object of his choice ;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
He is thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies ;
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head,
Let every age his praises spread ;
Whilst we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

WATTS.

PSALM XLVI. *Long Metre.*

*

Praise for National Peace.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise ;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage and noise and tumult reign,
When war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the crimson plain ;
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
Thy word the angry nations own, [power ;
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wings,
Reviving commerce spreads her sails,

The fields are green, and plenty sings
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.

- 5 Thou good and wise and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will ;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore ;
O may our hearts, and lives and tongues
Confess thy goodness and adore.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XLVI. *Six Line L. M.* * or b
War and Peace.

- 1 GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press ;
In him undaunted we'll confide ;
Though earth were from her centre lost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Dissolv'd by every rising tide.
- 2 A gentle stream with gladness still
The city of our God shall fill,
The sacred seat of God most high ;
God dwells in Zion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
Whilst his almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 In tumults, when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war against us wag'd,
He thunder'd and dispers'd their powers ;
The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' guardian God, and ours.

4 Come, see the wonders he hath wrought
 On earth what desolations brought,
 How he has calm'd the jarring world ;
 He broke the warlike spear and bow,
 With them the thundering chariot too
 Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

5 Submit to God's almighty sway,
 For him the nations shall obey,
 And earth her sovereign Lord confess ;
 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tower of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers in distress.

TATE.

PSALM XLVII. *Common Metre.* *

Universal Praise.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
 To God the sovereign King !
 Let every land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Whilst angels shout their lofty praise,
 Let mortals learn their strains ;
 Let all the earth their voices raise,
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
 Let knowledge lead the song ;
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.

4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
 He lov'd that chosen race !
 But now he calls the world his own,
 And heathens taste his grace.

WATTS.

PSALM XLVIII. *Short Metre.* *

Gospel Worship and Order.

- 1 Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes the church his blest abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell ;
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well ;
- 4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God whilst here below,
Our God above the sky.

WATTS.

PSALM XLIX. *Common Metre.* b

The Vanity of Riches.

- 1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide ?

- 2 Not all his treasures can procure
 His soul a short reprieve ;
 Redeem from death one guilty hour,
 Or make his brother live.
- 3 The worth of life can ne'er be told,
 Its ransome is too high ;
 Justice cannot be brib'd with gold,
 That man may never die.
- 4 He sees the brutish and the wise,
 The timorous and the brave,
 Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
 And hasten to the grave.
- 5 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
 “ My house shall ever stand ;
 “ And, that my name may long abide,
 “ I'll give it to my land.”
- 6 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
 How soon his memory dies !
 His name is written in the dust
 In which his body lies.

WATTS.

PSALM L. First Part. C. M. b
 The last Judgment.

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh ;
 The nations near the rising sun,
 And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
 “ Judgment will ne'er begin ; ”
 No more abuse his long delay,
 To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come,
 Bright flames prepare his way ;

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

- 4 Heaven from above, his call shall hear,
Attending angels come ;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice, and their doom.
- 5 "But gather all my saints, (he cries)
"Who made their peace with God,
"Through the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood."
- 6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confess
"My sentence of reward is right,
"And heaven adore my grace."

WATTS.

PSALM L. Sec. Part. L. M. b
Hypocrisy exposed.

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 They dare rehearse his sacred name,
With lips of falsehood and deceit ;
A friend or brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbour wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, and stain'd with blood ;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

- 5 And whilst his judgments long delay,
They grow secure, and sin the more ;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.
- 6 O dreadful hour ! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes ;
Their guilt and punishment appear,
And no deliverer can arise.

WATTS.

PSALM LI. First Part. *Long Metre.* b

A Penitent Pleading for Pardon.

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting sinner live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not the contrite trust in thee ?
- 2 My sins, though great, do not surpass
The riches of eternal grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
And should thy judgment be severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure protection from despair.

6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue,
 Salvation shall be all my song ;
 And all my powers shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

WATTS.

PSALM LI. Second Part. L. M. b

The Penitent restored.

- 1** O THOU, who hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Regard them not with angry look,
 But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2** Renew me, O my God, within;
 And form my soul averse to sin ;
 Let thy good Spirit not depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3** I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
 Thy holy joys, O God, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4** A broken heart, my God, my King,
 Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
 The God of grace will not despise
 A contrite heart for sacrifice.
- 5** My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the wretch condemn'd to die.
- 6** Then will I teach the world thy grace,
 Sinners shall learn to seek thy face ;
 I'll lead them in the heavenly road,
 And they shall praise a pardoning God.

WATTS.

PSALM LII. united with the 55th. S. M. b

Devotion and Confidence.

- 1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the praises of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
Whilst sinners perish in surprise ;
Beneath thy angry rod.
- 3 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear thy holy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 4 But like an olive tree,
Within thy courts I'll stand,
And confidently, Lord, rely
On thy protecting hand.
- 5 With all my heavy cares,
I'll lean upon the Lord ;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM LIII. *Long Metre. ** or **b**

Compared with Rom. iii. 10, 11.

The Degeneracy of the World removed by the Gospel.

- 1 BEHOLD the fool, whose heart denies
The God who form'd the earth and skies !
And, whilst the path of sin he treads,
How wide the dire example spreads !

- 2 The eternal sovereign from on high
 Cast on the sons of men his eye,
 To see if any understood,
 And fear'd, and lov'd their Maker, God.
- 3 But all were so degenerate grown,
 None the true God had fully known !
 Both Jew and Gentile long had been
 By lust enslav'd, and dead in sin.
- 4 Both gone from wisdom's path astray,
 Pursu'd the errors of their way,
 With dismal superstition blind,
 And causless terrors fill'd their mind.
- 5 Who, gracious God, to sinners' eyes
 Could bid the wish'd salvation rise ?
 Thy SON did light and truth display,
 And turn their darkness into day.
- 6 No flesh shall boast of righteousness,
 But guilty shall themselves confess ;
 And when they hear thy pardoning voice,
 In thy salvation shall rejoice.

MERRICK, with additions.

PSALM LIV. *Particular Metre.*

b

Deliverance from Enemies.

- 1 THY name, O God, my heart avows ;
 Do thou my injur'd cause espouse,
 And be thy strength my aid ;
 My fervent cries in mercy hear,
 And let them by thy pitying ear
 With full regard be weigh'd.
- 2 For people from thy fear estrang'd,
 With tyrants fierce, against me rang'd,
 My fainting soul pursue ;

But midst my helpers, heaven's high Lord
Shall stand, and, faithful to his word,
Each adverse power subdue.

- 3 O let my heart, their rage repell'd,
Itself a willing offering yield ;
To thee its praise shall flow ;
Whilst to my thought thy mercies rise,
That gave me with exulting eyes
To see my prostrate foe.

MERRICK.

PSALM LV. *Common Metre.* b

Impatience corrected by Faith.

- 1 O WERE I like a feather'd dove !
If innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.
- 2 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home ;
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.
- 3 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
T' escape the rage of hell !
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.
- 4 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry ;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.
- 5 God, my preserver and my friend,
Can shield me when afraid ;
Ten thousand angels must attend,
If he command their aid.

6 I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,
He will sustain them all ;
My faith shall rest upon his word,
And I shall never fall.

WATTS.

PSALM LVI. *Common Metre.* b

God's Care of his People.

1 IN God, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust ;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

2 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their cries affect his ears ;
Thou hast a book for their complaints,
A bottle for their tears.

3 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise ;
I'll sing, " how faithful is thy word,
" How righteous are thy ways ! "

4 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death ;
O set thy servant free,
That heart, and hand, and life, and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

WATTS.

PSALM LVII. *Long Metre.*

*

Divine Protection, Grace and Truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown ;
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud be overblown.

- 2 Up to the heavens, I raise my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd, my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name ;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

WATTS.

PSALM LVIII. *Six Line Long Metre.* b

The Destruction of Tyrants and Oppressors.

- 1 SHALL tyrants rule by impious laws ?
Shall they despise the righteous cause,
When innocence before them stands ?
Dare they condemn the helpless poor,
And let oppressors rest secure,
Whilst gold and greatness bribe their hands.
- 2 Do they forget th' almighty name,
That God o'er all is Judge supreme ?
High in the heavens his justice reigns ;

Yet they invade the rights of God,
And send their bold decrees abroad,
To bind the free born soul in chains.

- 3 A poison'd arrow is their tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong !
And death attends where'er it wounds !
They hear no counsels, cries nor tears ;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the melody of sounds.
- 4 Break thou their teeth, Almighty God,
The teeth of lions drench'd in blood,
And crush those serpents in the dust ;
Thy voice shall thunder from the sky,
Their crowns shall fall, their titles die,
Their grandeur and their power be lost.
- 5 Thus shall thy justice, mighty Lord,
Freedom and peace to men afford,
And nations shall unite and say,
“ Sure there's a God, that rules on high,
“ Who hears th' oppressed when they cry,
“ And all their sufferings will repay.”

WATTS altered.

PSALM LIX. *Short Metre.*

b

For Deliverance from the Savages.

- 1 LORD, let our humble cry
Before thy throne ascend ;
Behold us with compassion's eye,
And still our lives defend.
- 2 For foes, a numerous band
Against our lives conspire ;
They aim destruction thro' the land,
And spread the raging fire.

- 3 Beneath the silent shade
 Their secret plots they lay,
 Our peaceful towns by night invade,
 And waste the fields by day.
- 4 And will the God of grace,
 Regardless of our pain,
 Permit secure that bloody race,
 To riot o'er the slain ?
- 5 In vain their secret guile
 Or open force they prove ;
 Thine eye can pierce the deepest veil,
 Thy hand their force remove.
- 6 Deliver us from death,
 Send our invaders home ;
 Or drive them with thy powerful breath
 Thro' distant wilds to roam,
- 7 Then shall our grateful voice
 Proclaim our guardian God ;
 In thy salvation we'll rejoice,
 And sound thy praise abroad.

BARLOW, altered.

PSALM LX. *Common Metre.* b

Humiliation for Disappointment in War.

- 1 LORD, hast thou cast the nation off ?
 Must we for ever mourn ?
 Wilt thou consume us in thy wrath ?
 Shall mercy ne'er return ?
- 2 The terror of one frown of thine
 Melts all our strength away :
 Like men subdued by power of wine,
 We tremble in dismay.

- 3 Our country shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand ;
O hear the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.
- 4 Lift up thy banner in the field,
For those who fear thy name ;
Defend thy people with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Go with our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God ;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By thine assisting hand ;
For God shall tread the mighty down,
And make the feeble stand.

WATTS.

PSALM LXI. *Long Metre.*

*

Safety in God.

- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with pain and grief,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
My heart within me sinks and dies,
To God I lift my waiting eyes.
- 2 High on the rock my footsteps rear,
There let me stand unmov'd, and hear
The storms, which now around me beat,
Roll harmless underneath my feet.
- 3 Thee, Lord, I seek, whene'er my foes,
On mischief bent, my path enclose ;
Thou art, in every dangerous hour,
My steadfast hope, my strongest tower.
- 4 Remote from fear, within thy shrine,
Thou, Lord, my dwelling shalt assign ;

Thy wings shall wrap me in their shade,
 For thou hast heard me when I pray'd.
 5 Safe in thy presence let me stand,
 And share the blessings of thy hand ;
 My dwelling let thy truth defend,
 Thy mercy on my steps attend.

6 So shall thy love awake my song,
 My voice the willing note prolong ;
 Whilst, warm'd with zeal, my vows I pay,
 And bless thee to my latest day.

MERRICK varied.

PSALM LXII. *Long Metre.*

b

No Trust in the Creatures, but in God.

- 1 MY spirit looks to God alone,
 My rock and refuge are his throne ;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 To him your suppliant voices raise ;
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,
 God is our all sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,
 The baser sort are vanity ;
 Laid in the balance, both appear
 Light as a breath of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
 Nor set your heart on glittering dust ;
 Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
 And not believe what God hath spoke ?
- 5 Once hath his awful voice declar'd,
 Once and again my ears have heard,
 " All power is his eternal due,
 " He must be fear'd and trusted too."

- 6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
 Grace is a partner of the throne ;
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
 Shall well adjudge our last reward.

WATTS.

PSALM LXIII. *Common Metre.*

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face,
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
 Through all thy temple shine ;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move ;
 Nor raise so high my cheerful voice
 As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus till my last expiring day,
 I'll bless my God and King ;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

WATTS.

PSALM LXIII. *Long Metre.*

*

The Love of God and his Worship.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God ;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Long for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet, I will appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;
Give me to see thy glory there,
And taste the richness of thy grace.
- 5 Not all, by worldly men possess'd
Not all the joys our senses know,
Can make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.
- 6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
Whilst I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And well employ my future days.

WATTS.

PSALM LXIII. *Short Metre.*

*

Delight in Divine Worship.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
With joy to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

- 2 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place ;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.
- 3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee whilst I live ;
Not the gay scenes of time and sense
Such pure delight can give.
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful Providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

WATTS.

PSALM LXIV. Six Line L. M.



In a Time of Insurrection.

- 1 O LORD, to our request give ear,
And free our souls from hostile fear ;
For crafty men, of impious mind,
(Their powers in secret league combin'd)
With factious rage their plots devise,
And vent their malice, mix'd with lies.
- 2 Behold the slaughter-breathing throng,
Whet like a sword their threat'ning tongue,
And bend their bows, to shoot their darts
Against the men of upright hearts :

In works of mischief they agree,
And vainly think that none shall see.

- 3 But, wretches, whither will ye fly ?
Behold the arrow from on high
Descends, and bears upon its wing
The wrath of heaven's offended King !
You slanders on yourselves shall fall,
Hated, despis'd, and shunn'd by all.

- 4 The world shall then God's power confess,
His wisdom, love and righteousness ;
And men shall see, with rev'rend thought,
The wonders that his hand hath wrought ;
Whilst all shall own his dealings just,
The righteous in his name shall trust.

TATE and MERRICK, united and varied.

PSALM LXV. First Part. *L. M.*

Publick Worship.

- 1 FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat ;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
For thou wilt purge the guilty stain,
And wash away the crimson die.
- 4 Blest is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives ;
Whilst we at humbler distance taste
The vast delight thy worship gives.

TATE:

PSALM LXV. First Part. C. M. *

Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea.

- 1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power ;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, air, and earth are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
Whose watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

WATTS.

PSALM LXV. Third Part. C. M. *

Fruitful Seasons.

- 1 GOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
 Permit the corn to spring ;
 The vallies rich provision yield,
 The grateful labourers sing.
- 4 The little hills on every side
 Rejoice at falling showers ;
 The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop ;
 The fields, with verdure fill'd, again
 Revive the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
 How bounteous are thy ways !
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout thy praise.

WATTS.

PSALM LXV. *Long Metre.*

*

A New Version.

- 1 THY praise, O God, in Zion waits ;
 All flesh shall crowd thy sacred gates,
 To offer sacrifice and prayer,
 And pay their willing homage there.
- 2 What though iniquity prevail,
 And feeble flesh be prone to fail ;
 Yet, Lord, thy grace thou wilt display
 And purge each hateful stain away.
- 3 Blest is the man approv'd by thee,
 And brought thy holy courts to see !
 Goodness, immense and unconfin'd,
 Shall largely feast his longing mind.
- 4 Great God, by thy almighty hand,
 The everlasting mountains stand :

And every storm, and every flood,
Obey thy all commanding nod.

5 Thy lightnings, flashing through the skies,
Fill the wide earth with sad surprise ;
But, cheer'd by thy enlivening voice,
Rising and setting suns rejoice.

6 From thy vast inexhausted stores,
The earth is blest with kindly showers ;
And savage wilds and deserts drear,
Confess thee, Father of the year.

7 The flocks which graze the mountains brow,
The corn which clothes the plains below,
To every heart new transports bring,
And hills and vales rejoice and sing.

JACOB KIMBALL.

PSALM LXVI. First Part. C. M. *

Divine Power and Goodness.

1 NOW to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Address a cheerful song ;
Let gratitude inspire your mirth,
And joy the notes prolong.

2 Come see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways !
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
The sea his voice obeys.

3 He made the ebbing channel dry,
Whilst Israel pass'd the flood ;
The tribes beheld, with wond'ring eye,
A guardian in their God.

4 O bless the Lord, and never cease ;
Ye saints fulfil his praise ;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

- 5 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine ;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.
- 6 Through watery deeps, and fiery ways,
We march at thy command ;
Led to possess the promis'd place,
By thy unerring hand.

WATTS.

PSALM LXVI. Second Part. C. M. *

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

- 1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Power ;
Who heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known ;
Come ye who love my God, and hear
The wonders he hath done.
- 3 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
When praise employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.
- 4 But God, his name be ever blest,
Has set my spirit free ;
He ne'er rejected my request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

WATTS.

PSALM LXVII. Short Metre. *

Universal Praise.

- 1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face,
On all thy church to shine.

- 2 That so thy gracious way
 May thro' the world be known ;
 Whilst distant lands their homage pay,
 And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let all the nations join
 To celebrate thy fame ;
 Let the whole world, O Lord, combine,
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,
 In humble pious mirth ;
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

TATE.

PSALM LXVIII. First Part. 6 line L. M. b

The Justice and Compassion of God.

- 1 LET God arise in all his might,
 And put his enemies to flight ;
 As smoke that sought to cloud the skies,
 Before the rising tempest flies,
 Or wax that melts before the fire,
 So shall his fainting foes expire.
- 2 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,
 Praise him, ye nations, in your song ;
 He rides and thunders through the sky,
 His name, Jehovah, sounds on high ;
 Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,
 Ye saints rejoice before his face.
- 3 The widow and the fatherless
 Fly to his aid in sharp distress ;
 In him the poor and helpless find
 A Judge most just, a Father kind ;
 He breaks the captive's galling chain,
 And prisoners see the light again.

His wondrous name and power rehearse,
 His honours shall enrich your verse ;
 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest,
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;
 When terrors rise and nations faint,
 God is the strength of every saint.

WATTS.

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 17, 18. S. P. L. M. *

Compared with Ephes. iv. 8, 9, 10.

The Ascension of Christ, and the Gift of his Spirit.

- 1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;
 Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious when the Lord was there ;
 When he proclaim'd his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious powers of hell,
 Which thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
 He sent his promis'd spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

WATTS

PSALM LXVIII. Third Part. L. M. *

Praise for Divine Care and Goodness.

- 1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
 Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,
 And loads us with his rich supplies.

- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 To his kind care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death ;
Safety and health to God belong,
He heals the sick and guards the strong.
- 4 His own right hand his saints shall raise
From death's dark shade to sing his praise ;
And bring them to his courts above,
To see his face and taste his love.

WATTS.

PSALM LXIX. C. M.



The Obedience and Death of Christ.

- 1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name ;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress hath rais'd us high ;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfil'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 The sacrifice he offer'd once
Has better pleas'd my God,
Than all the victims of the law,
Than goats or bullock's blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest ;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

5 Let heaven, and all who dwell on high,
To God their voices raise ;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God,
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
And glory, purchas'd by his death,
For thy own Israel waits.

WATTS, altered.

PSALM LXIX. *Long Metre.* b

The Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 DEEP in our hearts, let us record
The sorrows of our dying Lord ;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 The Jews his brethren, and his kin,
Abus'd the man who check'd their sin ;
While he obey'd God's holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join,
To execute their vain design.
- 4 For, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove ;
Tho' once upon the cross he bled,
Immortal honours crown his head.
- 5 Through Christ thy Son our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live ;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM LXX. Common Metre. b

Protection against Enemies.

- 1 GREAT God, attend my humble call,
Nor hear my cries in vain ;
O let thy grace prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.
- 2 When foes insulting wound my name,
And tempt my soul astray ;
Then let them hide their face with shame,
To their own plots a prey.
- 3 Whilst all who love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice,
To magnify the Lord.
- 4 Be thou my help in time of need,
To thee, O Lord, I pray ;
In mercy hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

BARLOW.

PSALM LXXI. First Part. C. M. b

Old Age, Death and the Resurrection,

- 1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 New wonders, Lord, my eyes have seen
With each revolving year ;
Thou know'st the days which yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?

Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart ?

- 4 Down to the silent vale of death
Will be my next remove ;
O may these poor remains of breath
Declare thy wondrous love.
- 5 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age ;
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.
- 6 By long experience I have known
Thy sovereign power to save ;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.
- 7 When I am buried in the dust,
My flesh shall be thy care ;
These withering limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXI. Second Part. C. M. *

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

- 1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father, God.

- 4 When I am fill'd with shame and grief
 For some remains of sin ;
 Thy promises shall bring relief,
 And give me peace within.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The victories of my King !
 My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
 Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
 My Saviour's dying blood ;
 His death has brought my foes to shame,
 And made my peace with God.

WATTS altered.

PSALM LXXII. First Part. *L. M. **
 The Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 **GREAT** God, whose universal sway
 All heaven reveres, all worlds obey,
 Now make the Saviour's glory known,
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
 Angels submit to his commands ;
 His justice shall protect the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
 And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;
 His righteous government shall last,
 Till days, and years, and time be past.
- 4 The heathen lands that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death,
 Revive at his first dawning light,
 And deserts blossom at the sight.

- 5 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

WATTS, altered.

PSALM LXXII. Sec. Part. L. M. *

The Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Through him shall endless prayers be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise,
With every daily sacrifice.
- 3 From north to south shall princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet ;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with grateful song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 6 Where he displays his healing power,
The sting of death is known no more ;
In him the sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

7 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King !
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long *Amen.*

WATTS, altered.

PSALM LXXII. Third Part. *L. M.* *

Divine Influence compared to Rain.

- 1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,
 Our God shall send his Spirit down ;
 Eternal Source of grace divine,
 What soul refreshing drops are thine !
- 2 Lands which beneath a burning sky
 Have long been desolate and dry,
 Th' effusions of his love shall share,
 And sudden life and verdure wear.
- 3 The dews and rains in all their store,
 Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
 Are not so copious as that grace
 Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As in soft silence, vernal showers
 Descend and cheer the fainting flowers ;
 So in the secrecy of love,
 Falls the blest influence from above.
- 5 That heavenly influence let me find,
 In holy silence of the mind ;
 Whilst every grace maintains its bloom,
 Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
 To me, but pour'd on all mankind ;
 Till all the wastes in verdure rise,
 And a new Eden bless our eyes.

RIPPON'S Collection.

PSALM LXXIII. *Long Metre.* b

Dangerous Prosperity.

- 1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur and repine ;
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
And pride in robes of honour shine.
- 2 To fathom this, my thoughts I bent,
But found the case too hard for me ;
Till to the house of God I went,
Then I their end did plainly see.
- 3 However high advanc'd, they all
On slippery places loosely stand ;
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
Cast down by thine almighty hand.
- 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee !
Just like a dream, when man awakes ;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 But still thy presence me supplied,
And thy right hand directs my way ;
Thy counsels, Lord, shall be my guide
To realms of peace and endless day.

WATTS and TATE.

PSALM LXXIII. Sec. Part. C. M. *

God our Portion.

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near ;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me ;
 And whilst this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint ?
 God is my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners who remove
 Far from thy presence, die ;
 Not all the idol gods they love,
 Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXIV. ver. 12, 17. C. M. *

Divine Providence.

- 1 PARENT of Nature, GOD supreme,
 Thy works are great and good !
 All nature manifests thy name,
 The sky, the earth, the flood.
- 2 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
 The dark return of night ;
 Thou hast prepar'd the sun to shine,
 And every feebler light.
- 3 By thee each region of the earth
 In perfect order stands ;
 The glowing south, the frozen north
 Obey thy fix'd commands.

- 4 Thou didst divide th' Egyptian sea,
By thy resistless might ;
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.
- 5 At thy command, the solid rock
Pour'd water from its side ;
And thou didst lead thy chosen flock
Through Jordan's parting tide.
- 6 If nature owns its sovereign Lord,
We would obey thy will ;
And whilst we trust thy faithful word,
We sing thy praises still.

WATTS and TATE, with variation and addition.

PSALM LXXV. *Long Metre.* *

Power of Government from God alone.

[Applied to the American Revolution.]

- 1 TO thee, most holy and most high,
We render thanks, and sing thy praise ;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.
- 2 To bondage doom'd, thy free-born sons
Beheld their foes indignant rise ;
And, sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
Appeal'd to him who rules the skies.
- 3 Then, mighty God, with equal power
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To drive their legions from our shore,
And save the men who sought thy face.
- 4 Let haughty princes sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head ;
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the powers which God has made.

- 5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow ;
But God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis he that lays another low.
- 6 No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall raise a tyrant to the throne ;
Th' impartial sovereign of the earth
Will make the rights of men be known.
- 7 His hand will yet uphold the just,
And whilst he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
Our lips shall sing his praise aloud.

Altered from WATTS.

PSALM LXXVI. Common Metre. or b

God's guardian Care of his People.

- 1 IN Judah, God of old was known,
His name in Israel great ;
In Salem stood his sacred throne,
And Sion was his seat.
- 2 From Sion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning bow ;
The spear, the arrow, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian foe.
- 3 What are the earth's wide kingdom's else
But mighty hills of prey ?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells,
Is glorious more than they.
- 4 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears ?
When heaven shines round with dreadful
The earth lies still and fears. [light,

5 When God, by his own sovereign grace,
 Appears to save the oppress'd ;
 The wrath of man shall work his praise,
 And he'll restrain the rest.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXVII. *Common Metre.* b

Comfort derived from ancient Providences.

- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with pain and grief,
 Beneath thy chastening rod ;
 Depriv'd of comfort and relief,
 We look to thee, our God.
- 2 Wilt thou for ever cast us off ?
 And will thy wrath prevail ?
 Hast thou forgot thy tender love ?
 And will thy promise fail ?
- 3 But faith forbids this hopeless thought,
 And checks this doubting frame ;
 We know the works thy hand has wrought,
 Thy hand is still the same.
- 4 Long did the sons of Jacob lie,
 By Egypt's yoke oppress'd ;
 Did'st thou refuse to hear their cry,
 And give thy people rest ?
- 5 In thine own way, thy chosen sheep
 Must hear thy mighty call ;
 Must venture through the parted deep,
 Beside the liquid wall.
- 6 Strange was their journey through the sea,
 A path before unknown !
 Terrors attend their wondrous way,
 But mercy leads them on.

7 Though trackless waves of ocean hide —
 Thy footsteps from our sight ;
 We'll follow where thy hand shall guide,
 For thou will lead us right.

Altered from WATTS.

PSALM LXXVIII. First Part. C. M. * or **b**

Religious Education of Children.

- 1 GIVE ear, ye children, to my law,
 Devout attention lend ;
 Let the instructions of my mouth
 Deep in your hearts descend.
- 2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
 Shall parables unfold ;
 Dark oracles, but understood,
 And own'd for truths of old :
- 3 Which we from sacred registers
 Of ancient times have known ;
 And our forefathers' pious care
 To us have handed down.
- 4 Let children learn the mighty deeds
 Which God perform'd of old ;
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.
- 5 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs ;
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.
- 6 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
 Their hope securely stands ;
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.

TATE and WATTS.

PSALM LXXVIII. Second Part. C. M.

Ver. 19, 20. * or b

A Table in the Wilderness.

- 1 PARENT of universal good,
We own thy bounteous hand ;
Which did so rich a table spread,
Ev'n in a desert land.
- 2 Struck by thy power, the flinty rocks
In gushing torrents flow ;
The feather'd wanderers of the air,
Thy guiding instinct know.
- 3 From pregnant clouds, at thy command,
Descends celestial bread ;
And by light drops of pearly dew
Are numerous armies fed.
- 4 Supported thus, thine Israel march'd,
The promis'd land to gain ;
And shall thy children now begin
To seek their God in vain ?
- 5 Are all thy stores exhausted now ?
Or does thy mercy fail ?
That faith should languish in our breast,
And anxious care prevail ?
- 6 Ye base unworthy fears begone,
And wide disperse in air ;
For we deserve our Father's rod,
When we distrust his care.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM LXXIX. *Long Metre.* b

The Devastation of War.

- 1 BEHOLD, O God, how cruel foes
Our peaceful heritage invade ;

Their lawless tribute they impose,
And in the dust our towns are laid.

- 2 To rav'rous birds, our flesh they gave,
Slaughter'd on fields with crimson died ;
The cheap indulgence of a grave
Is by inhuman foes denied.
- 3 How long, O Lord, shall we endure ?
Wilt thou not hear the captive's cry ?
Rescue, by thine almighty power,
The trembling wretch, condemn'd to die.
- 4 Remember not our former guilt,
But save us by thy boundless grace ;
Then shall our wastes again be built,
And all our mouths be fill'd with praise.

Altered from BARLOW.

PSALM LXXX. *Long Metre.*

b

The Vineyard of God laid waste.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep :
- 2 Thy church deserted now appears ;
Shine from on high, dispel our fears ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.
- 3 Hast thou not planted with thy hand,
A lovely vine in this our land ?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground ?
- 4 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless thy people with its fruit !
But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, thy lovely tree !

5 Why is its beauty thus defac'd ?
 Why are its fences thus laid waste ?
 Its fruit expos'd beside the way,
 To each rapacious hand a prey ?

6 Return, O God, thy face incline,
 Return, and visit this thy vine ;
 Turn us to thee, thy face display,
 And grief and fear shall fly away.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM LXXXI. *Short Metre.* *

Spiritual Blessings and Punishments.

- 1 SING to the Lord aloud,
 And make a joyful noise :
 God is our strength, our Saviour God,
 Let Israel hear his voice.
- 2 " From vile idolatry
 " Preserve my worship clean ;
 " I am the Lord who set thee free
 " From slavery and sin.
- 3 " Stretch thy desires abroad,
 " And I'll supply them well ;
 " But if ye will refuse your God,
 " If Israel will rebel,
- 4 " I'll leave them, saith the Lord,
 " To their own lusts a prey ;
 " And let them run the dangerous road,
 " 'Tis their own chosen way.
- 5 " Yet, O that all my saints
 " Would hearken to my voice ;
 " Soon would I ease their sore complaints,
 " And make their hearts rejoice.

- 6 " Whilst I destroy their foes,
 " I'd richly feed my flock ;
 " And they should taste the stream that flows
 " From their eternal Rock."

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXII. *Common Metre.* b

Warning to Magistrates.

- 1 GOD in the great assembly stands,
 And, with impartial eye,
 Beholds how rulers use their power,
 And does their actions try.
- 2 When justice reigns, and right prevails,
 The Judge their virtue loves ;
 But when iniquity abounds,
 Their deeds he disapproves.
- 3 The faithful voice of conscience speaks
 In silence to their mind ;
 " How long will ye unjustly judge,
 " And be to sinners kind ?
- 4 " Protect the humble, help the poor,
 " The fatherless defend ;
 " Dare not the widow to oppress,
 " And be the sufferer's friend.
- 5 " Remember, though your seat is high,
 " Your title, Gods on earth,
 " Your heads must in the grave be laid,
 " Like men of humbler birth.
- 6 " Your publick acts and private deeds
 " Will into judgment come ;
 " And from my lips must each receive
 " The most impartial doom.

7 Arise, O God, thy sacred truth
 Through all the earth display ;
 Till every nation shall behold
 And own thy righteous sway.

Altered from TATE.

PSALM LXXXIII. *Short Metre.* b

Complaint against Persecutors.

- 1 AND will the God of grace
 Perpetual silence keep ?
 When bloody men, more fierce than wolves,
 Devour his harmless sheep ?
- 2 Against thy feeble flock
 Their counsels they employ ;
 And malice with her watchful eye
 Pursues them, to destroy.
- 3 "Come, let us join, they say,
 To extirpate the race ;
 Till dark oblivion shall prevail,
 Their mem'ry to efface."
- 4 Awake, Almighty God,
 And disappoint their aim,
 Make them like chaff before the wind,
 Or stubble to the flame.
- 5 Then shall the nations know,
 That glorious, faithful word,
 "No human counsels or device
 Can stand against the Lord."

Altered from WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Long Metre.* *

The Pleasure of Publick Worship.

- 1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs ;

- To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides a nest ;
But will my God to sparrows grant
Those pleasures which his children want ?
- 3 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace ;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt me to desert thy door.
- 4 God is our Sun, he makes our day,
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 5 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 6 Blest are the men, whose steadfast mind
To Zion's gate is still inclin'd ;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.
Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIV. First Part. C. M. *

Delight in divine Ordinances.

- 1 MY heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode ;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God !

- 2 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
 And hear thy gracious voice,
 Exceeds a thousand days employ'd
 In sin's voluptuous joys.
- 3 Much rather in God's house, would I
 The meanest office take,
 Than in the wealthy tents of sin
 My splendid dwelling make.
- 4 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
 Will grace and glory give ;
 And no good thing will he withhold
 From them who justly live.
- 5 O God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
 How highly blest is he,
 Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
 Are still repos'd on thee !
- 6 O could I o'er the spacious land
 And sea extend my sway,
 For one blest hour at thy right hand,
 I'd give them both away.

TATE and WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIV. Second Part. C. M. *

Delight in divine Ordinances.

- 1 O LORD, how worthy of our love
 Is that delightful place,
 Where we can meet to pray and hear
 Thy word of truth and grace !
- 2 Our longing soul faints with desire
 To tread that blest abode ;
 Our panting heart and flesh cry out
 For thee, the living God.

- 3 There the great Monarch of the skies
 His saving power displays,
 And light breaks in upon our eyes,
 With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 4 The birds more happy far than we,
 Around thy temple throng ;
 Securely there they build, and there
 Securely hatch their young.
- 5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee -
 Their sure protection made !
 Who love to tread the sacred ways,
 Which to thy temple lead.
- 6 Thus they proceed by various steps,
 And still approach more near,
 Till all on Zion's heavenly mount,
 Before their God appear.

TATE and WATTS with variation.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Hallelujah Metre.* *

The Pleasure of Publick Worship.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are !
 To thine abode, My heart aspires,
 With warm desires, To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young,
 With pleasure seeks a nest,
 And wandering swallows long
 To find their wonted rest ;
 With equal zeal, Lord I would wait,
 Within thy gate, And with thee dwell.
- 3 To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,

Afford's diviner joy,
 Than thousand days beside ;
 Where God resorts, I love it more
 To keep the door Than shine in courts.

- 4 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still, And happy they,
 Who find the way To Zion's hill.
- 5 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
 O glorious seat ! When God our King
 Shall thither bring Our willing feet !

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXV. *Common Metre.* b

Prayer for Publick Deliverance.

- 1 THY favour, gracious Lord, display,
 Which we have long implor'd ;
 And for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
 Thy heavenly aid afford.
- 2 Thine answer patiently we'll wait,
 For thou with glad success,
 If they no more to folly turn,
 Thy mourning saints wilt bless.
- 3 To those who fear thy holy name,
 Is thy salvation near ;
 And in its former happy state,
 Our nation shall appear.
- 4 For mercy now with truth is join'd,
 And righteousness with peace ;

- Those kind companions, absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.
- 5 Truth from the earth, like fairest flowers,
Shall spring and bloom around ;
And justice from her heavenly seat,
Behold and bless the ground.
- 6 The Lord will on our land bestow
Whatever thing is good ;
The soil in plenty shall produce
Her fruits to be our food.
- 7 Before him righteousness shall go,
And his just path prepare ;
Whilst we his sacred steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

MILTON and TATE.

PSALM LXXXV. *Long Metre.*

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord ;
And grace, descending from on high,
The hope of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven ;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and virtue shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God ;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXVI. Common Metre. *

(See Hymn LIV.)

The Greatness and Goodness of God.

- 1 AMONG the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 Therefore their great Creator, thee
All nations shall adore ;
Their long misguided prayers, and praise
To thy great name restore.
- 3 All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done ;
They shall confess thee God supreme,
Confess thee God alone.
- 4 Not only great, but good thou art,
And ready to forgive ;
Thy mercy hears the penitent,
And bids the sinner live.
- 5 To my repeated, humble prayer,
O Lord attentive be ;
In trouble, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt answer me.
- 6 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
Refresh thy servant's soul whose hopes,
On thee alone depend.

WATTS and TATE with Alterations.

PSALM LXXXVII. Long Metre. *

The Church the Birth Place of Saints.

(On opening a new place of worship.)

- 1 AND will the great eternal God,
On earth establish his abode ?

- And will he from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples as his own ?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.
- 4 These walls, we to thy honour raise,
Long may they echo with thy praise ;
And thou descending fill the place,
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train ;
Whilst power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 6 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born to glory here.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM LXXXVIII Ver. 10. L. M. *

Reanimation.

(Adapted to the design of *Humane Societies*.)

- 1 FROM thee, great Lord of life and death,
Do we receive our vital breath ;
And at thy sovereign call, resign
That vital breath, that gift divine.
- 2 Wilt thou show wonders to the dead ?
Wilt thou revive the lifeless head ?

- And from the silence of the grave,
Wilt thou the wretched victim save ?
- Such wonders, formerly unknown,
Thy providence to us hath shown ;
To feeble man, thou dost impart
The plastick, life redeeming art.
- We bless thee for the skill and power,
From death's appearance to restore
This nice machine of curious frame,
And light again the vital flame.
- May every life by thee restor'd
Be consecrated to the Lord ;
May pious love inspire each breast,
Which has thy saving hand confess'd.
- Again they must resign their breath,
And sink beneath the stroke of death ;
When from that death they shall revive,
May each with thee in glory live.

PSALM LXXXVIII. *Six Line L. M.* b

On the Death of Friends.

- 1 O GOD of my salvation, hear
My nightly groans, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath ;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sovereign power to save
From dark despair and gloomy death.
- 2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
Whilst dust and silence spread the gloom ;
My friends belov'd, in happier days,
The dear companion of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.

- 3 As lost in lonely grief I tread
 The silent mansions of the dead,
 Or to some throng'd assembly go ;
 Through all alike I rove alone,
 Forgotten here, and there unknown,
 The change renews my piercing woe.
- 4 Wilt thou neglect my mournful call ?
 Or who shall profit by my fall,
 When life departs and love expires ?
 Can dust and darkness praise the Lord,
 Or wake and brighten at his word,
 To join the high angelic choirs ?
- 5 My friends are gone, my comforts fled,
 The sad remembrance of the dead
 Recals my wandering thoughts to mourn ;
 But through each melancholy day,
 I call on thee, and still will pray,
 Imploring still thy kind return.

BARLOW.

PSALM LXXXIX. First Part. C M. *

A Blessed Gospel.

- 1 BLEST are the souls who hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound ;
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
 Thro' their Redeemer's name ;
 His promises exalt their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives ;
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIX. Sec. Part. C. M. * or b

The Covenant of Grace.

- 1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known :
“ Sinners, behold your help is laid
“ On my beloved Son.
- 2 “ Behold the man my wisdom chose,
“ Among your mortal race ;
“ His head my holy oil o'erflows,
“ The spirit of my grace.
- 3 “ High shall he reign on David's throne,
“ My people's better King ;
“ My arm shall put his rivals down,
“ And still new subjects bring.
- 4 “ My truth shall guard him in his way,
“ With mercy by his side ;
“ While in my name, through earth and sea,
“ He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 “ Me for his Father and his God,
“ He shall for ever own ;
“ Call me his Rock, his High Abode,
“ And I'll support my Son.
- 6 “ My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
“ At my right hand shall sit ;
“ Beneath him, angels know their place,
“ And princes at his feet.
- 7 “ My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
“ My promises are strong ;
“ Firm as the heaven his throne shall last,
“ His seed endure as long.”

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIX. 3d. Part. C. M. * or b

The Covenant of Grace.

- 1 " YET (saith the Lord) if David's race,
 " The children of my Son,
 " Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
 " And tempt my anger down ;
- 2 " Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
 " And make their folly smart ;
 " But never cease to be their God,
 " Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 " My cov'nant I will not revoke,
 " But keep my grace in mind ;
 " And what eternal love hath spoke,
 " Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 " Once have I sworn (I need no more)
 " And pledg'd my holiness ;
 " To seal the sacred promise sure
 " To David and his race.
- 5 " The sun shall see his offspring rise,
 " And spread from sea to sea ;
 " Long as he travels round the skies,
 " To give the nations day.
- 6 " Sure as the moon that rules the night,
 " His kingdom shall endure,
 " Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
 " Shall be observ'd no more."

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIX. Six Line Long Metre. b

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

- 1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man !
How few his hours, how short the span !
Short from the cradle to the grave :

Who can secure his vital breath,
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save ?

- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
“ The race of men was only made
“ For sickness, sorrow, and the dust ? ”
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to the grave, and turn’d to clay ?
Lord, where’s thy kindness to the just ?

- 3 Hast thou not promis’d to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown ?
But flesh and sense indulge despair :
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read thy holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach, and pain ;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen.*

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIX. First Part. *Long Metre.* *

The Covenant of Grace.

- 1 FOR EVER shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;
Mercy and truth for ever stand
Like heaven, establish’d by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he swore, and said,
“ With thee my covenant is made ;
“ In thee shall dying sinners live,
“ Glory and grace are thine to give,

- 3 " Be thou my prophet, thou my priest,
 " Thy children shall be ever blest ;
 " Thou art my chosen king, thy throne
 " Shall stand eternal, as my own.
- 4 " There's none of all my saints above,
 " So much my image or my love,
 " Celestial powers thy subjects are ;
 " Then what can earth with thee compare ?
- 5 " David, my servant, whom I chose
 " To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
 " And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
 " Was but the shadow of my Son."
- 6 Now let the church rejoice and sing,
 Jesus her Saviour, and her King ;
 Angels his heavenly honours show,
 And saints declare his works below.

WATTS.

PSALM LXXXIX. Sec. Part. L. M. * or **b**
 Divine Sovereignty, and Publick Worship.

- 1 **WHAT** seraph of celestial birth,
 To vie with Israel's God shall dare ?
 Or who among the sons of earth,
 Can with the mighty God compare ?
- 2 **Lord** God of armies, who can boast
 Of strength and power like thine renown'd ?
 Of such a numerous faithful host
 As that which does thy throne surround ?
- 3 Thou dost the raging sea control,
 And change the surface of the deep ;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep !
- 4 In thee, the sovereign right remains
 Of earth and heaven ; thee, Lord, alone,

The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker, and Preserver own.

- 5 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
The sacred trumpet's joyful sound ;
And who among thy saints appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.
- 6 With rev'rence and religious dread,
Thy saints will to thy temple press ;
Thy fear through all their hearts shall spread,
Who thy most holy name confess.

TATE.

PSALM XC. *Common Metre.***b**

God's Eternity, and Man's Mortality.

- 1 BEFORE the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame ;
From everlasting, thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 2 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
“Return, ye sons of men ;”
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-running stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten ;

And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

- 6 Then let us learn the heavenly art,
T' improve the hours we have ;
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

WATTS.

PSALM XC. *Long Metre.* * or b

Divine Protection through every Age.

- 1 THOU, Lord, thro' every changing scene,
Hast to the saints a refuge been,
Thro' every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,
And were with thy protection blest ;
Though in the shade of death they lie,
They'll rise and dwell above the sky.
- 3 Behold their sons, a feeble race !
We come to fill our fathers' place !
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we tread,
Ere we are number'd with the dead ;
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Be thou our all-sufficient aid.
- 5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell on earth no more ;
To thee, great God, may we ascend,
And find an everlasting friend.
- 6 To thee our infant race we'll leave,
Them may their fathers' God receive ;
That voices, yet unform'd, may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM XC. *Short Metre.*

b

The Shortness of Life.

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Alas, the brittle clay,
That built our body first !
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Then, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 4 They'll sooner waft us o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Then shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

WATTS.

PSALM XCI. *Common Metre.* * or b

Divine Protection, Resignation and Gratitude.

- 1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amidst the darkest hours ;
Bright rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flowers.
- 2 This thought can all my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
No harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye.
- 3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;

And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

- 4 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
 And life almost depart ;
Is not thy mercy still the same,
 To cheer my drooping heart ?
- 5 Is blooming health my happy share ?
 O may I bless my God ;
Thy goodness let my song declare,
 And spread thy praise abroad.
- 6 While such delightful gifts as these
 Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
 Devoted, Lord, to thee.
- 7 If cares and sorrows me surround,
 Their power why should I fear ?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
 If thou, my God, art near.
- 8 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
 To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
 That all thy ways are right.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM XCII. *Long Metre.* *

For the Lord's Day.

- 1 WELCOME, thou day of sacred rest !
 No mortal cares shall fill my breast,
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy counsels, how divine !

- 3 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die !
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Command them to the shade of death.
- 4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath purifi'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And every power find full employ
In that eternal world of joy.

WATTS.

PSALM XCIII. *Long Metre. ** or **b**

Divine Sovereignty and Holiness.

- 1 THE Lord, the God of glory reigns,
In robes of majesty array'd ;
The earth's foundation he sustains,
And rules the world his hand hath made.
- 2 Ere rolling seas began to move,
Or the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad,
Thy sacred throne was fix'd above ;
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still the noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy righteous laws, O Lord, are sure,
And those who in thy presence dwell,

That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

TATE and STEELE.

PSALM XCIII. Particular Metre. *

Divine Power, the Church's Safety.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains ;
His head with awful glories crown'd ;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word ;
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the starry sky ;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar ;
In vain with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
The terrors of thy frown,
Shall bear their madness down ;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er remove,

Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

WATTS.

PSALM XCIV. *Common Metre.* b

Against wicked Rulers.

HOW long, O Lord, shall wicked men

In splendid triumph ride !

How long shall haughty tyrants reign,

By violence and pride !

2 They say, "the Lord nor sees nor hears ;"

When will the fools be wise ?

Can he be deaf who form'd their ears ?

Or blind, who made their eyes ?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,

And they shall feel his power ;

His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,

In some distressing hour.

4 Powers of iniquity may rise,

And frame pernicious laws ;

But God, my refuge, rules the skies,

He will defend my cause.

5 When multitudes of mournful thoughts

Within my bosom roll,

Thy grace, which pardons all my faults,

Shall cheer my drooping soul.

6 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,

And to his duty draw ;

Thy scourges make thy children wise,

When they forget thy law.

7 For God will not cast off his saints,

Nor his own promise break ;

He pardons his inheritance,
For his own mercy's sake.

WATTS.

PSALM XCV. *Common Metre.* *

Before Prayer.

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful throne,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The great Jehovah reigns alone,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come kneel before his face ;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.
- 6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for our request ;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear
“ Ye shall not see my rest.”

WATTS.

PSALM XCV. First Part. L. M.

*

Publiek Worship.

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;
A King superior far to all
Whom by the title gods, we call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his ;
'Tis mov'd by that Almighty hand,
Which form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there !
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

TATE.

PSALM XCV. Sec. Part. L. M. * or b

Canaan Lost through Unbelief.

- 1 COME, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures by his word ;

- He is our Shepherd, we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 2 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey ;
Nor let our harden'd hearts provoke,
Like Israel, the avenging stroke.
- 3 Thus saith the Lord, " How false they proye,
" Forget my power, abuse my love !
" Since they despise my rest, I swear
" Their feet shall never enter there."
- 4 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels, dead ;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 5 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates ;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest ;
Obey, and be for ever blest.

WATTS.

PSALM XCV. *Short Metre.*

*

Before a Sermon.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound ;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

- 4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace ;
 And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race,
- 6 The Lord, in anger drest,
 Will lift his hand and swear,
 “ You, who despis’d my promis’d rest,
 “ Shall have no portion here.”

WATTS.

PSALM XCVI. *Six Line L. M.* *

Universal Praise.

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
 To sing a lofty psalm of praise,
 And bless the great Jehovah’s name ;
 His glory let the heathen know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his works of grace proclaim.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his praise be great,
 Who sits on high, enthron’d in state ;
 To him alone let praise be given :
 Those gods the heathen world adore,
 In vain pretend to sovereign power,
 He only rules who made the heaven.
- 3 He fram’d the globe, he spread the sky,
 And all the shining worlds on high ;
 He reigns complete in glory there ;
 His beams are majesty and light,
 His glories, how divinely bright !
 His temple, how divinely fair ;

- 4 Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice,
 Let ocean lift its roaring voice,
 Proclaiming loud, " Jehovah reigns ; "
 For joy let fertile vallies sing,
 And tuneful groves their tribute bring
 To him, whose power the world sustains.
- 5 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall own his sovereign power,
 And barbarous nations fear his name ;
 Then shall the universe confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

TATE and WATTS, united and varied.

PSALM XCVII. *Long Metre.*



Grace and Glory.

- 1 TH' Almighty reigns exalted high,
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
 And hosts celestial join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
 But grace and truth support his throne ;
 Though gloomy clouds his feet surround,
 Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 Ye, who confess his holy name,
 Hate every work of sin and shame ;
 He guards the souls of all his friends,
 And from the snares of hell defends.
- 4 Immortal light, and joys unknown
 Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

- 5 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord ;
None but the souls who taste his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

WATTS.

PSALM XCVIII. *Common Metre.* *

Blessings of the Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 To our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd ;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations bless'd.
- 2 He spake the word to Abr'ham first,
His truth fulfils his grace ;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Joy to the world ! The Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 4 Joy to the world ! her Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While lands and seas, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 5 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor violence abound ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Wherever man is found.
- 6 He rules the world with righteousness,
And makes the nations prove
The blessings of his truth and grace,
The wonders of his love.

WATTS.

PSALM XCIX. *Short Metre.*

*

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

- 1 THE GOD, Jehovah, reigns,
Let all the nations fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Exalt the Lord our God !
And worship at his feet ;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 3 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.
- 4 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.
- 5 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same ;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

WATTS.

PSALM C. *Long Metre.*

*

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;

- And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name !
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Thou Lord art good, thou Lord art kind ;
Great is thy grace, thy mercy sure ;
And the whole race of men shall find
Thy truth from age to age endure.
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

PSALM CI. *Common Metre. ** or **b**

A Psalm for the Master of a Family.

- 1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay to God my vows ;
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise ;
I'll suffer nothing near me there,
That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man who doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force ;
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
I'll drive them from my doors.

- 4 The pure, the faithful, and the just,
My favour shall enjoy ;
These are the friends that I will trust,
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night ;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee ;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

WATTS.

PSALM CII. First Part. C. M. *

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice ;
Behold the promis'd hour !
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And will exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes ;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there ;
Nations shall bow and own his name,
And worship in his fear.
- 4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes ;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their wants arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death ;
 And when his saints complain,
 It can't be said they spent their breath,
 Or shed their tears in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
 And left on long record,
 That ages yet unborn, may read,
 And learn to trust the Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CII. Second Part. C. M. *

The Unchangeableness of God.

- 1 THOU, Lord, hast earth's foundations laid,
 The heavens, a glorious frame,
 By thine Almighty hand were spread,
 And speak their Maker's name.
- 2 Their shining glories all shall fade,
 By thy controlling power,
 Chang'd like a vesture when decay'd :
 But thou shalt still endure.
- 3 Thy bright perfections, all divine,
 Eternal as thy days ;
 Through everlasting ages shine,
 With undiminished rays.
- 4 Thy servant's children, still thy care,
 Shall own their fathers' God ;
 To latest times thy favour share,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CII. ver. 24, 27. L. M. b

Compared with Hebrews, i. 8—12. xiii. 8.

The Mortality of Man and the Eternity of Christ.

- 1 IT is the Lord, our Maker's hand
 Weakens our strength amidst the race ;

Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day ;
And must thy people die so soon ?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage ;
Our Father and our Saviour live,
Christ is the same through every age.
- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid,
Heaven is the building of his hand ;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside ;
But still thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face, thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign ;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

WATTS.

PSALM CIII. First Part. L. M.

*

Praise to God for his Goodness.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join,
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
His favours claim thy highest praise ;

- Let not the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot.
- 3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels ;
Redeems the soul from guilt, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 4 Our youth decay'd, his power repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our souls with heavenly food.
- 5 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
And often gives the sufferers rest ;
But will his justice more display
In the last, great decisive day.
- 6 His power he show'd by *Moses'* hands,
And gave to Israel his commands ;
But made his truth and mercy known
To all the nations by his Son.

WATTS.

PSALM CIII. Sec. Part. S. M. *

Divine Mercy in the midst of Judgment.

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
And when his wrath is felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 4 His grace subdues our sins ;
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord
 To those who fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel ;
 He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower ;
 When blasting winds spread o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.
- 7 But thy compassion, Lord,
 Through ages shall endure ;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure.

WATTS.

PSALM CIII. Third Part. *Com. Metre.* b

God's tender Regard to human Weakness.

- 1 LORD, we thy wondrous power proclaim,
 And make that power our trust ;
 Which rais'd at first this curious frame,
 From mean and lifeless dust.
- 2 By dust supported still it stands,
 Prepar'd in various forms ;
 And wrought by thy creating hands,
 To nourish mortal worms.
- 3 Awhile these frail machines endure ;
 The fabrick of a day !
 Then lose their animating power ;
 And moulder back to clay.
- 4 Yet frail and feeble as we are,
 This thought is our repose,

That he who first our frame did rear,
Its various weakness knows.

5 He views us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load ;
In pains and dangers he is nigh,
Our Father and our God.

6 Gently supported by his love,
We tend to realms of peace ;
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM CIII. Fourth Part. C. M. *

Angelick Praise.

1 THOU, Lord, in heav'n hast plac'd thy throne,
Thy kingdom wide extends ;
Thy vast dominion shall be known
To earth's remotest ends.

2 Ye angels, who excel in might,
And wait to do his will,
Bless him, whose work is your delight,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Ye seraphs, who with joy obey
The orders of your King,
Attend his churches when they pray,
And join the praise they sing.

4 Whilst all his works his praise proclaim,
O let my heart and tongue
Join with the universal frame,
In this eternal song.

Partly from WATTS.

PSALM CIV. First Part. L. M. *

Divine Majesty and Goodness in Storm and Rain.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise,
To God the song of triumph raise ;
Adorn'd with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine !
- 2 Light forms his robe, and round his head
The heavens their ample curtain spread ;
See on the wind's expanded wings
The chariot of the King of kings !
- 3 Around him, rang'd in awful state,
Dark silent storms attendant wait ;
And thunders, ready to fulfil
The mandates of his sovereign will.
- 4 From earth's low margin to the skies,
He bids the dusky vapours rise ;
Then, from his magazines on high,
Commands th' imprison'd winds to fly.
- 5 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
And showers descend on furrow'd lands ;
Whilst down the mountain's channel'd side,
The torrent rolls in swelling pride.
- 6 Till spent its wild impetuous force,
And settled in its destin'd course,
It waters all the fruitful plains,
And life in various forms sustains.
- 7 Thus clouds, and storms, and fires obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway ;
And whilst thy terrors round us stand,
We see a Father's bounteous hand.

MERRICK, with Alteration and Addition.

PSALM CIV. Sec. Part. L. M. b

The Seaman's Prayer.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
How various are thy works ! how wise !
Thy power throughout all space extends,
Sinks thro' all depth, all height transcends !
- 2 Not earth alone beholds her shores
Enrich'd by thy exhaustless stores ;
Alike, throughout their liquid reign,
The spreading seas thy gifts contain.
- 3 Beneath, unnumber'd fishes swarm,
Of different size, of various form ;
Above, the ships incumbent ride,
Borne on the bosom of the tide.
- 4 Here, huge leviathan is seen
To sport the mighty waves between ;
There, icy mountains float and roll,
Driv'n from the seas beneath the pole.
- 5 On high, the concave we behold
In living blue, or sparkling gold ;
Whilst waving azure fields around
Spread to th' horizon's utmost bound.
- 6 The winds and waves obey thy will ;
The needle owns thy power and skill ;
And, steer'd by thy directing hand,
Our bark shall gain the wish'd for land.

MERRICK with Alteration and Addition.

PSALM CIV. Third Part. L. M. * or b

Divine Providence toward Man and Beast.

- 1 VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word ;

And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

- 2 If thou the vital air deny,
Behold them sicken, faint and die ;
Dust to its kindred dust returns,
And earth her ruin'd offspring mourns.
- 3 But thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men ;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waste of time and death.
- 4 Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine ;
Thy works, the honour of thy might,
Are honour'd with thy own delight.
- 5 Earth at thy look shall trembling stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand ;
And, touch'd by thy vindictive stroke,
The everlasting mountains smoke.
- 6 In thee our hopes and wishes meet,
And make our contemplations sweet ;
Thy praises shall our breath employ,
Till we shall rise to endless joy.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM CIV. Fourth Part. L. M. *

The Voice of the Creatures proclaiming God.

- 1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies ;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise !
- 2 Behold the sun serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around ;
The fruitful fields and verdant meads
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.
- 4 Almighty goodness, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads display ;
And bless the hand which made them shine
With various charms, profusely gay.
- 5 For man and beast, here daily food
In wide extensive plenty grows ;
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams, sweet winding, gently flows.
- 6 By cooling streams and soft'ning showers,
The vegetable race are fed ;
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
Their Maker's constant bounty spread.
- 7 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of our God,
Come, bow before him, and adore.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CIV. *Particular Metre.* b

PART I.

- 1 BLESS God, O my soul,
Rejoice in his name ;
And let my glad voice
Thy greatness proclaim :
Surpassing in honour,
Dominion and might ;
Thy throne is the heaven,
Thy robe is the light.

2 The sky we behold,
A curtain display'd,
The chambers of heaven
On waters are laid.
The clouds are a chariot
Thy glory to bear,
On winds thou art wafted,
Thou ridest on air.

3 As rapid as fire,
Thy angels on high
Convey thy commands,
Thy ministers fly.
The earth, on its basis
Eternal sustain'd,
Is fix'd in the station
Thy wisdom ordain'd.

4 The world, when at first
Of chaos compos'd,
Was void, without form,
In waters enclos'd ;
Thy voice, how majestick,
In thunder was heard,
The waters subsided,
The mountains appear'd.

PART II.

5 Thy providence fix'd
The stream and its source ;
The sea knows its bounds,
The rivers their course.
Convey'd through dark channels,
Springs rise on the hills,
They burst in the fountains,
They fall in the rills.

6 The beasts of the wild
 Their forest forsake ;
 The herd quits the field,
 To drink of the lake :
 On trees crown'd with blossoms,
 Its margin along,
 Birds, warbling sweet musick,
 Praise GOD in their song.

7 Descending on hills,
 Clouds plenteousness pour ;
 All nature revives,
 Earth smiles in the shower :
 A garment of verdure
 Apparels the plain ;
 Fruits swell in the garden,
 Fields wave with their grain.

8 With moisture refresh'd,
 The vine yields its fruit,
 'Tis balm to our hearts,
 To health a recruit.
 With pleasure we gather
 The richness of oil ;
 'Tis strength to our body,
 Support to our toil.

PART III.

9 The trees full of sap,
 With joy rear their head,
 The cedars their bows
 O'er Lebanon spread.
 Secure in the covert
 The bird flies for rest,
 She sings on the branches,
 She broods on the nest.

- 10 The pine yields a home
 The stork to secure :
 The goat on the crag
 Defies the pursuer.
 Even creatures too feeble
 Themselves to defend,
 On caves and concealment
 For safety depend.
- 11 The moon, by thy law,
 Increases and wanes :
 The sun keeps the course
 Thy wisdom ordains.
 By night the fierce lion
 Roams wide for his prey,
 But flies to his cavern
 When morn brings the day.
- 12 Then man with the sun
 His labour renews,
 Till evening arrives,
 That labour pursues.
 Such, Lord, is the wisdom
 Thy works all proclaim ;
 Let earth, crown'd with riches,
 Rejoice in thy name !

PART IV.

- 13 Nor here only, Lord,
 Thy might we adore,
 The sea owns thy hand,
 Thy wisdom and power ;
 There tribes without number,
 Thy creatures, resort ;
 Leviathans gambol,
 And whales take their sport.

- 14 Their ships spread their sails,
 The surface to sweep ;
 There fish nimbly glide,
 Conceal'd in the deep :
 They all know their season,
 As seasons arise ;
 And tribes, which thy bounty
 Has made, it supplies.
- 15 Thy will and thy word
 Endue them with breath,
 Consum'd by thy blast,
 They shrink into death ;
 Restor'd at thy pleasure,
 New beings appear,
 To people the waters,
 The earth and the air.
- 16 Rejoice then, O Lord,
 In glory secure ;
 The works thou hast made
 Through ages endure :
 Yet, aw'd by thy presence,
 When thou drawest near,
 Smoke bursts from the mountains,
 Earth trembles with fear.
- 17 Thus, Lord, let me sing,
 Thy glory to raise ;
 Delightful the strain,
 When tun'd to thy praise.
 The vile have their sufferings,
 The just their reward ;
 Bless God, O my spirit !
 O praise ye the Lord !

PSALM CV. Common Metre. *

The Divine Promise to Abraham fulfilled.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace ;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.
- 2 To Abra'm and his seed he swore,
To give Canaan's land ;
Though strangers, destitute of power,
A little feeble band.
- 3 Like pilgrims through the countries round,
Securely, they remov'd ;
And haughty kings who on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.
- 4 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right ;
Gave them his leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.
- 5 They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow ;
And, following still the course they took,
Ran a'll the desert through.
- 6 O wondrous stream ! O blessed type !
Of ever flowing grace !
So Christ our Rock maintains our life,
While we his footsteps trace.
- 7 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
The blessings of the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear ;

Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

WATTS.

PSALM CVI. First Part. L. M. *

The Character and final Prosperity of the Righteous.

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
Just tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy precepts never stray !
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
Be this my happiness, to see
Thy church in full prosperity.
- 5 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed ;
And with the same salvation bless
Each humble suppliant of thy grace.
- 6 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid the triumph with my voice ;
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy church, and near to thee.
- 7 Let Israel's God be ever blest,
Who gives his people heavenly rest ;

Let all his saints, with full accord,
Exalt their voice to praise the Lord.

TATE and WATTS, united.

PSALM CVI. Sec. Part. S. M. * or **b**

Israel Punished and Pardoned : Or, the Love of God
unchangeable.

- 1 GOD of eternal love !
How fickle are our ways !
And yet, how oft did Israel prove
The riches of thy grace !
- 2 They saw his wonders wrought,
And then his praise they sung ;
But soon his works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with water flow ;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And dare the vengeful blow.
- 4 Yet, when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans ;
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes ;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people whom he chose.
- 6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race ;
And christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

WATTS.

PSALM CVII. First Part. L. M. b

Israel led through the Wilderness to the Land of Promise.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God ; he reigns above ;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love ;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record ;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.
- 3 In their distress, to God they cried,
God was their Saviour and their guide ;
He led their march far wandering round ;
'Twas the right pat' to Canaan's ground.
- 4 So when our first release we gain,
From sin's hard yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to trace,
A tiresome and a dangerous place.
- 5 God feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray ;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 6 Then let us all with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord ;
How great his works, how kind his ways !
Let every tongue pronounce his praise !

WATTS.

PSALM CVII. Second Part. L. M. b

Correction for Sin, and Relief to Prisoners.

- 1 FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same ;

- He fills the hungry souls with food,
And feeds them with substantial good.
- 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God who rules the skies ;
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord,
- 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverance shall be found ;
Laden with grief, they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries ;
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade,
Which hung so heavy o'er their head.
- 5 He cuts the iron bars in two,
And lets the joyful prisoner through ;
Takes off the load of pain and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord ;
How great his works ! How kind his ways !
Let every tongue pronounce his praise !

WATTS.

PSALM CVII. Third Part. C. M. b

Intemperance chastised and reformed.

- 1 BENEATH God's terrors doom'd to groan,
Behold th' intemperate band
The fruits of folly reap, and own
The justice of his hand.
- 2 From food estrang'd, their languid soul
The needful meal foregoes ;

Life feels its current faintly roll,
And hastens to its close.

- 3 Distress'd, to God they make their prayer,
 And nature, joyous, sees
 His word her ruin'd strength repair,
 Her fiercest tortures ease.
- 4 O then that all would bless his name,
 Who thus his mercy prove ;
 And still from age to age proclaim
 The wonders of his love.
- 5 That men of various tongues would sing,
 His acts in frequent lays ;
 And yield to heaven's eternal King
 The sacrifice of praise.

MERRICK.

PSALM CVII. Fourth Part. L. M. b

Dangers and Deliverance by Sea.

- 1 THEY who in ships, with courage bold,
 O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
 The Lord's amazing works behold,
 And in the deep his wonders view.
- 2 Soon as his dread command is past,
 The lowering storm begins to rise ;
 It sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
 And makes the swelling billows rise.
- 3 The labouring ships borne up to heaven,
 Upon the lofty waves appear ;
 Then down the deep abyss are driven,
 Whilst every soul dissolves with fear.
- 4 They reel and stagger to and fro,
 Like men with fumes of wine oppress'd ;
 Nor does the skilful seaman know
 Which way to steer, what course is best.

- 5 Then, to the Lord's indulgent ear,
Their supplication they address ;
He kindly condescends to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.
- 6 He bids the storm its fury cease,
And lays the billows calm and still ;
Then summon's forth the gentle breeze,
The seaman's wishes to fulfil.
- 7 O then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God for all his goodness praise ;
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wondering world displays.

TATE, varied.

PSALM CVII. Fifth Part. *L. M.* * or **b**

Colonies planted and punished.

- 1 WHERE nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
God bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.
- 2 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want ;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
- 3 Thus they are blest ; but if they sin,
He lets the savage nations in ;
A hostile race invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.
- 4 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn ;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

- 5 Yet if the humbled people mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns ;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.
- 6 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence ;
And wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

WATTS.

PSALM CVIII. *Common Metre.*

*

A general Song of Praise.

- 1 O GOD, my grateful soul aspires
To magnify thy name ;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my heart, and thou, my voice,
Thy willing tribute pay ;
And let a hymn of sacred joy
Salute the opening day.
- 3 To all the listening world around
Thy goodness I will sing ;
Whilst every grateful tongue shall join
To praise th' eternal King.
- 4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends ;
And far beyond the spreading earth
Thy faithfulness extends.
- 5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

TATE, altered.

PSALM CIX. *Common Metre.* *

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

- 1 O GOD, we celebrate thy praise,
Thy mercy is our song ;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found ;
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their miseries his compassion mov'd,
Their peace he still pursu'd ;
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause ;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 Let not this bright example shine
In vain before our eyes ;
May we like him to peace incline,
And love our enemies.
- 6 Thus shall we too thine image bear,
And thus our sonship prove ;
For good and bad thy bounty share,
Thou God of boundless love.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CX. *Long Metre.* * or b

The Priesthood and Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 THUS the eternal Father spake,
To Christ his Son, " Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

- 2 " From Zion shall thy word proceed ;
 Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 Shall make the hearts of sinners bleed,
 And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 " O blessed power ! O glorious day !
 A splendid victory shall ensue !
 And converts who thy grace obey
 Exceed the drops of morning dew !"
- 4 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
 Nor will repent the thing he swore ;
 " Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 When Aaron's sons shall serve no more.
- 5 " Melchizedek, the wondrous priest,
 Whose generation was unknown,
 The king of righteousness and peace,
 Was a fair type of Christ my Son."
- 6 Through all the earth his reign shall spread,
 And fierce opposers frown in vain ;
 For God shall raise his humble head,
 And his exalted throne maintain.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXI. *Long Metre.*

*

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; to speak his praise,
 My soul her utmost powers shall raise,
 With private friends, and in the throng
 Of those who to his house belong.
- 2 His works, for greatness though renown'd,
 His wondrous works are always found,
 By those who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious search delight.

- 3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
- 4 By precept, he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind ;
And to posterity record,
How good and gracious is the Lord.
- 5 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands ;
By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.
- 6 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin ;
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

TATE.

PSALM CXII. *Long Metre.* * or b

The Character and Happiness of the liberal Man.

- 1 THAT man is bless'd, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His name on earth shall be renown'd,
And with increasing honour crown'd.
- 2 His hospitable house shall be
To friends and strangers always free ;
His virtue, safe from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
- 3 The man that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
Compassion dwells within his mind,
His justice flows to all mankind.

- 4 His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends ;
And what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
- 5 Though dangers threaten him around,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground.
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
- 6 His hands, whilst they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd ;
Whence he shall reap a sure reward,
And dwell for ever with the Lord.

TATE, varied.

PSALM CXIII. *Long Metre.*

*

Divine Greatness and Condescension.

- 1 YE servants of th' Almighty King,
In every age his praises sing,
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty ;
Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds.
- 3 What impious mortal rashly dare,
What angel, with our God compare ?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light ?
- 4 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do ;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

- 5 From dust and cottages obscure,
 His grace exalts the humble poor ;
 Gives them the honour of his sons,
 And makes them meet for heavenly thrones.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIV. *Long Metre.* * or b

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

- 1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,
 The tribes with cheerful homage own
 Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay,
 The deep divides to make them way ;
 Jordan beheld their march, and fled
 With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like trembling sheep,
 Like lambs, the smaller hills did leap ;
 Not Sinai on its base could stand,
 Conscious of sovereign power at hand.
- 4 What power could make the sea divide ?
 Or Jordan backward roll his tide !
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?
- 5 Let every mountain, every flood
 Retire, and know th' approaching God ;
 The King of Israel ! see him here !
 Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns ;
 The rock to flowing water turns ;
 From stones, spring fountains at his word,
 And earth and seas confess the Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CXV. *Long Metre.* * or b

Idolatry reprobred.

- 1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due ;
But to thy name, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true !
- 2 Thy dreadful majesty proclaim,
Nor let the heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say, ' where's the God you've serv'd so long ? '
- 3 The God we serve, maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies ;
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, and hears our cries.
- 4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone or wood ;
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.
- 5 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest ;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.
- 6 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence, in the grave ;
But, whilst we live, we'll sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

WATTS.

PSALM CXVI. *Common Metre.*

*

Praise for Deliverance from Distress.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown ?

My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

- 2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
 My offerings shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God ;
How dear thy servants in thy sight !
 How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CXVII. *Short Metre.*

Praise to God from all Nations.

- 1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
 Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
 Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honours spread,
 Long may thy praise endure ;
Till morning light and evening shade
 Shall be exchang'd no more.

WATTS.

PSALM CXVIII. v. 18, 19. 1st. P. C. M. *

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
 In every chast'ning stroke ;
 And whilst I smart beneath thy rod,
 Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee, in my distress, I cried,
 Thy mercy lent an ear ;
 Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,
 And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
 That, with the pious throng,
 I may record my solemn vows,
 And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
 Renews our lab'ring breath ;
 Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
 Triumphant in their death.
- 5 My God, in that appointed hour,
 The heavenly world display ;
 Where sin and death shall have no place,
 And tears be wip'd away.
- 6 There, whilst the nations of the bless'd
 With rapture sing around ;
 My anthems to delivering grace
 In loftier strains shall sound.

DODDRIDGE, with Variation.

PSALM CXVIII. Sec. Part. C. M. *

For the Lord's Day.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;

- Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround thy throne.
- 2 This day, the Saviour left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
This day, the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy son ;
Save us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

WATTS.

PSALM CXVIII. *Short Metre.*

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD the corner stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise !
- 2 The Jewish scribe and priest
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine ;
This day did Jesus rise.

- 4 How glorious is the day,
By our Redeemer made !
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood !
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. First Part. C. M. * or b

The Happiness of a virtuous Life.

- 1 HOW bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way ;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray !
- 2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been,
And have with humble fervent zeal
His favour sought to win !
- 3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed ;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.
- 4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will,
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er our ways preside ;

And we the course of all our life
By thy direction guide !

- 6 Then with assurance should we walk
From all confusion free,
Convinc'd, with joy, that all our ways
With thy commands agree.

TATE.

PSALM CXIX. Sec. Part. *Com. Metre.* b

The Danger attending Youth.

- 1 INDULGENT God, with pitying eye
The sons of men survey ;
And see how youthful sinners sport
In a destructive way.
- 2 In pleasure's flowery path they tread,
On future years presume ;
Although ten thousand snares are spread,
To snatch them to the tomb.
- 3 Reduce, O Lord, their wandering mind,
Amus'd with airy dreams ;
That heavenly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.
- 4 With holy caution may they walk,
And make thy word their guide ;
Till each, the danger safely past,
On Zion's hill abide.

DODDRIDGE, with Variation.

PSALM CXIX. Third Part. C. M. b

Repentance and Obedience.

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God ;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart prepares t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Can make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes,
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If e'er I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.
- 5 If thou incline this wandering heart
Thy precepts to fulfil ;
Then, till my mortal life shall end,
I shall perform thy will.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 4th Part. C. M. * or b

Instruction from Scripture.

- 1 THY word is like a heavenly light,
Which guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth preserves her place ;
In nature's volume, night and day,
Thy power and skill we trace.

- 4 But in thy law and gospel, Lord,
Are lessons more divine ;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. Fifth Part. L. M. b

Godly Sorrow for the Sins of Men.

- 1 ARISE, my tender thoughts, arise ;
Let torrents drown my weeping eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human beings sunk in shame ;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;
See God insulted through his Son,
The world abus'd, the soul undone.
- 3 My heart with reverence hears thy word,
And trembles at thy threat'nings, Lord ;
I know the wretched, dreadful end
To which their careless steps descend.
- 4 My God, the mournful scene I view,
With horror and with pity too ;
O could my sympathy reclaim
The wretches from destructive flame !
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
It can but weep, where most it loves ;
Thy own all-saving grace employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

DODDRIDGE.

PSALM CXIX. Sixth Part. C. M. * or b

Delight in the Word of God.

- 1** O HOW I love thy holy law,
'Tis daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2** My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word ;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3** When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy words to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And God's acceptance find.
- 4** How doth thy word my heart engage !
How well employ my tongue !
It cheers my tiresome pilgrimage,
And yields a heav'nly song !
- 5** Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my continual feast ;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.
- 6** No treasures so enrich the mind,
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of shining gold.
- 7** When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And elevate my praise.

PSALM CXIX. 7th Part. C. M. * or b

The Variety and Comfort of the Divine Word.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
Thy statutes all are just ;
They make my noblest powers rejoice,
And mortify my lust.
- 2 Thy precepts often I survey,
And keep thy laws in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.
- 3 And when my spirit takes her fill
From fountains so divine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joy compar'd to mine.
- 4 I read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy grace in sight ;
Whilst through the promises I rove
With ever new delight.
- 5 'Tis like a land of wealth unknown,
Where living springs arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 6 The best relief that mourners have ;
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 8th Part. C. M. * or b

The Perfection of Scripture.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book ;
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look !

- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could show one sin forgiven ;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection, here below ;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.
- 4 But thy commands, O righteous Lord,
Pervade the heart within ;
Thy perfect law, exceeding broad,
Detects the secret sin.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith, and love, and every grace
Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXIX. 9th Part. C. M. * or b

Desire of Divine Knowledge.

- 1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How great thy works appear !
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.
- 2 My flesh, by thy creating hands,
Is form'd with care and skill ;
O make me learn thy just commands,
That I may them fulfil.
- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Be thou my constant guide ;

Direct the way my feet shall go,
Nor let me turn aside.

4 If thou to me thy statutes shew,
And heavenly truth impart ;
Thy work for ever I'll pursue,
Thy law shall rule my heart.

5 From those vain objects turn my sight,
Which this false world displays ;
But give me heavenly power and light,
To tread thy righteous ways.

TATE and WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 10th Part. C. M. b

Breathing after Holiness.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still ;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slide ;
O bring me back to virtue's way,
And be thy truth my guide.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
 Offend against my God.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 11th Part. C. M. b

Holy Resolutions.

- 1 O THAT thy statutes every hour
 Might dwell upon my mind !
 Thence I derive a quickening power,
 And daily comfort find.
- 2 Thy word shall dwell upon my heart,
 To keep me pure within ;
 And be an everlasting guard
 From every rising sin.
- 3 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
 Thy word is all my joy.
- 4 How would I run in thy commands,
 If thou my heart discharge
 From sin's deceit and folly's bands,
 And set my feet at large.
- 5 My lips with courage shall declare
 Thy statutes and thy name ;
 I'll speak thy word, though tyrants hear,
 Nor yield to sinful shame.
- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
 Whose hands and hearts are ill ;
 I love my God, I love his ways,
 And must obey his will.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 12th Part. C. M. b

The Benefit of Afflictions.

- 1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send ;
My soul for thy salvation waits,
When will my troubles end !
- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod ;
Afflictions make me learn the law,
And reverence my God.
- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins ;
I read thy word, I run thy ways,
And hate my former sins.
- 4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.
- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe ;
In all the sufferings I endure,
Thy grace and love appear.
- 6 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray ;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 13th Part. C. M. b

Prayer for quickening Grace.

- 1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord, give me life divine ;

- From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in my way ;
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers ;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still ?
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road ?
- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love ?
And long to see thy face ?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace !
- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CXIX. 14th Part. L. M. b

Afflictions Sanctified.

- 1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod !
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God !
- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;

- I left my guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I may learn his statutes well.
- 4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.
- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within ;
Teach me to love thy holy name,
And guard me safe from every sin.
- 6 Then those who love and fear the Lord,
In my salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have trusted in thy word,
And make thy grace my only choice.

WATTS.

PSALM CXX. *Common Metre.*

b

Complaint against Enemies.

- 1 THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering state ;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From men who love deceit ?
- 2 Ah, woe is me, to have my seat
Among the sons of strife ;
Perpetual insult doom'd to meet,
From men of restless life.
- 3 O might I fly to change my place,
I'd rather choose to roam
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,
To find a silent home.

- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
And friendly terms prepare ;
But when to them of peace I speak,
They all for war declare.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong ;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou provoking tongue !
- 6 Should deadly arrows strike thee through,
Strict justice would approve ;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM CXXI. *Common Metre.* * or b

Divine Preservation.

- 1 FROM Zion's hill, my help descends ;
To God I lift mine eyes ;
My strength alone on him depends,
Who built the earth and skies.
- 2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids my feet to slide ;
No sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's faithful Guide.
- 3 He will sustain my feeble powers
With his almighty arm ;
And watch my most unguarded hours
Against all fatal harm.
- 4 Then let my soul securely rest,
My guardian is the Lord ;
His power which makes my slumbers blest,
Protection will afford.

- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Will he permit to smite ;
 He shields my head from burning noon,
 From noxious damps by night.
- 6 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
 God will my life defend ;
 Conduct me free from every snare,
 Safe to my journey's end.

TATE, WATTS and MERRICK.

PSALM CXXI. *Hallelujah Metre. ** or **b**
 Divine Preservation.

- 1 TO God I lift my eyes,
 From whom is all my aid :
 The God who built the skies,
 And earth's foundation laid.
 God is the tower
 To which I fly ;
 His grace is nigh
 In every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares ;
 Since God, my heavenly guide,
 Will dissipate my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes
 Which never sleep,
 Shall Israel keep,
 When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heat by day,
 Nor blast of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there.

Thou art my light
 And thou my shade,
 To guard my head,
 By day or night.

- 4 Hast thou not promis'd, Lord,
 To save my soul from death ?
 And I can trust thy word,
 To keep my mortal breath.
 I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call me home.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXII. *Common Metre.* *

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 BEHOLD the rising dawn appear,
 Which calls our willing feet
 To tread thy courts, O God, and here
 Our solemn praise repeat.
- 2 Fair Zion's gates are our delight ;
 Within her walls we stand ;
 And all her happy sons unite
 In friendship's sacred band.
- 3 We love the place where Zion's Lord
 Is pleas'd to shew his face ;
 Here he proclaims his holy word,
 And here accepts our praise.
- 4 With reverend awe and godly fear,
 We bow before thy throne ;
 For thou the fervent prayer wilt hear,
 Through thy beloved Son.

- 5 Peace be within this hallow'd place,
 And joy a constant guest ;
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
 Be her attendants blest.
- 6 Our souls shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 For here our friends and brethren dwell,
 And here our Saviour reigns.
- WATTS and MERRICK, united and varied.

PSALM CXXII. *Particular Metre.* *

The Pleasure of Publick Worship.

- 1 HOW does my heart rejoice,
 To hear the publick voice,
 “Come, let us seek our God to-day !”
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We'll haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place !
 Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength enclose thee round ;
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 Here David's holy Son,
 Hath plac'd his royal throne,
 He sits for grace and judgment here ;
 He bids the saints be glad,
 He makes the wicked sad ;
 But humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of every guest ;

The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !

- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
“ Peace to this sacred house,”
For here my friends and brethren dwell ;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXIII. *Common Metre.* b

Pleading with Submission.

- 1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign,
Enthron'd above the sky ;
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eye.
- 2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And dread the stern rebuke ;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait the peaceful look :
- 3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy righteous hand, O God ;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Those who in ease and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride ;
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies ;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXIV. *Long Metre.*

*

Deliverance from Enemies.

- 1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide ;
- 2 The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath,
So fiercely did the billows roll ;
We had been swallow'd deep in death ;
The waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;
So flies the bird with lively wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's deadly snare ;
Who sav'd us from the threat'ning sword,
And made our lives his watchful care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies ;
Who still upholds all nature's frame,
And guards his church with wakeful eyes.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXV. *Common Metre.* * or b

Trial and Safety.

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
When tempests rise, the soul shall stand
That trusts, O Lord, in thee.
- 2 As lofty mountains stood to guard
Fair Salem's happy ground ;
So God's almighty power and love
Enclose his church around.

- 3 Though he permit the tyrant's rod
 T' inflict a chast'ning stroke ;
 Yet, lest it wound the soul too deep,
 Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 The Lord will gently deal with those,
 Whose filial love and fear,
 Whose faith, and hope, and every grace,
 Proclaim their hearts sincere.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXXVI. *Common Metre.* *

Remarkable Deliverance.

- 1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And chang'd our mournful state,
 Our rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
 The work appear'd so great.
- 2 "Great is the work," our brethren cried,
 And own'd the power divine ;
 "Great is the work," our souls replied,
 "And be the glory thine."
- 3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night ;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
- 4 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
 Till the fair harvest come ;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.
- 5 The seed, though buried long in dust,
 Will not deceive their hope ;
 The precious grain cannot be lost,
 For grace ensures the crop.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXVII. *Common Metre.* * or b

Success and Prosperity from God.

- 1 IF God, to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain ;
Cities without his watchful eye
An useless guard maintain.
- 2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair ;
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.
- 3 But if we trust our Father's love,
And in his ways delight ;
He'll give us needful food by day,
And quiet sleep by night.
- 4 Then children, relatives, and friends
Shall real blessings prove ;
And all the earthly joys he sends
Be crown'd with heavenly love.

TATE and WATTS, with Addition.

PSALM CXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

*

Family Duties and Blessings.

- 1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks by his unerring word ;
Comfort and peace his days attend,
And God will ever prove his friend.
- 2 To him who condescends to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell,
Be our domestick altars rais'd,
And daily let his name be prais'd.
- 3 To him may each assembled house
Present their night and morning vows ;

Their servants and their rising race
Be taught his precepts and his grace.

- 4 Then shall the charms of wedded love
Still more delightful blessings prove ;
And parents' hearts shall overflow
With joys that parents only know.

- 5 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall see our children's children rise ;
Till pleas'd and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.

DODDRIDGE and MERRICK, united and varied.

PSALM CXXIX. Long Metre. * or **b**
(A new version.)

The Counsels of Enemies disappointed.

- 1 HOW often have our restless foes
Their arts employ'd to vex our land !
But God did kindly interpose ;
His power hath made our feet to stand.
- 2 By subtil wiles as dark as night,
Their malice lay awhile conceal'd ;
But soon the mischief sprang to light,
And all their projects stood reveal'd.
- 3 With pride and power and lifted hand,
They dealt their vengeful blows around ;
Our backs were like the furrow'd land,
When ploughmen break the stubborn ground.
- 4 But secret arts, and open force
Have never mov'd our steadfast feet ;
His justice still maintains its course,
And he will all their plots defeat.
- 5 Like wither'd grass their hopes shall fade,
Nor God nor man their counsels bless ;

No friendly hand shall lend them aid,
No tongue shall wish them good success.

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre. b

Repentance and Pardon.

- 1 LORD, shouldst thou call us to thy bar,
Should thine impartial hand
Avenge our sins against thy law,
What mortal flesh could stand !
- 2 But sovereign mercy dwells with thee,
Hope dawns amidst our fears ;
Divine forgiveness, large and free,
Shall wipe our flowing tears.
- 3 On thee alone our souls would wait,
And in thy word would stay ;
Thy promises can light create,
And turn our night to day.
- 4 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes :
- 5 So wait our souls to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meet the first openings of thy face,
And find a brighter day.
- 6 Let contrite sinners on the Lord,
With humble hope, recline ;
Justice and mercy, in his word,
Harmoniously combine.
- 7 Unnumber'd though our sins appear,
And fill our hearts with pain ;
Thy boundless love dispels our fear,
And cleanses every stain.

WATTS and STEELE,

PSALM CXXX. *Long Metre.* b

Pardonning Grace.

- 1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cry ;
If thou severely mark our faults,
What flesh could stand before thine eye ?
- 2 But thou hast set thy throne of grace
Free to dispense thy pardons there ;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day ;
So waits my soul before thy gate ;
When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son ;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXI. *Common Metre.*

b

Humility and Contentment.

- 1 IS there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see ;
Or, do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
All discontent and pride ;

- Nor let me, in erroneous paths,
With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.
- 4 With humble pleasure let me view
The prosperous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.
- 5 Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known ;
O give me tears for others' woe,
And patience for my own.
- 6 Feed me with necessary food,
I ask not wealth or fame ;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
And sense to praise thy name.
- 7 May my still days obscurely pass,
Without remorse or care ;
And let me for the parting hour
Incessantly prepare.

B. WILLIAM's Collection.

PSALM CXXXII. Common Metre. *

The Jewish and Christian Churches compared.

- 1 THE Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there ;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.
- 2 Thither from Canaan's utmost ends,
The favour'd tribes resort ;
And God his sure protection lends,
While they approach his court.

- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor such a tedious road ;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house of God.
- 4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest ;
Lo, thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXXXIII. *Short Metre.*

Brotherly Love.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run !
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above ;
Where peace like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXIV. *Long Metre.* *

Daily and nightly Devotion.

- 1 YE servants of th' eternal King,
Your grateful hymns in triumph sing ;
Ye who attend his courts by day,
And in the night your homage pay.
- 2 Behold the sun, obedient still
To execute his Maker's will !
The silver moon and planets roll
In silence round the glowing pole.
- 3 As they dispense their steady rays,
Like them, be constant in his praise ;
Like them, harmoniously join
To celebrate the hand divine.
- 4 And may that God whose power has made
This earth, and heaven's wide arch display'd,
From sacred Zion bid you prove
The blessings of his boundless love.

Partly from MERRICK.

PSALM CXXXV. C. M.



Praise to the true and living God.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King ;
Your noblest passions raise ;
The pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord, and works of might
His majesty declare ;
But still his saints are near his sight,
And find a parent's care.
- 3 Heaven, earth and sea confess his hand ;
He bids the vapours rise ;

Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the vaulted skies.

- 4** All power that kings or gods have claim'd,
Is found with him alone ;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5** Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain ?
In vain they pray to glittering dust,
And worship gold in vain.
- 6** But ye who know the living God,
Serve him with holy fear ;
He makes his church his blest abode,
And claims your homage here.

WATTS, varied.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Long Metre.*



Creation, Providence, and Grace.

- 1** GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2** Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies never shall decay,
Though lords and kings shall pass away.
- 3** He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4** He gives the sun his cheering light,
He bids the moon direct the night ;

His mercies never shall decay,
Though suns and moons shall pass away.

- 5 He sent his Son with power to save,
From sin and darkness and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Hallelujah Metre.* *

- 1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.
- 2 To him, whose wondrous power,
All other gods obey ;
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.
For God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.
- 3 By his Almighty hand
Stupendous works are wrought ;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought.
This God will prove
Our constant friend ;

His boundless love
Shall never end.

- 4 Through heaven he doth display
The radiant orbs of light ;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.

This God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

- 5 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land ;
And made the solid ground
Above the waters stand.

This God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

- 6 He doth the food supply,
On which all creatures live ;
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.

This God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

TATE.

PSALM CXXXVI. *All Sevens Metre.* *

The Perfections and Providence of God.

- 1 LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heavenly King ;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

- 2 Be the Lord your only theme ;
 Who of gods is God supreme ;
 He to whom all lords beside
 Bow the knee, their faces hide.
- 3 Who asserts his just command,
 By the wonders of his hand ;
 He whose wisdom, thron'd on high,
 Built the mansions of the sky.
- 4 He who bade the watry deep
 In appointed bounds to keep,
 And the stars that gild the pole
 Through unmeasur'd ether roll.
- 5 Thee, O sun, whose powerful ray
 Rules the empire of the day ;
 You, O moon and stars, whose light
 Cheers the darkness of the night.
- 6 He with food sustains, O earth,
 All which claim from thee their birth ;
 For his blessings wide extend,
 And his mercy knows no end.

MERRICK.

PSALM CXXXVII. *Com. Metre.* b

(A new version.)

Captivity.

- 1 FAR from our friends and country dear,
 In hostile lands we moan ;
 No tender hand to wipe the tear,
 Which flows with every groan !
- 2 Our foes insulting mock our grief,
 And sport with our complaints ;
 No mercy prompts to give relief,
 Though languid misery faints.

- 3 In retrospective scenes employ'd,
 We think on former days ;
When peaceful Sabbaths we enjoy'd,
 And all our work was praise.
- 4 But now, of liberty depriv'd,
 In solitude confin'd,
In vain we seek the word of life,
 To feed the starving mind.
- 5 To thee, O Lord, we lift our eye,
 To thee, our cause commend ;
Thou hear'st the mourning pris'ner's sigh ;
 Thou art the suff'rer's friend.
- 6 We seek no vengeance on our foes,
 But put our trust in thee ;
O let thy mercy interpose,
 And set thy captives free.

PSALM CXXXVIII. *Common Metre.* *

A Song of Praise.

- 1 TO thee, my God, my heart shall bring
 The lively grateful song ;
Attending crowds shall hear me sing,
 With rapture on my tongue.
- 2 Amidst the glories of thy name,
 Thy truth exalted shines ;
A faithful God, thy words proclaim
 In everlasting lines.
- 3 Th' Eternal God looks kindly down
 On pious humble souls ;
But from afar his piercing frown
 The sons of pride controls.
- 4 Thou, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfil,
 To thee the work belongs ;

Let endless mercy guide me still,
And tune my grateful songs.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXXXVIII. L. M.

*

Restoring and preserving Mercy.

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.
- 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.
- 3 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the impious, proud and great ;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
The work which wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXVIII. v. 3, 5. S. M.

*

Spiritual Strength and Joy.

- 1 MY soul, review the time,
In which my God I sought ;
I cried aloud for aid divine,
And aid divine he brought.

- 2 Through all my fainting heart,
 His secret vigour spread ;
 To me his strength he did impart,
 And rais'd my drooping head.
- 3 Then will I raise my voice,
 And form a cheerful song ;
 With all the saints I will rejoice,
 Who to his courts belong.
- 4 With them, the path I'll trace,
 Which leads to his abode ;
 And join to sing redeeming grace,
 Along the joyful road.
- 5 Here, flowers of paradise
 In rich profusion spring ;
 There, Zion's lofty towers arise,
 The seat of Zion's King.
- 6 Within those sacred walls,
 I shall be ever blest ;
 I'll follow where my Father calls,
 And seek his heav'nly rest.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

PSALM CXXXIX. First Part. C. M. * or b

The universal Presence of God.

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest ;
 My publick walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
 Before they're form'd within ;

And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXIX. Sec. Part. C. M. b

The all-seeing Eye of God.

- 1 LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown ?
In hell they meet thy dreadful ire ;
In heaven thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath,
T' escape the wrath divine ;
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
- 3 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
- 4 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes which guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour
Are both alike to thee ;

O may I ne'er distrust that power
From which I cannot flee.

WATTS.

PSALM CXXXIX. 3d Part. C. M. * or b

God the Author of our Being.

- 1** GOD of my life, whose bounteous care
First gave me power to move ;
How shall my greatful heart declare
The wonders of thy love ?
- 2** Thee will I honour, for I stand
The product of thy skill ;
The wonders of thy forming hand
My admiration fill.
- 3** Whilst void of thought and sense, I lay,
Dust of my parent earth ;
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd me into birth.
- 4** From thee, before my breath begun,
My limbs their fashion took ;
And in continuance, every one
Was written in thy book.
- 5** Thine eye beheld in perfect view,
The yet unfinish'd plan ;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.
- 6** O may this animated frame,
This work of matchless skill,
Be all devoted to thy name,
And love to do thy will.

B. WILLIAMS's Collection, varied.

PSALM CXXXIX. 4th Part. C. M. *

Praise for temporal and spiritual Mercies.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind, guardian of my days ;
My heart thy mercies would record,
In grateful songs of praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame,
Was thy indulgent care ;
Before I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe my infant prayer.
- 3 When reason with my stature grew,
How faint her brightest ray !
How little of my God I knew !
How apt from thee to stray !
- 4 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thine almighty love
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.
- 5 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turn'd my eye !
How many past almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by !
- 6 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store ;
But ah ! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 7 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies ;
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

8 Then shall my joyful powers unite,
In more exalted lays ;
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXXXIX. 5th P. Long Metre. * or **b**
The Formation of Body and Soul.

- 1 THOU God, by whose command I live,
The tribute of my praise receive ;
To thee, O Lord, my life I owe,
And all my joys from thee do flow.
- 2 Not many suns have form'd the year,
And roll'd their courses round the sphere,
Since thou my shapeless dust survey'd,
In undistinguish'd matter laid.
- 3 Thy plastick hand my clay refin'd,
Its particles in order join'd ;
And, to complete the wondrous whole,
Did stamp thine image on my soul.
- 4 A soul susceptible of joy,
Which length of time cannot destroy ;
Though nature claims my vital breath,
It bids defiance still to death.
- 5 To realms of bliss that soul will sear,
When earth and skies shall be no more ;
And there, in more exalted lays,
Shall sing my great Creator's praise.

Mrs. CARTER, varied.

PSALM CXXXIX. 5th Part. C. M. * or **b**
To the Searcher of Hearts.

- 1 LORD, should I count thy mercies o'er,
How vast the numbers rise !

Beyond the sands that spread the shore,
Or stars that gild the skies.

- 2 Whene'er I close my eyes to sleep,
These thoughts shall sooth my rest ;
And when I wake, they still shall keep
Their place within my breast.
- 3 Before thine all pervading eyes
I would my soul display ;
I scorn to use the least disguise,
But ask thy strict survey.
- 4 Does my fond heart some favourite sin
Within itself conceal !
O may a beam of light divine
The hidden guilt reveal.
- 5 If in the paths of dark deceit
My soul hath gone astray ;
O turn and guide my wandering feet
In thy celestial way.

Partly from DODDRIDGE.

PSALM CXL. *Long Metre.*

b

Deliverance from Enemies.

- 1 GREAT God, our haughty foes repel ;
Their rage by power superior quell ;
Save us from their vindictive tongue,
And guard us from the hand of wrong.
- 2 The tongue, by wisdom unsubdued,
From bliss its owner shall exclude ;
Destruction follows fast behind
The feet to wickedness inclin'd.
- 3 Our heart has known thee, Lord, prepar'd
The helpless and the poor to guard ;

To save them from oppression's jaws,
And vindicate the injur'd cause.

- 4 The soul, subjected to thy fears,
With gratitude thy voice shall hear ;
Shall bow their wills to thy command,
And in thy sight accepted stand.

MERRICK.

PSALM CXLI. *Long Metre.* * or b

Watchfulness and brotherly Reproof.

- 1 LORD, when I call, make haste to hear,
And to my voice incline thine ear ;
So shall my prayer like incense rise,
My lifted hands like sacrifice.
- 2 O set upon my lips a guard,
And let my tongue be doubly barr'd ;
Let not my heart to vice incline,
Nor let my hand in mischief join.
- 3 If e'er from wisdom's path I stray,
And walk in sin's delusive way,
Let virtue's friends, severely kind,
Reprove the errors of my mind.
- 4 Their faithful words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but heal my head ;
And when I find them press'd with grief,
I'll pray to heaven for their relief.

WATTS, MERRICK, and DENHAM.

PSALM CXLII. *Long Metre.* b

Deliverance from Trouble and Sorrow.

- 1 TO thee, great God, I will disclose,
In sad recital, all my woes ;
Because thine eyes, with steady view,
Through sorrow's gloom my steps pursue.

- 2 On every side I cast mine eye,
But found no friend or helper nigh ;
No lenient tongue my grief to cheer,
No eye to drop the social tear.
- 3 Then, mighty God, to thee I cried,
In whom I can my hopes confide ;
Be thou my refuge while I live,
And when I die, my soul receive.
- 4 Do thou my prison doors unbar,
So shall my tongue thy love declare ;
And righteous men with me shall join
To celebrate thy power divine.

WATTS and MERRICK, varied.

PSALM CXLIII. *Long Metre.* b

Complaint and Hope.

- 1 HEAR, O my God, with pity hear,
My humble, supplicating moan :
In mercy answer all my prayer,
And make thy truth and goodness known.
- 2 O let thy mercy still be nigh ;
Should awful justice frown severe,
Before the terror of thine eye,
What trembling mortal can appear !
- 3 I call to mind the former days ;
Thine ancient works declare thy name,
Thy truth, thy goodness and thy grace ;
And these, O Lord, are still the same.
- 4 To thee I lift my suppliant hands,
To thee my longing soul aspires ;
As cheering showers to thirsty lands,
Thy grace can fill these strong desires.
- 5 Speak to my heart ; the gloomy night
Shall vanish, and bright morning break ;

In thee I trust, my guide, my light,
Teach me the path my feet should take.

- 6 Teach me to do thy sacred will ;
Thou art my God, my hope, my stay ;
Let thy good Spirit lead me still,
And point the safe, the upright way.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre. b or *

Divine Protection, Peace, and Plenty.

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, Almighty Lord,
And earth shall tremble at thy word ;
The smoking hills, with conscious fear,
Shall own their sovereign Maker near.
- 2 Whilst thy keen pointed lightnings fly
Like flaming arrows through the sky ;
Our foes dispers'd shall rise no more,
Nor dare the terrors of thy power.
- 3 O let thy potent arm control
These threat'ning waves that round us roll ;
These sons of vanity that rise,
With fraudulent hands and impious lies.
- 4 Then shall our sons, beneath thy care,
Grow up like plants erect and fair ;
Our daughters shall like pillars rise,
Where splendid buildings charm the eyes.
- 5 Then plenty shall our stores increase,
Plenty, the lovely child of peace ;
The flock its fleecy wealth shall yield,
And pour its thousands o'er the field.
- 6 The well fed ox shall then afford
His cheerful labours to his lord ;
No more shall sons of plunder reign,
Nor sens of misery complain.

- 7 O happy people ! favour'd state !
 Whom such peculiar blessings wait ;
 Happy ! who on the Lord depend,
 Their help, their guardian, and their friend.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXLV. First Part. C. M.



The Divine Perfections and Providence.

- 1 THEE will I bless, my God and King,
 Thy endless praise proclaim ;
 This tribute daily will I bring,
 And ever bless thy name.
- 2 Thou, Lord, art infinitely great,
 And highly to be prais'd ;
 Thy majesty, with boundless height,
 Above our knowledge rais'd.
- 3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
 To future time extends ;
 From age to age, thy glorious name
 Successively descends.
- 4 The fathers to the listening youth
 Shall teach thy wondrous ways ;
 Ages to come proclaim thy truth,
 And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
 Shall through the world be known ;
 Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state
 With publick splendour shown.
- 6 The world is govern'd by thy hands,
 Thy saints are rul'd by love ;
 And thine eternal kingdom stands,
 Though rocks and hills remove.

TATE and WATTS.

PSALM CXLV. Sec. Part. C. M. *

Divine Goodness.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord ! our souls adore !
We wonder while we praise ;
Thy power, what creature can explore,
Or equal honours raise ?
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise ;
And tune my everlasting song
In realms beyond the skies,
- 3 Thy praise shall be my constant theme,
The wonders of thy power ;
I'll speak the honours of thy name,
And bid the world adore.
- 4 But sweetly flowing strains shall tell
The riches of thy grace ;
And songs of grateful joy reveal
Thy spotless righteousness.
- 5 How large thy tender mercies are !
How wide thy grace extends !
On thy beneficence and care
The universe depends.
- 6 To thee, O Lord, for daily meat,
Thy creatures lift their eyes ;
On thee, their common Father, wait,
From thee receive supplies.
- 7 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
From thine exhaustless store ;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.
- 8 Holy and just in all its ways,
Is Providence divine ;

In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and goodness shine.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXLV. Third Part. C. M. *

Divine Power and Compassion.

- 1 GREAT God, while nature speaks thy praise,
With all her numerous tongues,
Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,
And love inspire their songs.
- 2 Thy power and goodness they shall sing,
The glories of thy reign ;
Thy wondrous deeds, Almighty King,
Shall fill the raptur'd strain.
- 3 Thy kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.
- 4 He that invokes the God of grace,
Shall find him ever near ;
To all who humbly seek his face
He lends a pitying ear.
- 5 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.
- 6 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 7 His praise, a most delightful theme,
Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
Let all creation bless his name
In one eternal song.

WATTS and STEELE.

PSALM CXLVI. *Long Metre.* *

No Trust in Man, but in God.

- 1 THE praises of my God and King,
While I have life and breath to sing,
Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
Till heaven improve the blissful song.
- 2 No more in princes will I trust ;
Vain man, thou art but air and dust !
With all thy pride, and all thy power,
The helpless creature of an hour !
- 3 He breathes, he thinks, but soon he dies !
No more the potent or the wise ;
The scheme his morning thoughts begun
Is lost before the setting sun.
- 4 Happy the man whose hopes divine
On nature's guardian God recline ;
Who can with sacred transport say,
This God is mine, my help, my stay.
- 5 Heaven, earth and sea declare his name,
He built, he fill'd their spacious frame ;
And o'er creation's fairest lines
His steadfast truth unchanging shines.
- 6 His justice looks on those who mourn
Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn ;
The hungry poor his hand sustains,
And breaks the wretched captive's chains.
- 7 If weary strangers friendless roam,
Divine protection is their home ;
The Lord relieves the widow's care,
And dries the helpless orphan's tear.
- 8 The Lord shall reign for ever King,
And age to age his glory sing ;
Thy God, O happy Zion, reigns,
Resound his praise in lofty strains.

PSALM CXLVI. Six Line Long Metre. *

Praise for Divine Goodness.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust ;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well ;
His love their joyful lips shall tell ;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
Let every tongue, let every age
In this delightful work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

- 6 I'll praise him whilst he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last ;
 Or immortality endures.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVII. *Common Metre.* *

The changing Seasons.

- 1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high ;
 Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessing down,
 To cheer the plains below ;
 He makes the wood the mountains crown,
 And grass in vallies grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the raven's cry ;
 But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year ;
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
 Descend and clothe the ground ;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bounds.
- 6 When, from his dreadful stores on high,
 He pours the rattling hail,
 The man who dares his God defy,
 Shall find his courage fail.

- 7 He sends his sun to melt the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer winds to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud
Obey his sovereign word ;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVII. First Part. L. M. *

The Beauties of Nature.

- 1 SING to the Lord, let praise inspire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre ;
In strains of joy proclaim abroad
The endless glories of our God.
- 2 He counts the hosts of starry flames ;
He knows their natures and their names ;
Great is our God ! his wondrous power
And boundless wisdom we adore.
- 3 He veils the sky with treasur'd showers,
On earth, the plenteous blessing pours ;
The meadows smile in lively green,
And fairer blooms the flowery scene.
- 4 His bounteous hand, great spring of good,
Provides the brute creation food ;
He feeds the ravens when they cry,
All nature lives beneath his eye.
- 5 In nature, what can him delight,
Most lovely in its Maker's sight ?
Not active strength his favour moves,
Nor comely form he best approves.

- 6 But to the Lord is ever dear,
 The heart where he implants his fear ;
 The souls who in his grace rely
 Are ever lovely in his eye.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXLVII. Sec. Part. L. M. *

The Seasons of the Year.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! O blissful theme,
 To sing the honours of his name !
 'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,
 And praise is lovely in his sight.
- 2 He speaks, and, swiftly from the skies
 To earth, the sovereign mandate flies ;
 Observant nature hears the word,
 And bows, obedient to her Lord.
- 3 Now thick descending flakes of snow
 O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw ;
 Now glittering frost o'er all the plains
 Extends its universal chains.
- 4 At his fierce storms of icy hail
 The shivering powers of nature fail ;
 Before his cold, what life can stand,
 Unshelter'd by his guardian hand ?
- 5 He speaks, the snow and ice obey,
 And nature's fetters melt away ;
 Now vernal gales soft rising blow,
 And liquid waters gently flow.
- 6 Sing to the Lord, let praise inspire
 The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre ;
 In strains of joy proclaim abroad
 The endless glories of our God.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXLVIII. 1st. Part. C. M. *

Universal Praise.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
Who fill the realms above ;
Praise him, who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil the lustre of your eyes,
Before a brighter God.
- 3 Thou central globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days ;
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names ;
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his exhaustless flames.
- 5 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Through the ethereal blue !
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 6 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your awful forms,
And speak his potent hand.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII. 2nd Part. C. M. *

- 1 SHOUT to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

- 2 While fishes, sporting on the flood,
 In scaly silver shine ;
 Proclaim their mighty Maker, God,
 Amidst the foaming brine.
- 3 But gentler things shall tune his name
 To softer notes than these ;
 Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
 Or whispering through the trees.
- 4 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
 To him who makes you grow ;
 Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
 On every thankful bough.
- 5 Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
 And climb the morning sky ;
 Whilst grov'ling beasts attempt his praise
 In hoarser harmony.
- 6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
 Ye mortals take the sound ;
 Echo the glories of your King
 Through all the nations round.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII. 1st Part. L. M. *

- 1 FAIREST of all the lights above,
 Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
 And with unwearied swiftness move,
 To form the circles of our years :
- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
 Who dress'd thine orb in golden rays ;
 Or may the sun forget to rise,
 If he forget his Maker's praise.
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
 Fair queen of silence, silver moon,

Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are softer rivals of the noon.

- 4 Arise, and to that sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honours pay ;
Who bade thee rule the dusky hours,
And half supply the want of day.
- 5 Ye glittering stars that gild the skies,
When darkness has its curtain drawn,
And keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares and day are gone :
- 6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.
- 7 O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art our sun that makes our days ;
With all thy shining works above
We would unite to sing thy praise.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII. 2nd Part. L. M. *

- 1 AWAKE, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;
While the soft whisper of his name
Fills every gentle breeze of air.
- 2 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.
- 3 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill ;
Vallies, lie low before his eye ;
And let his praise, from every hill,
Rise, tuneful, to the neighbouring sky.

- 4 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore ;
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains ;
The lamb shall bleat, the lion roar.
- 5 Birds, ye shall make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you ;
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up, and mean his praises too.
- 6 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings ?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings !
- 7 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 8 JEHOVAH ! 'tis a glorious word !
O may it dwell on every tongue !
But those who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Short Metre.* *

- 1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heavenly host, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame ;

By his command, they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above,
His honours be express'd ;
But they who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII. 1st. P. *Hallelujah Metre.* *

Universal Praise.

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy !
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ,
Above the starry frame.
Ye holy throng Of angels bright,
In worlds of light, Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
Thou moon that rules the night ;
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of feebler light.
His praise declare, Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move In liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name ;
By whose almighty word,
They all from nothing came.

And all shall last, From changes free ;
 His firm decree Stands ever fast.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels,
 In unknown ages past ;
 And each his world fulfils,
 While time and nature last.

In different ways, His works proclaim
 His wondrous name, And speak his praise.

5 United zeal be shown,
 His wondrous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.

Earth's utmost ends His power obey ;
 His glorious sway The sky transcends.

6 Virgins and youths engage,
 To sound his praise divine ;
 While infancy and age
 Their feebler voices join.

Wide as he reigns, His name be sung,
 By every tongue, In endles strains.

7 Let all the nations fear
 The God who rules above ;
 He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love.

While earth and sky Attempt his praise,
 His saints shall raise His honours high.

TATE and WATTS, united.

PSALM CXLVIII. 2d. P. *Hallelujah Metre.* *

Praise from all the Creatures.

FIRST PART.

1 TO your Creator, God,
 Your great Preserver, raise,
 Ye creatures of his hand,
 Your highest notes of praise.

Let every voice Proclaim his power,
 His name adore, And loud rejoice.

- 2 Let all creation join,
 To pay the tribute due ;
 Ye heavenly hosts begin,
 And we shall learn of you.
 Let nature raise, From every tongue,
 A general song Of grateful praise.

3 Thou source of light and heat,
 Bright ruler of the day,
 Dispensing blessings round,
 With all diffusive ray :
 From morn to night, With every beam,
 Record his name, Who gave thee light.

- 4 Thou moon in radiance mild,
 With all thy starry train,
 Which rise in shining hosts,
 To gild th' ethereal plain :
 With countless rays, Declare his name,
 Prolong the theme, Reflect his praise.

5 Ye clouds, or fraught with showers,
 Or ting'd with various dies,
 That pour your blessings down,
 Or charm our gazing eyes :
 His goodness speak, His praise declare,
 As through the air You shine or break.

- 6 Ye winds, that shake the world,
 With tempests on your wing,
 Or breathe in gentle gales,
 To waft the smiling spring :
 Proclaim aloud, As you fulfil
 His sovereign will, The powerful God!

SECOND PART.

- 1 Ye rivers, as ye flow,
 Convey your Maker's name,
 Where'er you winding rove
 On every silver stream.
 Your cooling flood, His hand ordains,
 To bless the plains ; Great spring of good !
- 2 Ye numerous bleating flocks,
 Far spreading o'er the plain,
 With gentle artless voice,
 Assist the humble strain.
 To give you food, He bids the field
 Its verdure yield, Extensive good.
- 3 Ye herds of nobler size,
 Who graze in meads below ;
 Resound your Maker's praise,
 In each responsive low.
 You wait his hand ; The herbage grows,
 The riv'let flows At his command.
- 4 Ye feather'd warblers, come,
 And bring your sweetest lays ;
 And tune the sprightly song
 To your Creator's praise.
 His work you are, He tun'd your voice,
 And you rejoice Beneath his care.

THIRD PART.

- 1 Ye trees, which form the shade,
 Or bend the loaded bough
 With fruits of sweetest taste,
 Your Maker's bounty shew.
 From him you rose, Your vernal suits
 And autumn fruits His hand bestows.

- 2 Ye lovely verdant fields,
 In all your green array,
 Though silent, speak his praise,
 Who makes you bright and gay.
 While we in you, With future bread,
 Profusely spread, His goodness view.
- 3 Ye flowers, which bloom around
 A thousand beauteous dies,
 Your fragrant odours breathe,
 A grateful sacrifice :
 To him whose word Gave all your bloom
 And sweet perfume ; All bounteous Lord !
- 4 But, O, from human tongues
 Should nobler praises flow ;
 And every thankful heart
 With warm devotion glow.
 Your voices raise, Ye highly blest,
 Above the rest, Declare his praise.
- 5 Assist me, gracious God,
 My heart, my voice inspire ;
 Then shall I grateful join
 The universal choir.
 Thy grace can raise My heart and tongue,
 And tune my song To lively praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Particular Metre.* *

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty name ;
 Lo ! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

- 2 Ye angels, spread the joyful sound,
While all the adoring throngs around
His wondrous mercy sing ;
Let every listening saint above,
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the loudest strain.
- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God,
Ye thunders, speak his power ;
Lo ! on the lightning's rapid wings,
In triumph rides the King of kings ;
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunder of the skies ;
Praise him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 5 Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing ;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise ;
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipt your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the reas'ning head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound,
The general burst of joy.

B. WILLIAMS'S Collection.

PSALM CXLIX. *Particular Metre.*

*

Thanksgiving.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing.

In their great Creator
 Let all men rejoice,
 And heirs of salvation
 Be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name
 Devoutly adore ;
 In loud swelling strains
 His praises express,
 Who graciously opens
 His bountiful store,
 Their wants to relieve, and
 His children to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd,
 His people shall sing
 To God, who defence
 And plenty supplies :
 Their loud acclamations
 To him their great King,
 Through earth shall be sounded,
 And reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above,
 His glories who've sung,
 In loftiest notes,
 Now publish his praise :
 We mortals delighted,
 Would borrow your tongue ;
 Would join in your numbers,
 And chant to your lays.

TATE, varied.

PSALM CL. *Long Metre.*

*

Praise.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy ;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.
- 2 Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works, how bright they shine !
Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.
- 3 Awake the trumpet's piercing sound,
To spread your sacred pleasure round ;
While softer musick tunes the lute,
The warbling harp, the breathing flute.
- 4 Ye virgin train with joy advance,
To praise him in the graceful dance ;
Awake each voice, and strike each string,
And to the solemn organ sing.
- 5 Let the loud cymbal sound on high,
To softer, deeper notes reply ;
Harmonious, let the concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.
- 6 Let all whom life and breath inspire
Attend and join the blissful choir ;
But chiefly ye who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord !

MRS. STEELE.

END OF THE PSALMS.

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N. B. The HYMNS are placed in the alphabetical order of their initial letters.

HYMNS.

HYMN I. *Long Metre.* * or b Persecution.

- 1 ABSURD and vain attempt ! to bind
With iron chains, the freeborn mind ;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering, by destructive flame !
- 2 Bold arrogance, to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given !
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Mad zeal ! that fills the world with woe !
That hurls down kingdoms at a blow !
That wakens vengeance to devour
The foes of antichristian power.
- 4 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve ;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms, but what persuasion yields.
- 5 By proofs divine and reason strong,
It draws the willing soul along ;
And conquests to thy church acquires,
By eloquence, which Heaven inspires.
- 6 O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feast, by Jesus held !
May we this blessing know, and prize
The light which liberty supplies.

SCOTT.

HYMN II. *Common Metre.*

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kinding ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 3 Ten thousand offering lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.
- 4 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Came from the bosom of his God,
To save the souls he lov'd.
- 5 The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain,
To bind his soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.
- 6 Not long the bands of death could keep
The hope of Judah's line ;
Corruption never could take hold
On one so much divine.
- 7 Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below ;
Through him is pardoning love dispense'd,
And endless blessings flow.
- 8 Now to our Saviour and our King,
Glad homage let us give ;
And be prepar'd like him to die,
That with him we may live.

HYMN III. *Long Metre.*

b

Holy Resolution.

- 1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain !
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 I would resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine ;
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy sacred ways ;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN IV. *Common Metre.*

b

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven then let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !

- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid,
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail ;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 When strong temptations fright my heart,
 Or lure my feet aside ;
 My God, thy powerful aid impart,
 My guardian and my guide.
- 6 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee ;
 And never let me go astray,
 From happiness and thee.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN V Long Metre.

b

The Syro-Phenician Woman. Mat. xv. 26, 27.

- 1 ALL-conquering faith ! how high it rose !
 When heaven itself might seem t'oppose !
 All gracious Lord ! who didst appear
 Most merciful when most severe !
- 2 Thus, at thy feet, our souls would fall,
 And loudly thus for mercy call ;
 “ Thou Son of David, pity show,
 “ And save us from th' infernal foe.”
- 3 Though viler than the brutes we be,
 Our longing eyes would wait on thee,
 Who dost to dogs such grace afford,
 To taste the crumbs beneath thy board.
- 4 But thou the humble soul wilt raise,
 And all its sorrows turn to praise ;

Each self abasing broken heart,
Shall with thy children share a part.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN VI. *Short Metre.*

*

Christ the Branch of David, and the Morning Star.

1 ALL hail, mysterious King !

Hail, David's ancient root !

Thou righteous branch, which thence did
To give the nations fruit. [spring,

2 Our weary souls shall rest

Beneath thy grateful shade ;

Our thirsting lips the sweets shall taste,
By thy blest fruit convey'd.

3 Fair morning star, arise !

With living glories bright ;

And pour on these awakening eyes
A flood of sacred light.

4 The horrid gloom is fled,

Pierc'd by thy heavenly ray ;

Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

DODDRIDGE, altered.

HYMN VII. *Common Metre.*

*

A Pillar in the heavenly Temple.

1 ALL hail, victorious Saviour, hail !

I bow to thy command,

And own that David's royal key
Well fits thy sovereign hand.

2 Open the treasures of thy love,

And shed thy gifts abroad ;

Unveil to my rejoicing eyes
The temple of my God.

- 3 There as a pillar let me stand,
On an eternal base ;
Upear'd by thy almighty hand,
And polish'd by thy grace.
- 4 There, deep engraven let me bear,
The title of my God ;
And mark the New Jerusalem,
As my secure abode.
- 5 In lasting characters inscribe
Thy own beloved name ;
That endless ages there may read
The great Immanuel's claim.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN VIII. *Long Metre.* * or b
Uncharitable Judgment.

- 1 ALL-knowing God, 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servants to his bar may call ?
Decide of heresy, and shake
A brother o'er the flaming lake ?
- 3 Who, with another's eye, can read ?
Or worship by another's creed ?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.
- 4 If wrong, forgive ; accept, if right,
Whilst faithful we obey our light ;
And, censuring none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.
- 5 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people, fashion'd in thy mould ?

And charity our lineage prove,
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love ?

SCOTT.

HYMM IX. *Long Metre.* *

A Vision of the Lamb.

- 1 ALL mortal vanities, begone !
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears ;
Behold, before th' eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears !
- 2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore ;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.
- 3 Lo ! he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne !
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.
- 4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb ;
And in new songs of gospel sound,
Address their honours to his name.
- 5 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To be our Saviour and our King.
- 6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell,
With thine inestimable blood ;
And wretches, who did once rebel,
Are now made servants of their God.
- 7 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
Who died for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be ador'd,
And reign upon his Father's throne.

WATTS.

HYMN X. Common Metre.

*

The Marriage of the Lamb.

- 1 ALL ye who faithful servants are
Of our Almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great,
His praise devoutly sing.
- 2 Let us rejoice and render thanks
To his most holy name ;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
The marriage of the Lamb.
- 3 His bride herself has ready made,
How pure and white her dress !
This is the saint's integrity,
And spotless holiness :
- 4 How happy then is every one,
Who to the marriage feast,
And holy supper of the Lamb,
Is call'd, a welcome guest.

TATE.

HYMN XI. Particular Metre.

b

Submission to the Divine Will.

- 1 ALMIGHTY King of heaven above,
Eternal source of truth and love,
And Lord of all below,
With reverence and religious fear,
Permit thy suppliants to draw near,
And at thy feet to bow.
- 2 Thy sovereign *fat* form'd us first,
Thy breath can blow us back to dust,
Frail, sinful, mortal clay ;
'Tis thine undoubted right to give
Those earthly blessings we receive ;
And thine to take away.

- 3 All things are under thy control,
 Eternal wisdom rules the whole,
 Educing good from ill ;
 Submissive therefore we resign,
 Our wills are swallow'd up in thine,
 In thy most holy will.
- 4 In heaven above, thy will is done ;
 There, angels wait around thy throne,
 Thy counsels to obey ;
 Adoring at thy feet they fall,
 Confess thee sovereign Lord of all,
 And own thy powerful sway.
- 5 Lord, may we join the heavenly throng,
 May mortals learn th' angelic song,
 Who dwell beneath the sun ;
 May every tongue thy praise proclaim,
 This be the universal theme,
 “Jehovah's will be done.”

HYMN XII. *Short Metre.* * or b
 Humble Praise.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
 How wondrous is thy name !
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad,
 Throughout creation's frame.
- 2 Nature in every dress
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thy goodness and thy praise.
- 3 In native white and red,
 The rose and lily stand,
 And free from pride their beauties spread,
 To show thy skilful hand.
 The lark mounts up on high
 With unambitious song,

And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

- 5 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too ;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 6 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a wretched worm.
- 7 Create my soul anew,
Or all my worship's vain ;
This sinful heart will not be true,
Till it be form'd again.
- 8 In joy then let me spend
The remnant of my days ;
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfume of praise.

WATTS.

HYMN XIII. Common Metre. * or **b**

Holy Fortitude.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross ?
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease ?
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must not I stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord !

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die ;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

WATTS.

HYMN XIV. Long Metre. * or **b**
Christ our Example.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife ;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild, how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love ;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move,

- 6 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are !
 How frail, how apt to turn aside !
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 We ask thy spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be ;
 Make us, by thy transforming grace,
 O Saviour, daily more like thee.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN XV. *Short Metre.* * or b

Triumph over Death..

- 1 AND must this body die ?
 This mortal frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 So put it on afresh.
- 3 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,
 And often from the skies,
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And every shape, and every face
 Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love ;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his power above.
- 6 O Lord, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
 With our immortal tongues.

WATTS.

HYMN XVI. Common Metre. * or **b**

For the New Year.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes ? how sure ? how fair ?
And what thy chief concern ?
- 4 With the new year, which now begins,
Begin thy race for heaven ;
Repent of all thy former sins,
Reform, and be forgiven.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
To him thyself commend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN XVII. All Sevens Metre. *

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the stone away,
Death, give up thy mighty prey ;
See ! he rises from the tomb,
Shining in immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise
Your triumphant song of praise ;
Let the heavens' remotest bound
Hear the joy inspiring sound.

- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise ;
Mark his progress through the sky,
To the radiant world on high.
- 4 Heaven displays her crystal gate ;
Enter in thy royal state ;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
'Tis thy Father's and thy own.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Strike with awe your golden lyres ;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be loud and strong.
- 6 To the listening nations tell,
Sin o'erthrown, and vanquish'd hell.
Where is death's once dreaded king ?
Where, O monster, is thy sting !

SCOTT.

HYMN XVIII. Long Metre. * or **b**
The Sabbath.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done !
Another Sabbath is begun !
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, praise the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weary minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
 In various scenes, both old and new ;
 With praise we think on mercies past,
 With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away ;
 The Sabbath thus we love to spend,
 In hope of one which ne'er shall end.

STENNET.

HYMN XIX. *Six Line L. M.* * or b

God's Name proclaimed to Moses.

- 1 ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,
 And mark what beaming glories shine
 Around thy condescending God :
 To us, he in his word proclaims
 His awful, his endearing names ;
 Attend, and sound them all abroad.
- 2 "Jehovah, I, the sovereign Lord,
 "The mighty God by heaven ador'd,
 "Down to the earth my footsteps bend ;
 "My heart the tenderest pity knows,
 "Goodness full streaming wide o'erflows,
 "And grace and truth shall never end.
- 3 "My patience long can crimes endure,
 "My pard'ning love is ever sure,
 "When penitential sorrow mourns :
 "To millions, through unnumber'd years,
 "New hope and new delight it bears,
 "Yet wrath against the sinner burns."
- ake haste, my soul, the vision meet,
 All prostrate at Jehovah's feet,
 And drink the tuneful accents in.
 Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,
 Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,
 Till heaven complete the rapturous scene.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XX. *Common Metre.* * or b

The new Creation.

- 1 ATTEND, whilst God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew ;
"Behold I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new !
- 2 "Old things are wholly pass'd away,
"And the first Adam dies ;
"My hands a new foundation lay ;
"See the new world arise !
- 3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
"To the new heavens I make ;
"None but the new born heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."
- 4 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin ;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.
- 5 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
And mould my heart afresh ;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin and earth and hell ;
In the new world which grace hath made,
I would for ever dwell.

WATTS.

HYMN XXI. *Long Metre.* * or b

Glory in the Cross.

- 1 AT thy command, our blessed Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast ;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thy own flesh feeds every guest.

- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died ;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce its shame,
And fling its scandals on the cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in his cross.
- 4 With joy, we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb ;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come. WATTS.

HYMN XXII. *Common Metre.* *

The Incarnation of the Word.

- 1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song,
To our incarnate Lord !
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' Eternal Word.
- 2 That glorious Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made,
O happy morn ! illustrious hour !
Was once in flesh arrayed.
- 3 Then shone Almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms ;
When Jesus left the world above,
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies ;
And sunk to poverty and woe,
That wretched man might rise.
- 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day ;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful homage pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !

With wonder we adore ;

But could we sing as angels do,

We'd love and praise thee more.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN XXIII. Long Metre.

b

Temptation without and within.

1 AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes,

See how thy foes against thee rise,

In long array a numerous host ;

Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2 See how rebellious passions rage,

And fierce desires and lusts engage ;

See pleasure's silken banners spread,

And willing souls are captive led,

3 I tread upon enchanted ground,

Perils and snares beset me round ;

O let me then guard every part,

But most, the traitor in my heart.

4 O teach thy servant how to wield,

Blest Saviour, thy immortal shield ;

Put on thy armour from above,

Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

5 The terror and the charm repel,

The smiles of earth, the frowns of hell ;

The tempter once thou didst subdue,

O make me more than conqueror too.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

HYMN XXIV. Hallelujah Metre. *

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls !

Shake off each slothful band !

The wonders of this day

Our noblest songs demand.

- Auspicious morn, Thy blissful rays
 Bright seraphs hail, In songs of praise !
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
 Reluctant death resign'd
 The glorious Prince of life,
 In the dark vault confin'd.
 Th' angelick host Around him bends,
 And, midst their shouts, The Lord ascends.
- 3 All hail triumphant Lord !
 Heaven with hosanna rings ;
 Whilst earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings.
 Worthy art thou, Who once wast slain,
 Thro' endless years To live and reign.
- 4 Gird on, great King, thy sword,
 Ascend thy conquering car,
 Whilst justice, truth and love
 Maintain the glorious war.
 Victorious thou, Thy foes shalt tread,
 And sin and death In triumph lead.
- 5 Make bare thy potent arm,
 And wing th' unerring dart,
 With salutary pangs
 To each rebellious heart.
 Then dying souls For life shall sue,
 Numerous as drops Of morning dew.
 RIPPON'S Collection.

HYMN XXV. *Long Metre.*

*

The Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;
 Let every trembling thought be gone :
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
If they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose powerful hand
Has matchless works of wonder done ;
And shall endure, whilst endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From him, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a rich supply ;
Whilst those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls will fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road. WATTS.

HYMN XXVI. *Long Metre.* * or b
Benefit of Ordinances.

- 1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat ;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore ;
We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.
- 3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,
United prayers ascend on high ;
And faith expects a sure return
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word ;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

- 5 Here, when our spirit faints and dies,
 And conscience smarts with inward stings ;
 The Sun of righteousness shall rise,
 With healing beams beneath his wings.
- 6 Here would our ravish'd souls abide ;
 Or if from hence we must depart,
 Let neither life nor death divide
 Our God and Saviour from our heart.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN XXVII. *Long Metre.* *

The Word made Flesh.

- 1 BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word ;
 With God he was, the Word was God,
 And by th' angelick host ador'd.
- 2 By his great power were all things made ;
 By him supported, all things stand ;
 He is the whole creation's Head,
 And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
 He led the host of morning stars !
 Thy generation who can tell ?
 Or count the number of thy years ?
- 4 But lo, he leaves these heavenly forms,
 The Word descends and dwells in clay ;
 That he may converse hold with worms,
 Drest in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals, with joy beheld his face,
 Th' eternal Father's only Son ;
 How full of truth, how full of grace !
 When through his eyes the Godhead shone.
- 6 Arch-angels leave their high abode,
 To learn new mysteries here, and tell
 The love of our descending God,
 The glories of Emmanuel.

WATTS.

HYMN XXVIII. Common Metre. *

Faith in the Promise of Salvation.

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some lofty thing ;
The mighty works, or mighty name
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
Or sound his power abroad ;
Sing the blest promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
To sinful, dying men ;
His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an unerring pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The gracious promise shines ;
Nor shall the hand of time erase
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 Then why these doubts and sad complaints ?
If Christ and we are one,
The word extends to all the saints,
Who humbly love the Son.
- 6 By faith in this our souls have liv'd,
And part of heaven possess'd ;
We'll praise him then for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

WATTS.

HYMN XXIX. Particular Metre. *

The Resurrection and Glory of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the bright morning appears,
And Jesus revives from the grave !
His rising removes all our fears,
And proves him almighty to save.

- How strong were his tears and his cries
 The worth of his blood how divine !
 How perfect his great sacrifice.
 Who rose though he suffer'd for sin !
- 2 The man who was crowned with thorns,
 The man who on Calvary died,
 The man who bore scourging and scorn,
 Whom sinners agreed to deride ;
 Now blessed for ever is made,
 And life has rewarded his pain ;
 Now glory has crowned his head ;
 This is the true Lamb that was slain !
- 3 Believing we share in his joy,
 By faith we partake of his rest ;
 With him we can cheerfully die,
 For with him we hope to be blest.
 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come !

HART.

HYMN XXX. *Common Metre.*

*

Praise to the Lamb of God.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
 Amidst the Father's throne !
 Prepare new honours for his name !
 And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
 The church adore around ;
 With vials full of odours sweet,
 With harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the offer'd prayers of saints,
 And these the hymns they raise ;
 Jesus is kind to our complaints,
 He loves to hear our praise.

- 4 Now, to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 6 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour. WATTS.

HYMN XXXI. *Short Metre.*

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD the grace appears !
The promise is fulfill'd !
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.
- 2 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears ;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 3 " Go, humble swains, said he,
" To David's city fly ;
" The promis'd Infant born to day
" Doth in a manger lie.
- 4 " With looks and hearts serene,
" Go visit Christ your King."
And straight a flaming choir was seen,
The shepherds heard them sing :
- 5 " Glory to God on high !
" And heavenly peace on earth !
" Good will to men, to angels joy,
" At the Redeemer's birth !

- 6 In worship so divine,
 Let saints employ their tongues ;
 With the celestial host we join,
 And loud repeat their songs.
- 7 “ Glory to God on high !
 “ And heavenly peace on earth !
 “ Good will to men, to angels joy,
 “ At our Redeemer’s birth.”

WATTS.

HYMN XXXII. *Common Metre. b*

The Ignorance of Man.

- 1 BEHOLD the new born infant griev’d,
 With hunger, thirst and pain !
 It cries to have its wants reliev’d,
 But knows not to complain.
- 2 Such childhood yet I must confess,
 Though long in years mature ;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where to seek its cure.
- 3 Author of good ! to thee I turn ;
 Thy ever watchful eye
 Alone, can all my wants discern,
 Thy hand alone supply.
- 4 O let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide ;
 That love shall vainer loves expel,
 That fear, all fears beside.
- 5 And since, by error’s force subdued,
 My oft misguided will
 Preposterous shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill ;
- 6 Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply ;
 Unask’d, what good thou knowest, grant,
 What ill, though ask’d, deny.

HYMN XXXIII. *Long Metre.*

b

A grave and decent Deportment.

- 1 BEHOLD the sons and heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood !
Are they not born to heavenly joys ?
And shall they stoop to earthly toys ?
- 2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind ?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport, for play,
To wear out time and waste the day ?
- 3 Doth vain discourse or empty mirth
Well suit the honours of their birth ?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, which fools admire ?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest ?
Peacocks and flies are better drest ;
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.
- 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher,
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire :
Then, with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below,
With such disdain as angels do ;
And wait the call that bids us rise,
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

WATTS.

HYMN XXXIV. *Common Metre.* * or b

The repenting Prodigal.

- 1 BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate !
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.
- 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands ;

- “ My Father’s house has large supplies,
 “ And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 “ I’ll go, and, with a mournful tongue,
 “ Fall down before his face ;
 “ Father, I’ve done thy justice wrong,
 “ Nor can deserve thy grace.”
- 4 He said, and hasten’d to his home,
 To seek his Father’s love ;
 The Father saw the rebel come,
 And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
 Embrac’d and kiss’d his son ;
 The rebel’s heart with sorrow brake,
 For follies he had done.
- 6 “ Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
 “ The Father gives command ;
 “ Dress him in garments white and clean,
 “ With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 “ A day of feasting I ordain,
 “ Let mirth and joy abound ;
 “ My son was dead, and lives again,
 “ Was lost, but now is found.”

WATTS.

HYMN XXXV. *Short Metre.* *

Adoption.

- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
 The Father hath bestow’d
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God !
- 2 ’Tis no surprising thing,
 That we should be unknown ;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God’s everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we shall be made ;

But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May cleanse our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in our Father's love
We share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon our heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne !
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

WATTS.

HYMN XXXVI. Long Metre. * or **b**
The better Part.

- 1 BESET with snares, and fill'd with dread,
In life's uncertain path we tread ;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage our roving treacherous heart,
To choose the wise, the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.
- 3 Then let the fiercest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasure with us bear.
- 4 If then our Saviour still be nigh,
Cheerful we live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find a thousand worlds in thee.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XXXVII. *Long Metre.* *

The Beatitudes.

- 1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord, they shall obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN XXXVIII. *Common Metre.* *

The Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky ;
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.
- 3 What, though his uncontroll'd decree
Command our flesh to dust ?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home. WATTS.

HYMN XXXIX. *Common Metre.* *

Benevolence rewarded.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose tender heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief ;

His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

- 4 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in his foe.
- 5 Peace, from the bosom of his God,
Peace shall to him be given ;
His soul shall rest secure on earth,
And find its native heaven.
- 6 To him protection shall be shown ;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those, who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

HYMN. XL. Particular Metre.



The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the son of God !
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption, by his blood,
Through every land proclaim ;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace ;
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face !
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest,
 Ye mournful souls, be glad.
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

RIPON'S Collection.

HYMN XLI. *Long Metre.* * or b

The incomprehensible God.

- 1 CAN creatures to perfection find
 Th' eternal uncreated Mind ?
 Or can the largest stretch of thought
 Measure and search his nature out ?
- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
 And what can mortals know or tell ?
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 God is a King of power unknown ;
 Firm are the orders of his throne ;
 If he resolve, who dare oppose ?
 Or ask him why or what he does ?
- 4 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon ;
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon

The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

- 5 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm ;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 6 These are a portion of his ways !
But who shall dare describe his face ?
Who can endure his light, or stand,
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

WATTS.

HYMN XLII. Common Metre. * or **b**
God incomprehensible.

- 1 CELESTIAL King, our spirits lie,
Trembling beneath thy feet ;
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.
- 2 In thee, what endless wonders meet !
What various glories shine !
The dazzling rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting mind.
- 3 Angels are lost in glad surprise,
If thou unveil thy grace ;
And humble awe runs through the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.
- 4 Created powers, how weak they be !
How short our praises fall !
So much akin to nothing, we,
And thou, th' eternal All.
- 5 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore ;
For the weak pinions of our minds
Can stretch a thought no more.

SMART.

HYMN XLIII. Long Metre. * or **b**

The Presence of God mortifying us to the World.

- 1 COME**, blessed Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love within our breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste and feel
Such joys as cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come**, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth and length
Of thy unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Could** we but pierce the veil, and see
The glories of th' eternal skies ;
What little things these worlds would be ;
How despicable in our eyes !
- 4 Great** All in All, eternal King !
Could we but view thy glorious face,
Then all our powers should join to sing
Thy boundless wisdom and thy grace.
- 5 Now** to the God, whose power in heaven
And earth, has works of wonder done,
Be everlasting honours given,
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

WATTS.

HYMN XLIV. Common Metre. *

Praise to God and the Lamb.

- 1 COME**, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy** the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN XLV. *Common Metre.* *

The Joys of Heaven.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow and pain and every care,
 And discord there shall cease ;
 And perfect joy and love sincere
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its power no more ;
 But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There, on a throne, how dazzling bright,
 Th' exalted Saviour shines ;
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs ;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire ;
 Till, in thy blissful courts above,
 We join th' angelick choir.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN XLVI. *Long Metre.* * or b

Weary Souls invited to Rest.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
 Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
 O come, and spread your woes to God ;
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;
 Pardon and life and endless peace,
 How rich the gift, how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
 The hope thy gracious words impart ;
 We come with trembling ; yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Great Saviour, let thy powerful love
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
 May that sweet influence in our breast,
 Prepare us for thy heavenly rest.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN XLVII. *Short Metre.* *

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God ;
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 This heavenly King is ours,
 Our Father and our Love ;
 He will send down his heavenly powers,
 To raise our souls above.
- 4 There, we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thought of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

HYMN XLVIII. *Common Metre.* *

Christ the King of Saints.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known ;
 The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
 With glories all divine ;
 And tell the wondering nations round,
 How bright these glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power and boundless love
 In him unite their rays ;

You that his heavenly influence prove,
Can you forbear his praise ?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,

We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise ;

Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period ! glorious day !

When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN XLIX. Common Metre.

*

The happy End of the Christian Course.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home ;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come ?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord ;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me,
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all who hope and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design ;

And to his heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

- 6 God is everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend ;
To him be highest glory paid,
Through ages without end.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN L. Long Metre. b

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 But can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 4 Yes, there's a great Physician near ;
Look up, my fainting soul, and live !
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give !
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health and bliss abundant flow !
'Tis only that dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.
- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sovereign cure is found ;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN LI. *Long Metre.* ***** or **b**

The Sight of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 DESCEND, ye hosts of angels bright,
And bear us on your guardian wings,
Through regions of celestial light,
Above the reach of earthly things;
- 2 Beyond this curtain of the sky,
Up where eternal ages roll !
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a beatifck sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd with a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And heavenly powers before him fall ;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds bright glories on them all.
- 5 What joys unspeakable they feel !
Whilst to their golden harps they sing ;
And echo from each heavenly hill,
The glorious triumph of their King.
- 6 O may the happy day draw nigh,
When we shall rise to realms above,
To join the musick of the sky,
And celebrate redeeming love.

WATTS, altered.

HYMN LII. *Common Metre.* ***** or **b**

Ardent Love to Christ.

- 1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
 To my enraptur'd ear ?
 Doth not my pulse with pleasure beat,
 My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
 I would disdain to feed ?
 Hast thou a foe, before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 4 Would not my ardent spirit vie
 With angels round thy throne,
 To execute thy sacred will,
 And make thy glory known ?
- 5 Would not my heart pour out its blood,
 In honour of thy name ?
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp th' immortal flame ?
- 6 Thou know'st I love thee, O my Lord ;
 But how I long to soar
 Above the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more ! DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LIII. *Long Metre.* * or b
 Christian Privileges and Obligations.

- 1 DOST thou my worthless name record,
 Free of thy holy city, Lord ?
 Am I, a sinner, call'd to share
 The precious privileges there ?
- 2 Art thou my King, my Father styl'd ?
 And I thy servant and thy child ?
 Whilst many of the human race
 Are aliens from thy Zion's grace ?
- 3 Lo, wretched millions draw their breath
 In lands of ignorance and death !
 But I enjoy my share of time
 Within thy gospel's favour'd clime.

- 4 Shall I receive this grace in vain ?
 Shall I my great vocation stain ?
 Away, ye works in darkness wrought !
 Away, each sensual, wanton thought !
- 5 My soul, I charge thee to excel,
 In thinking right and acting well ;
 Deep let thy searching powers engage,
 Unbias'd in the sacred page.
- 6 Heighten the force of good desire ;
 To deeds of shining worth aspire ;
 More firm in fortitude, despise
 The world's seducing vanities.
- 7 Strong and more strong, thy passions rule,
 Advancing still in virtue's school ;
 Contending still, with noble strife,
 To imitate thy Saviour's life.

SCOTT.

HYMN LIV. *Long Metre.*

The only living and true God.

(Psalm 86.)

- 1 ETERNAL God, almighty Cause
 Of earth and sea and worlds unknown ;
 All things are subject to thy laws,
 All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
 Of all within itself possest ;
 Controll'd by none are thy commands ;
 Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe,
 To thee alone our homage pay ;
 All other gods we disavow,
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
 Fountain of peace and joy and love !

Thy favour only makes us blest ;
Without thee, all would nothing prove.

- 5 Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.
- 6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone ;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

BROWN.

HYMN LV. *Common Metre.*

b

The Consolations of Age.

- 1 ETERNAL God, enthron'd on high,
Whom angel hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool ;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on,
My strength must soon decay ;
My friends, my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to stay ?
- 4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart ?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or cordials shield my heart ?
- 5 But thou canst cheer my mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends ;
Support me by Almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

- 6 Then let my soul, O gracious God,
Ascend to realms of day ;
And, in that sacred blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay.
- 7 Throughout the heaven's remotest bound
Thy matchless love proclaim ;
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

B. WILLIAMS's Collection.

HYMN LVI. *Long Metre.* *

Preserving Goodness.

- 1 ETERNAL God, I bless thy name,
The same thy power, thy grace the same ;
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open and close and crown the year.
- 2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amidst ten thousand deaths I stand ;
And see, when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far thy arm has led me on,
Thus far I make thy mercy known ;
And whilst I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful voice on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LVII. *Common Metre.* *

Joy and Gratitude.

- 1 ETERNAL Love ! how large the sum,
Of blessings from thy hand !
To banish sorrow and be blest
Is thy supreme command.

- 2 Joy is our duty, glory, health,
The sunshine of the soul ;
The best return that we can make
To him who plans the whole. YOUNG.
- 3 Whatever, Lord, of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :
- 4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 5 Let the blest hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

RIPON'S Collection.

HYMN LVIII. *Long Metre.* *

God exalted above all Praise.

- 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of the God,
Extending far beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve inferior rounds ;
- 2 The lowest step beneath thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet ;
In vain the tall arch-angel tries
To reach its height, with wondering eyes.
- 3 Thy dazzling glory whilst he sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of thrones and powers around,
Fall prostrate on the heavenly ground.
- 4 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do !
We would adore our Maker too ;

From lowest dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high.

- 5 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And men have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But the full glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 6 God is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our hymns, our words be few ;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise is silent on our tongues.

WATTS.

HYMN LIX. *Long Metre.*

*

Divine Goodness.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ ;
Whilst in thy temple we appear,
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the earth and planets roll,
Thy hand supports and cheers the whole ;
By thee, the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive hymns of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 5 O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown, pursue the songs,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN LX. *Long Metre.*

*

The Influences of the Divine Spirit.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace !
Thy power conveys the blessings down,
From God the Father and his Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thy inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy gentle influence works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin ;
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
It makes the broken heart rejoice ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

WATTS.

HYMN LXI. *Common Metre.*

*

Creating Wisdom.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom ! thee we praise,
Thee, all thy creatures sing ;
With thy great name, rocks, hills and seas
And heaven's high arches ring.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly die,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There dost thou make the globes of light,
Their endless circles run ;
There, the pale planets rule the night,
And day obeys the sun.

- 4 The roaring winds stand ready there,
Thy orders to obey :
With spreading wings, they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.
- 5 The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe thy strong command ;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.
- 6 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike our feeble sight,
Through skies and seas and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 7 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

WATTS.

HYMN LXII. *Long Metre.*

Christ exalted a Prince and a Saviour.

- 1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne ;
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace ;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thy enemies obey ;
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by thy love.
- 4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive !
Thine Israel shall repent and live ;

And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which gives them life who wrought thy death.
DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXIII. Common Metre. * or
Walking by Faith.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight ;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home ;
Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the world was made
 By God's almighty word ;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
 And be again restor'd.
- 4 Abrah'm obey'd the Lord's command,
 From his own country driven ;
By faith he sought a promis'd land,
 But found his rest in heaven.
- 5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
 The promise in our eye ;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
 That leads to joy on high.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN LXIV. Long Metre. * or **b**
Preparation for religious Worship.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
 Let my religious hours alone ;
From flesh and sense I would be free,
 And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.
- 3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine ;
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land !
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN LXV. Common Metre.

**

The Success of the Gospel.

- 1 FATHER, is not thy promise sure
To thy exalted Son ?
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run !
- 2 "Ask and receive the heathen lands,
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remotest ends
Thy empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own ?
Whilst Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne ?
- 4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues,
Beneath the arch of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception, given ?
- 5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd,

Let earth with all its millions shout
Hosanna to the Lord.

RIPON'S Collection.

HYMN LXVI. Common Metre. * or **b**
The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all ! Eternal Mind !
Thou great and good alone !
Thy children, form'd and bless'd by thee,
Approach thy sacred throne.
- 2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung !
We join the solemn praise,
To thy great name with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raise.
- 3 Thy righteous, mild, and equal reign,
Let every being own ;
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.
- 4 As angels, round thy seat above,
Thy blest commands fulfil ;
So may thy creatures here below,
Perform thy heavenly will.
- 5 On thee we day by day depend,
Our daily wants supply ;
And feed with truth and virtue pure,
Our souls which never die.
- 6 Extend thy grace to every fault,
And let thy love forgive ;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentment live.
- 7 Where tempting snares beset the way,
Permit us not to tread ;
Avert the threat'ning evil near,
From our unguarded head.

3 Thy sacred name we thus adore,
 And bow before thy throne ;
 For kingdom, power and glory, Lord,
 Belong to thee alone.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN LXVII. Common Metre. *

The Universal Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all ! whose cares extend,
 To earth's remotest shore ;
 Through every age let praise ascend,
 And every clime adore.
- 2 Yet not to earth's contracted span,
 Thy goodness let me bound ;
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.
- 3 To thee, whose presence fills all space,
 The earth, the air, the skies ;
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All nature's incense rise !
- 4 Father of all ! whose tender care
 Does every want supply ;
 To thee I pour the fervent prayer,
 And raise the filial eye.
- 5 What blessings thy free bounty gives
 Let me not cast away ;
 Who gratefully enjoys and lives,
 Does the best homage pay.
- 6 Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 7 Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the faults I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

8 Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal destruction round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

9 If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find that better way.

10 This day, be bread and peace my lot ;
 But, all beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;
 Then let thy will be done.

Altered from POPE.

HYMN LXVIII. *Common Metre. ** or *b*
 Prudence.

1 FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
 Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
 Let each advancing step still bring
 Me nearer to my God.

2 Let heav'n ey'd prudence be my guide,
 And when I go astray,
 Recal my feet from folly's path,
 To wisdom's better way.

3 Teach me in every various scene
 To keep my end in sight ;
 And whilst I tread life's mazy track,
 Let wisdom guide me right.

4 That heavenly wisdom from above
 Abundantly impart ;
 And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
 And penetrate my heart.

5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
 Fountain of bliss and love.

And all my darkness be dispers'd,
In endless light above.

SMART.

HYMN LXIX. *Long Metre.*

Praise for Rain and fruitful Seasons.

- 1 FATHER of light ! we sing thy name,
Who made the sun to rule the day :
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good ! from thee proceed
The copious showers of genial rain ;
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead,
Revive the grass and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread ;
Yet thousands of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily goodness fed,
Transgress thy law, abuse thy grace.
- 4 Not so, shall our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
But, what thy liberal hand imparts,
Receive in praise, and ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall the sun more grateful shine,
And showers in welcome drops shall fall ;
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.
- 6 Jesus ! our brighter Sun, arise,
In plenteous showers, thy Spirit send,
Earth then shall grow to Paradise ;
And in celestial Eden end.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXX. *Long Metre.*

At the Ordination of a Minister.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy house
We pay our homage and our vows ;

- Whilst with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprang th' *Apostle's* honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroick fame ;
Hence dictates the *prophetick* sage,
And hence the *evangelick* page.
- 4 In lower forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and *Teachers* rise ;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long extended line.
- 5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live ;
Whilst, guarded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.
- 6 So shall the bright succession run,
Though all the courses of the sun ;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 7 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know
The spring whence all these blessings flow ;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXXI. Common Metre. *

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;
 Treasures beyond what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast ;
 Sublimer fruits than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
 Our study and delight ;
 And still new beauties may we see,
 And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near ;
 Teach us to love thy sacred word,
 And view our Saviour there.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN LXXII. Common Metre. * or **b**
 Love to our Neighbour.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,
 All powerful, from above,
 To form, in our obedient souls,
 The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
 That generous pleasure know ;
 Kindly to share another's joy,
 And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of want
 In low distress are laid,

Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on wretched man,
When seated in the skies ;
Amidst the glories of that world,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground ;
And shed his rich and precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXXIII. *Long Metre. ** or *b*
Humility.

1 FOLLY builds high upon the sand ;
But lowly let my basis be ;
Firm as a rock, my hope shall stand,
Deep founded in humility.

2 Content, when threat'ning ills obtrude,
Sweet meek eyed patience arm my soul ;
And let a prudent fortitude
Teach me my passions to control.

3 My God, I long to know thee still,
To love and fear and trust thee more ;
To live submissive to thy will,
And whilst I feel thy grace, adore.

4 My faith and love, obedient be,
O Saviour, to thy just commands !
My ardent soul still follows thee,
And trusts her interest in thy hands.

5 Let love and mercy all divine,
Justice descending from the skies,
Kindness and truth my heart incline
Still to forgive my enemies.

6 Thus may I act the christian part,
The social, humane and divine ;
Whilst a wise zeal inspires my heart,
Then shall I know that heaven is mine.

SMART.

HYMN LXXIV. *Common Metre.* * or b

Abraham's Blessing extended to the Gentiles.

- 1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood ;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us on the good.
- 2 With the same blessings, grace endows
The Gentile as the Jew !
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.
- 3 Then let the children of the saints
Be sanctified to God ;
In that great covenant, confirm'd
By water and by blood.
- 4 Thus to the parents, and their seed,
Shall thy salvation come ;
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXV. *Long Metre.* *

The Excellency of the Gospel.

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
And sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It guides us all our journey through,
And brings a better world to view.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye ;
To life's last hour, my soul employ,
And fit me for the heavenly joy.

BEDDOME.

HYMN LXXVI. *Common Metre.* * or b

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our eyes,
And leave our hearts behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted hands salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXVII. *Long Metre.* * or b

Redeeming Time.

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant time its being draw ;
Minutes and days and months and years
Revolve by thy unvaried law.

- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
 Steady and strong the current flows ;
 Till lost in that unmeasur'd sea,
 From which its being first arose.
- 3 The thoughtless sons of Adam's race
 Upon the rapid stream are borne ;
 To that unseen, eternal home,
 From which no travellers return.
- 4 Yet whilst the shore, on either side,
 Presents a gaudy, flattering show ;
 We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
 Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach our hearts
 To know the price of every hour ;
 That time may bear us on to joys,
 Beyond its measure and its power.

Reformed Liturgy.

HYMN LXXVIII. Long Metre. *

Gratitude for all Things.

- 1 GOD of my life, my thanks to thee
 Shall, like my debts, continual be ;
 In constant streams thy bounty flows,
 Nor end, nor intermission knows.
- 2 From thee, my comforts all arise,
 My numerous wants thy hand supplies ;
 Nor can I need or wish for more,
 Than thou canst furnish from thy store.
- 3 If what I ask, my God denies,
 It is because he's good and wise ;
 And what for evils I mistake,
 He can my greatest blessings make.
- 4 Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breast,
 Let all thy goodness be impress'd ;

Dispose me, each revolving day,
For daily gifts my praise to pay.

- 5 In praise I'll spend my latest breath,
Then yield it to the call of death ;
In hope that thou my flesh wilt raise,
To celebrate thy deathless praise.

BROWN, with addition.

HYMN LXXIX. Long Metre.

※

Unceasing Praise.

- 1 GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful tongue shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with dawning light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my feeble eyes shall break,
And mean those thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But when the final conflict's o'er,
My spirit chain'd to flesh no more ;
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the musick of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.
- 6 This cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
A work so vast, a theme so high,
Demands a whole eternity.

HYMN LXXX. Common Metre. * or **b**

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,**
His counsels to perform ;
He marks his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep, in unfathomable mines**
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Let fearful saints fresh courage take ;**
The clouds, they so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on their head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,**
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,**
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,**
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

HYMN LXXXI. Common Metre. * or **b**

Divine Providence, and the Folly of self Dependence.

- 1 GOD reigns ; events in order flow,**
Man's industry to guide ;
But in a different channel go,
To humble human pride.

- 2 The swift, not always in the race,
Shall win the crowning prize ;
Not always wealth and honour grace
The labours of the wise.
- 3 Fond mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest ;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.
- 4 'Tis ours, the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain ;
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And to command the rain.
- 5 Evil and good before thee stand,
Their mission to perform ;
The sun shines bright at thy command ;
Thy hand directs the storm.
- 6 In all thy ways, we humbly own
Thy providential power ;
Entrusting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

SCOTT.

HYMN LXXXII. Long Metre. * or **b**
The Fear of God.

- 1 GREAT Author of all nature's frame,
Holy and reverend is thy name ;
Thou, Lord of life, and Lord of death,
Worlds rise and vanish at thy breath.
- 2 Nations, in thine all-seeing eye,
Are less than nothing, vanity ;
Against thee who shall lift his hand ?
Before thy terrors who can stand ?
- 3 But blest are they, O gracious Lord,
Who fear thy name, and hear thy word !
With such thy dwelling is, on those,
Thy peace its joy divine bestows.

- 4 Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends
 Their life, till life its journey ends ;
 Death shall convey them to thy seat,
 Where all thy saints in glory meet.
- 5 O that my soul, with awful sense
 Of thy transcendent excellence,
 May close the day, the day begin,
 Watchful against each darling sin.
- 6 Never, O never from my heart
 May this great principle depart ;
 But act, with unabating power,
 Within me to my latest hour.

SCOTT.

HYMN LXXXIII. *Long Metre.*

The Divine Goodness imitated.

- 1 GREAT Author of th' immortal mind,
 For noblest thoughts and views design'd,
 Make me desirous to express
 The image of thy holiness.
- 2 Whilst I thy boundless love admire,
 Grant me to catch the sacred fire ;
 Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
 And as thy child, thou wilt me own.
- 3 Father, I see thy sun arise,
 To cheer thy friends and enemies ;
 And when from heaven thy rain descends,
 Thy bounty both alike befriends.
- 4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine,
 My mortal powers by grace refine ;
 So shall I feel another's woe,
 And freely feed a hungry foe.
- 5 I hope for pardon through thy Son,
 For all the crimes which I have done ;
 Then may the grace that pardons me,
 Constrain me to forgive like thee.

RIPON'S Collection.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Hallelujah Metre.* *

The House of Prayer.

1 **GREAT** Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find,
Within thy courts, a place.

How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer !

2 Once we were strangers here,
But now approach the throne ;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own.

Strangers no more,
To thee we come ;
And find our home,
And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name ;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.

Our Father, King,
Thy cov'nant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy glories sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine ;
And whilst such food we taste,
With joy our faces shine.

Incense shall rise
From flames of love,
And God approve
The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng,
 To worship in thy house ;
 Wilt thou attend the song,
 And hear their ardent vows !
 Indulgent still,
 Till earth conspire
 To join the choir,
 On Zion's hill.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXXXV. *Common Metre.* *

Creation and Providence.

- 1 GREAT first of beings, mighty Lord
 Of all this wondrous frame ;
 Produc'd by thy creating word,
 The world from nothing came.
- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
 'Twas instantly obey'd ;
 And through thy goodness all things stand,
 Which by thy power were made.
- 3 Thy glories shine throughout the whole,
 Each part reflects thy light ;
 By thee, in course, the planets roll,
 And day succeeds the night.
- 4 By thee, the sun dispenses heat,
 And beams of cheering day ;
 The distant stars in order set,
 By night, thy power display.
- 5 By thee, the earth its produce yields ;
 By thee, the waters flow ;
 And various plants adorn the fields,
 And trees aspiring grow.
- 6 Inspir'd with praise, our minds pursue
 This wise and noble end ;
 And all we think, and all we do
 Shall to thy honour tend.

HYMN LXXXVI. Long Metre. * or **b**

Man changeable and God unchangeable.

- 1** GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name ;
We bow with reverence, when we praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2** Beyond the reach of angels' sight,
Thou dwell'st in uncreated light ;
It shines with undiminish'd ray,
Whilst suns and stars shall pass away.
- 3** Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun ;
E'en in the firmest state we boast,
Thy hand can crush us to the dust.
- 4** But let all nature fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last general flame arise,
Consume the earth, dissolve the skies ;
- 5** Calm as a summer evening, we
Shall all the wreck of nature see ;
Whilst grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXXXVII. Long Metre. * or **b**

The Sun of Righteousness.

- 1** GREAT God, amidst the darksome night
Thy glories dart upon my sight,
Whilst wrapt in wonder I behold,
The silver moon and stars of gold.
- 2** But when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glory round the skies,
In more stupendous form I view
Thy greatness and thy glory too.

- 3 Thou Sun of Righteousness, whose light
O'erwhelms the highest angel's sight,
How shall I glance my eye at thee,
In all thy vast immensity !
- 4 Yet may I be allow'd to trace
The distant shadow of thy face ;
As in the pale reflecting moon
We see the image of the sun.
- 5 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wisdom are display'd ;
But O ! what glories all divine,
In my exalted Saviour shine !
- 6 May I enjoy, like those above,
The gentle influence of his love ;
Enable me my course to run,
With the same vigour as the sun.

STENNET.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Common Metre. ** or **b**

The Spreading of the Gospel.

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy power and glory shine.
- 2 But thy compassion, Lord, has sent
Thy gospel to mankind ;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word ;
And long in slavery held, become
The freemen of the Lord ?

- 5 When shall the savage wandering tribes,
 A dark bewilder'd race,
 Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
 And learn his saving grace ?
- 6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
 Their cruelty to love ;
 Soften the tyger to a lamb,
 The vulture to a dove.
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
 To spread the gospel's rays ;
 And build in every heathen land
 A temple to thy praise.

RIPON'S Collection.

HYMN LXXXIX. Common Metre. b
 Trust in God.

- 1 **GREAT** Source of boundless power and
 Attend my mournful cry ; [grace !
 In the dark hour of deep distress,
 To thee alone I fly.
- 2 Thou art my strength, my life, my stay ;
 Assist my feeble trust ;
 Drive these distressing fears away,
 And raise me from the dust.
- 3 Fain would I call thy grace to mind,
 And trust thy glorious name ;
 Jehovah, powerful, wise, and kind,
 For ever is the same.
- 4 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
 When earthly comforts die ;
 Thy voice can bid my pains depart,
 And raise my pleasures high.
- 5 Here let me rest, on thee depend,
 My God, my hope, my all ;
 Be thou my everlasting friend,
 And I shall never fall.

SMART.

HYMN XC. *Long Metre.*

*

Praise for common Mercies.

- 1 GREAT Source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace ;
Crown'd with thy mercies, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread ;
By thee were earth's foundations laid ;
All the delights of our abode,
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God.
- 3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death ;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 These lives are sacred to the Lord,
By thee upheld, by thee restor'd ;
And whilst our hours renew their race,
Still we would walk before thy face.
- 5 So, when our souls by thee are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant, they shall move
To seats of nobler life above.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XCI. *Long Metre.* * or b

Religion vain without Love.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

WATTS.

HYMN XCII. *Common Metre.* *

The God of Nature.

- 1 HAIL, King supreme ! all wise and good
To thee our thoughts we raise ;
Whilst nature's lovely charms, display'd,
Inspire our souls with praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Thy works engage our view ;
And as we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night ;
And decks the rising face of morn
With rays of cheering light.
- 4 Th' aspiring hill, the verdant lawn,
With thousand beauties shine ;
The vocal grove and cooling shade
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 From tree to tree, a constant hymn
Employs the feather'd throng ;
To thee their cheerful notes they swell,
And chant their grateful song.
- 6 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our wondering eyes peruse
Thy works' instructive page.

PSALM XCIII. *Particular Metre.*

*

Praise to our Redeemer.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
Thou didst free salvation bring ;
By thy death thou didst release us
From the tyrant's deadly sting.
- 2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.
- 3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid ;
Great High Priest by God anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made !
- 4 Contrite sinners are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood :
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made with man and God.
- 5 Jesus hail ! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
- 6 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in heaven we appear.
- 7 Glory, honour, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
- 8 Help, ye bright angelick spirits,
Lend your loudest, noblest lays ;
Join to sing our Saviour's merits,
And to celebrate his praise.

HYMN XCIV. Common Metre. * or b
Early Religion.

- 1 **HAPPY** is he whose early years,
 Receive instruction well ;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
- 2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord,
 Is pleasing in his eyes ;
 A flower when offered in the bud
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes ;
 While sinners, who grow old in sin,
 Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 It saves us from a thousand fears,
 To mind religion young ;
 With joy it crowns succeeding years,
 And renders virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, almighty God, to thee
 Our hearts we now resign ;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy praise,
 Whilst we have life and breath ;
 Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

WATTS.

HYMN XCV. Long Metre. *

The Glory and Defence of the Church.

- 1 **HAPPY** the Church ! thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator's grace !
 Thy holy courts are his abode,
 Thou earthly palace of our God.

- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly angels waits ;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Built on the counsels of his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against thy walls in vain they rage ;
Like rising waves, with anger roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the power of earth or hell ;
Since God defends this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our sun, God is our shield,
Light and protection he will yield ;
And we, beneath the genial rays,
Will sing his love, and speak his praise.

WATTS.

HYMN XCVI. *Common Metre.* *

Christian Moderation.

- 1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious steps,
Still keep the golden mean ;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part ;
His modest tongue the language speaks,
Of his more humble heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth is in his breast ;
With grief, he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bounteous heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart ;
With temperance he receives his food,
And gives the poor a part.

- 5 To sect and party, his large soul
 Disdains to be confin'd ;
 The good he loves, of every name,
 And prays for all mankind.
- 6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
 Of truth and peaceful love ;
 The bigot's rage can never dwell
 Where rests the heavenly dove.

NEEDHAM.

HYMN XCVII. *Common Metre.* *

Love to God.

- 1 HAPPY the mind where graces reign,
 And love inspires the breast !
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear ;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move ;
 Affliction's bitter cup is sweet,
 When mix'd with heavenly love.
- 4 Soon as we drop this mortal clay,
 And leave this dark abode !
 On wings of love we'll soar away,
 To see our Father, God.
- 5 This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
 In realms of endless peace.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN XCVIII. *Common Metre.* *

The Blessedness of departed Saints.

- 1 HARK ! from on high a solemn voice,
 Let all attentive hear !
 ‘Twill make each pious heart rejoice,
 And vanquish every fear.
- 2 “ Thrice blessed are the pious dead,
 “ Who in the Lord shall die ;
 “ Their weary flesh, as on a bed,
 “ Safe in the grave shall lie.
- 3 “ Their holy souls at length releas’d,
 “ To heaven shall take their flight ;
 “ There to enjoy eternal rest,
 “ And infinite delight.
- 4 “ They drop each load as they ascend,
 “ And quit this world of woe ;
 “ Their labours with their lives shall end ;
 “ Their rest, no period know.
- 5 “ Their conflicts with their busy foes
 “ For ever more shall cease ;
 “ None shall their happiness oppose,
 “ Nor interrupt their peace.
- 6 “ But bright rewards shall recompense
 “ Their faithful service here ;
 “ And perfect love shall banish thence
 “ Each gloomy doubt and fear.”

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN XCIX. *Common Metre.* b

A Funeral Thought.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs, a mournful sound,
 My ears attend the cry :
 “ Ye living men, come view the ground,
 “ Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 " In spite of all your towers !
 "The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
 " Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
 And are we still secure ?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
 To fit our souls to fly ;
 Then when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

WATTS.

HYMN C. *Short Metre.* * or b

The Voice of Wisdom.

- 1 HARK ! it is Wisdom's voice
 That spreads itself around ;
 Come hither, all ye sons of earth,
 And listen to the sound.
- 2 What, though she speaks rebukes,
 That pierce the soul with smart ;
 Yet love through all her chastenings runs,
 By pain to mend the heart.
- 3 "Ye who have wander'd long
 " In sin's destructive ways ;
 "Return, return, at my reproof,
 " And seize the offer'd grace.
- 4 "I know your souls are weak,
 " And all your efforts vain,
 "To overcome your mighty foes,
 " And break their iron chain.
- 5 "But, I will freely send
 " My Spirit from above,

“ To arm you with superior strength,
 “ And melt your hearts to love.

- 6 “ Come, whilst my offers last,
 “ Ye sinners, and be wise ;
 “ He lives, who hears this friendly call,
 “ But he that slighteth it, dies.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CI. *Common Metre.*

The Saviour's Commission.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
 The Saviour promis'd long ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
 Exerts his sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and power, and zeal and love
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental sight ;
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial light.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to heal,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And with the treasures of his grace,
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 5 His silver trumpet loud proclaims
 The Lord's accepted year ;
 Our debts are all remitted now,
 Our heritage is clear.

7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CII. *Common Metre.* *

The Christian Warrior animated.

- 1 HARK ! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice,
 From the bright realms above !
 Amidst the war's tumultuous rage,
 A voice of power and love.
- 2 " Maintain the fight, my faithful band,
 " Nor fear the mortal blow ;
 " He that in such a warfare dies,
 " Shall speedy victory know.
- 3 " I have my days of combat known,
 " And in the dust was laid ;
 " But now I sit upon my throne,
 " And glory crowns my head.
- 4 " This throne, this glory shall be yours,
 " My hands the crown shall give ;
 " And you the blest reward shall share,
 " Whilst God himself shall live."
- 5 Lord, 'tis enough, our souls are fir'd
 With courage and with love ;
 Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
 Our hopes are fix'd above.
- 6 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast trod,
 To triumph and renown ;
 Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
 May we but wear thy crown.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CIII. *Common Metre.*

b

Walking in Darkness and trusting in God.

- 1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
 To thee I breathe my sighs ;
When will the tedious night be gone,
 And when the dawn arise ?
- 2 My God ! O could I make the claim,
 My Father and my Friend !
And call thee mine, by every name
 On which thy saints depend !
- 3 By every name of power and love,
 I would thy grace entreat ;
Nor should my humble hope remove,
 Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
 Thy word is all my stay ;
Here will I rest till light returns,
 Thy presence makes my day.
- 5 Speak, Lord; and bid celestial peace
 Relieve my aching heart ;
Thy love can make my sorrow cease,
 And all the gloom depart.
- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
 And bless thy healing rays ;
And change these deep complaining sighs
 To songs of sacred praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CIV. *Common Metre.*

*

The Angels' Song, at the Birth of Christ.

- 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join th' angelick song ;
For such a theme does less to them,
 Than to the saints, belong.

- 2 Good will is shewn to sinful men,
And peace on earth is given ;
For lo ! the promis'd Saviour comes,
With messages from heaven.
- 3 Mercy and truth, in sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Justice and peace in concert join,
Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God ! in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.
- 5 When shall we reach those happy realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns !
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains !

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CV. *Common Metre.*

*

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 HOSANNA ! to the Prince of life,
Who cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the gloomy shades of death,
And rose to endless day.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the monster's sting away,
And crush'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies !
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
A priest upon his throne ;
And to supply his place on earth,
He sent his Spirit down

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach that blest abode ;
 Let heaven and earth with praise resound
 To the immortal God.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN CVI. Common Metre.



Preservation at Sea, and in foreign Countries.

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is our guide,
 Our help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care ;
 Through burning climes we pass unhurt,
 And breathe infected air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
 Makes every region please ;
 The hoary frozen hills it warms,
 And smooths the boisterous seas.
- 4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,
 In all its horrors rise.
- 5 Confusion dwelt in every face,
 And fear in every heart ;
 When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs
 O'ercame the pilot's art.
- 6 Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free ;
 Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
 My hope repos'd on thee.
- 7 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

8 In midst of dangers and of death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;
 I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

(Supposed) ADDISON.

HYMN CVII. *Short Metre.*

Blessings of the Gospel.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill ;
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
 How glad the tidings are !
 Zion behold they Saviour king,
 He reigns and triumphs here !
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light !
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

WATTS.

HYMN CVIII. *Short Metre.* * or b

Fatherly Discipline received with Meekness.

- 1 HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God !
How rich the blossoms and the fruit
Of his correcting rod.
- 2 He takes it in his hand,
With pity in his heart ;
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus, we bow,
And own thy sovereign sway ;
We turn our erring footsteps back
To thy forsaken way.
- 4 Thy promis'd love we seek,
And strengthen all the bands,
Which closer still engage our hearts
To honour thy commands.
- 5 Our Father, we consent
To discipline divine ;
And bless the pains, which make our souls
Still more completely thine.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CIX. *Common Metre.* *

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 HOW great thy works, Almighty God !
Who shall not fear thy name !
How just and true are all thy ways,
Thou Son of God, the Lamb !
- 2 More hast thou done than Moses did,
Our prophet, priest and king ;
From sin thou hast redeem'd our souls,
And from death's poisonous sting.

- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
 Th' Egyptian host was drown'd ;
 But, in thy blood, our souls are cleans'd,
 And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,
 With manna they were fed ;
 But thou hast given thy flesh to eat,
 And call'd it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
 Yet never reach'd the place ;
 But thou shalt bring thy followers home,
 To see thy Father's face.
- 6 Thy lofty praise, O King of Saints,
 Shall every nation sing ;
 To thee shall Jew and Gentile race
 Their humble offerings bring.
- 7 No parting wall shall intervene ;
 But, with united soul,
 Their voice shall join in songs of praise,
 Whilst endless ages roll.

WATTS, altered.

HYMN CX. *Common Metre.*

*

The Safety of the Church.

- 1 HOW honourable is the place
 Where we adoring stand !
 Zion, the glory of the earth,
 And beauty of the land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
 The city where we dwell ;
 The walls, of strong salvation made,
 Defy the assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
 The doors wide open fling ;

Enter, ye nations, who obey
The statutes of our King.

- 4 Here shall you taste unmixed joys,
And live in perfect peace ;
You, who have known Jehovah's name,
And tasted of his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

WATTS.

HYMN CXI. *Common Metre.*

*

The Blessings of Abraham.

- 1 HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed !
“ I'll be a God to thee and thine,
“ Supplying all their need.”
- 2 The words of thy extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves
And seals the blessings sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given ;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 4 Our God ! how faithful are his ways !
His love endures the same ;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

WATTS.

HYMN XII. *Common Metre.*

*

The Resurrection.

- 1 HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just !

- Whilst the rich blood of martyrs slain,
Lies mingled with the dust !
- 2 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
The Saviour to descry ;
To view his distant chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.
- 3 Lo, faith beholds the scatter'd shades !
The dawn of heaven appears !
And the bright morning gently spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 4 Faith sees the Lord of Glory come,
His flaming guards around !
The skies divide to make him room,
His trumpet shakes the ground.
- 5 She hears the voice, " ye dead, arise !"
She sees the graves obey !
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- 6 They leave the dust, and on the wing,
Surmount the yielding air ;
In shining garments meet their King,
And bow before him there.
- 7 O ! may we then among them stand,
Cloth'd in celestial white ;
The meanest place at his right hand
Gives infinite delight.

WATTS.

HYMN CXIII. *Common Metre. ** or *b*
Pardoning Mercy.

- 1 HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord !
How oft my erring thoughts depart,
Forgetful of thy word !

- 2 Yet sovereign mercy cries " return,"
 Lord, at thy call, I come ;
 My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
 O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive ;
 And all my crimes remove ?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live,
 To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
 How glorious ! how divine !
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine !
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, for ever free,
 With rapture I adore ;
 Lord, I devote myself to thee,
 And long to love thee more.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CXIV. *Long Metre.*

The Gospel Feast.

- 1 HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord !
 Thy table furnish'd from above ;
 The fruits of life o'erspread the board ;
 The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
 Were first invited to the feast ;
 We humbly take what they refuse,
 And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
 And help was far and death was nigh ;
 Yet, at the gospel call, we came,
 And every want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the highway that leads to hell,
 From paths of darkness and despair,

Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

- 5 What shall we pay our heavenly Friend,
Who left the sky, his blest abode,
And did to this low earth descend,
To bring us wanderers back to God ?
- 6 Our everlasting love is due
To him, who pitied sinners lost ;
And paid our ransom, when he knew
His precious life must be the cost.

WATTS.

HYMN CXV. *Common Metre.*

Rich Treasure in earthen Vessels.

- 1 HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings !
Thy favours how divine !
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine !
- 2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys ;
Should gold and gems compare,
How mean ! when set against those joys
Thy poorest servants share.
- 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodg'd in urns of clay,
And the weak sons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.
- 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the victory gives ;
Quickly they moulder back to earth,
Yet still the gospel lives.
- 5 Such wonders power divine effects ;
Such trophies God can raise ;
His hand from crumbling dust erects
His monuments of praise.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN CXVI. *Common Metre.* b

The Frailty and Folly of Man.

- 1 HOW short and hasty is our life !
How vast our souls' affairs !
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay ;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on ;
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high ;
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

WATTS.

HYMN CXVII. *Common Metre.* * or b

God's Justice and Power. Job. ix. 2, 10.

- 1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be just before their God !
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
I'll make no vain pretence ;
Not one of all my numerous faults
Can bear a just defence.
- 4 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;
What vain presurers dare
Against their Maker's power to rise,
And impious war declare !

- 4 Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn ;
He shakes the pillows of the earth,
And all the nations mourn.
- 5 Through the wide air, the mighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones thrown ;
Whilst *Etna* pours, with horrid shocks,
Her melted entrails down.
- 6 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
The obedient sun forbears ;
His hand with darkness spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
- 7 He walks upon the stormy sea,
And rides upon the wind ;
No flesh can trace his wondrous way,
Nor his dark footsteps find.
- 8 Yet, mighty God, thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race,
When wrath comes rushing down.

WATTS. with variation.

HYMN CXVIII. Common Metre. * or b

The Gospel Feast.

- 1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors ;
Here everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 Whilst all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast ;
Each of us say, with thankful tongues,
“ Lord, why was I a guest ? ”
- 3 “ Why was I made to hear thy voice,
“ And enter whilst there’s room,
“ When thousands make a wretched choice,
“ And rather starve than come ? ”

- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 Which gently drew us in ;
 Or we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our Lord,
 Compel the Jews to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring thy people home.
- 6 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace.

WATTS.

HYMN CXIX. *Particular Metre.*

*

The Beauties of the Spring.

- 1 HOW sweetly along the gay mead
 The daisies and cowslips are seen ;
 The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the beautiful green !
- 2 The vines that encircle the bowers,
 The herbage that springs from the sod,
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits and sweetflowers,
 All rise to the praise of my God.
- 3 Shall man, the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove ?
 Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
 Forbid it, devotion and love.
- 4 The Lord who such wonders can raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 My lips shall incessantly praise,
 My soul shall rejoice in my God.

HYMN CXX. *Long Metre.* * or **b**
Justice.

- 1 IF high or low our station be,
Of noble or ignoble name ;
By uncorrupt integrity,
Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly claim.
- 2 The upright man no want shall fear ;
Thy providence shall be his trust ;
Thou wilt provide his portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just.
- 3 May we, with most sincere delight,
To all, the test of duty pay ;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.
- 4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,
In that blest world, where virtue shares
A fit reward ; though not of debt,
But what thy boundless grace prepares.

Reformed Liturgy.

HYMN CXXI. *Short Metre.* **b**

Compassion and Forgiveness.

- 1 I HEAR the voice of woe !
I hear a brother's sigh !
Then let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love, mine eye.
- 2 I hear the thirsty cry !
The hungry beg for bread !
Then let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed.
- 3 The debtor humbly sues,
Who would, but cannot pay ;
And shall I lenity refuse,
Who need it every day ?

- 4 Shall not my wrath relent,
 Touch'd by that humble strain,
 My brother crying, "I repent,
 "Nor will offend again?"
- 5 If not, how shall I dare
 Appear before thy face,
 Great God, and how present the prayer
 For thy forgiving grace?
- 6 They who forgive, shall find
 Remission, in that day,
 When all the merciful and kind
 Thy pity shall repay.
- 7 But all who here below
 Mercy refuse to grant,
 Shall judgment without mercy know,
 When mercy most they want.

ENFIELD.

HYMN CXXII. Common Metre. *

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause ;
 Maintain the honour of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
 His name is all my trust ;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face ;

And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXXIII. Short Metre. * or **b**
The Love of Truth.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye ;
But Christian truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.
- 2 A meek inquiring mind,
Lord, help us to maintain ;
That growing knowledge we may find,
And growing virtue gain.
- 3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Give us the light we need,
Our minds with knowledge fill ;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice, our will.
- 5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own ;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXXIV. Common Metre. *
A Song of Praise.

- 1 INDULGENT Father, how divine,
How bright thy glories are !
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare.

- 2 But, in the nobler work of grace,
 What winning mercy smiles
 In my divine Redeemer's face,
 And every fear beguiles.
- 3 Such wonders, Lord, while I survey,
 To thee, my thanks shall rise,
 When morning ushers in the day,
 Or evening veils the skies.
- 4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
 Thy praise shall tune my breath ;
 The sweet remembrance of thy name
 Shall gild the shades of death.
- 5 But, O how blest my song shall rise,
 When freed from feeble clay ;
 And all thy glories meet mine eyes,
 In one eternal day !
- 6 Not seraphs who resound thy name,
 Through the ethereal plains,
 Shall glow with a diviner flame,
 Or raise sublimer strains.

SOWDEN.

HYMN CXXV. *Common Metre.* *

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
 O'er all thy works is shown,
 O let my grateful praise and prayer
 Arise before thy throne.
- 2 What mercies has this day bestow'd !
 How largely hast thou blest !
 My cup with plenty overflow'd,
 With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may soft slumbers close my eyes,
 From pain and sickness free ;

And let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.

- 4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er ;
And then, to realms of endless light,
O let my spirit soar.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CXXVI. *Common Metre.* b

Looking to Him whom we have pierced.

- 1 INFINITE grief ! amazing woe !
Behold our bleeding Lord !
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

- 2 O, the sharp pangs of pain and grief,
That our Redeemer bore !
When scourging whips and pointed thorns
His sacred body tore !

- 3 But scourging whips and pointed thorns
In vain do we accuse !
In vain we blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

- 4 Our sins, alas, our cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were ;
Each of our crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

- 5 Strike, mighty grace, our flinty souls,
Till melting waters flow ;
And deep contrition drown our eyes,
In undissembled woe. WATTS.

- 6 But flowing tears cannot suffice,
To make repentance sure ;
Then let our hearts be purified,
As Christ the Lord is pure. (Added.)

HYMN CXXVII. Short Metre. * or **b**

Baptism by Immersion.

- 1 IN such a grave as this,
The meek Redeemer lay,
When he our souls to seek and save,
Learn'd humbly to obey.
- 2 See, how the spotless Lamb
Descends into the stream,
And teaches us to imitate
What him so well became.
- 3 Let sinners wash away
Their sins of crimson die ;
Buried with him, their vilest sins
Shall in oblivion lie.
- 4 Rise, and ascend with him,
A heavenly life to lead ;
Who came to ransome guilty men
From regions of the dead.
- 5 Lord, see the sinner's tears !
Hear his repenting cry !
Speak, and his contrite heart shall live ;
Speak, and his sins shall die.
- 6 Speak, with that mighty voice,
Which shall hereafter spread
Its summons through the earth and sea,
To raise the sleeping dead.

STEN NET.

HYMN CXXVIII. Common Metre. * or **b**

God our Portion. Psalm iv. 6, 7.

- 1 IN vain the erring world inquires
For true substantial good ;
Whilst earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food.

- 2 Illusive dreams of happiness.
 Their eager thoughts employ ;
 They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss
 Was visionary joy.
- 3 Not all the good which earth bestows,
 Can fill the craving mind ;
 Its highest joys have mingled woes,
 And leave a sting behind.
- 4 Be gone, ye gilded vanities !
 I seek some solid good !
 To real bliss my wishes rise,
 The favour of my God.
- 5 To thee, my God, my soul aspires ;
 Dispel these shades of night ;
 Enlarge and fill these vast desires
 With infinite delight.
- 6 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
 Heaven dawns in every ray ;
 One glimpse of thee will glad my heart,
 And turn my night to day.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CXXIX. Common Metre. * or b
 The Covenant of Grace.

- 1 IN vain we lavish out our lives,
 To gather empty wind ;
 The choicest blessings earth can yield
 Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 But God can every want supply,
 And fill our hearts with peace ;
 He gives by covenant and by oath
 The riches of his grace.

- 3 Pardon he speaks to contrite souls,
 This is the joyful sound,
 “ Your sins shall sink beneath the sea,
 “ And shall no more be found.
- 4 “ And lest pollution should o'erspread
 “ Your inward powers again,
 “ My spirit shall bedew your souls,
 “ Like purifying rain.
- 5 “ Your stony hearts I'll take away,
 “ That will not be refin'd ;
 “ And put within you tender hearts,
 “ To my blest will inclin'd.
- 6 “ On them my Spirit shall engrave
 “ The precepts of my law ;
 “ And by the gentle cords of love
 “ Your willing souls shall draw.”
- 7 Lord, we receive thy pardoning grace,
 We yield to thy commands ;
 Thou art our God, and we are thine,
 In everlasting bands.

WATTS, with Variation and Addition.

HYMN CXXX. Long Metre. * or **b**
 Christ the Way to God.

- 1 IN vain would boasting reason find
 The way to happiness and God ;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.
- 2 Jesus, no other name but thine,
 Is given by everlasting love,
 To lead our souls to joys divine ;
 No other name will God approve.
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these, my fainting spirit lives ;

Diviner comforts cheer my heart
Than all the power of nature gives.

- 4 To whom but thee shall mortals go,
To find the true and living way,
That leads us through this world of woe
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 5 Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly way depart !
Let thy good Spirit be my guide,
Direct my steps, and rule my heart.
- 6 In thee, my great almighty Friend,
My safety dwells, and peace divine ;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
For life, eternal life is thine.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CXXXI. Long Metre. *

The Blessing of the Gospel.

- 1 IN various forms, to saints of old,
God did his mind and will unfold ;
But Christ, commission'd from above,
Hath now reveal'd his grace and love.
- 2 We read the volume of thy word,
That book of life, that true record ;
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by this sure conveyance given.
- 3 His kindest thoughts are here exprest ;
Able to make us wise and blest ;
His doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 We render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace and boundless love ;
Let all mankind receive his word,
And every nation bless the Lord.

HYMN CXXXII. Common Metre.

*

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1 I SING** the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing** the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing** the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food :
He form'd the creatures by his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord,** how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There's not** a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known ;
The clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures,** as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXXIII. Common Metre.

*

Christ precious in Life and Death.

- 1 JESUS,** I love thy glorious name ;
'Tis musick to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My treasure and my trust ;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
 In thee doth richly meet ;
 Not to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there ;
 The richest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
 With my last labouring breath ;
 Then, speechless, give my soul to thee,
 The antidote of death.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXXXIV. Long Metre. * or **b**
 The Memorial of our absent Lord.

1 JESUS is gone above the sky,
 Where our weak senses reach him not ;
 And carnal objects court our eye
 To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
 How weak our faith and hope might prove ;
 And, to refresh our minds, he gave
 This kind memorial of his love.

3 The Lord of life this table spread,
 With his own flesh and dying blood ;
 We on the rich provision feed,
 And taste the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
 And earth grow less in our esteem ;

Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

- 5 Whilst he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place ;
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXXV. *Common Metre. ** or **b**

Relieving Christ in his Saints.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
Thy bounties, how complete !
How shall I count the matchless sum ?
How pay the mighty debt ?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light,
Dost thou exalted shine ;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the world is thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace ;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd ;
And, in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
I in thy poor would see ;
Lord, I would rather beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXXXVI. Common Metre. *

Redemption.

- 1 JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom heavenly powers obey,
The bosom of his Father left,
And enter'd human clay.
- 2 Into our sinful world he came,
The messenger of grace ;
And on the cursed tree expir'd,
A victim in our place.
- 3 Transgressors of the deepest stain,
In him salvation find ;
His blood removes the foulest guilt ;
His Spirit heals the mind.
- 4 Our Jesus saves from sin and death,
His promises are sure ;
And on this rock our souls may rest,
Immoveably secure.
- 5 O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy ;
And let the high angelick praise
Our tuneful powers employ.
- 6 Glory to God, who gave his Son,
To bear our shame and pain ;
Hence peace on earth, and grace to man,
Through all succession reign.

GIBBONS.

HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre. *

The Union of Christ and his Church.

- 1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

- 2 Let every act of homage be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
 Like the blest hour, when from above
 We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;
 Let not our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 May every minute, as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys ;
 Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXXVIII. *Common Metre. ** or **b**

The compassionate Call of Christ. Matt. xxiii. 37, 38.

- 1 JESUS, the friend of sinners, calls,
 With pity in his eyes ;
 And warns them of the dangerous foes
 That all around them rise.
- 2 “ Fly to the refuge of my arms,
 “ And dwell secure from fear ;
 “ No enemy shall pluck you hence,
 “ No weapon wound you here.”
- 3 With anxious heart, the parent bird
 Thus calls her offspring round ;
 When furious vultures beat the air,
 And slaughter stains the ground.
- 4 The trembling brood, by nature taught,
 Fly to the known retreat ;
 Beneath her downy wings are safe,
 And find the shelter sweet.
- 5 Shall men, alas ! more thoughtless men,
 Refuse to lend an ear ?

Their only refuge madly shun,
And rather die than hear ?

- 6 No, let us take the offer'd grace,
Lest we his wrath inflame ;
For blest are they who put their trust
In his almighty name.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXXXIX. Common Metre. * or **b**

Christ the Head of his Church.

- 1 JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
That calls such worms thy own ;
Gives us among thy saints a place,
And brings us near thy throne.
- 2 When join'd to thee, our vital head,
Our virtues grow and thrive ;
From thee divided, each is dead,
Though it may seem alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above
All join in sweet accord ;
The body one, in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may our humble faith receive
Thy Spirit with delight ;
Then time and death in vain shall strive
The bond to disunite.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CXL. Hallelujah Metre. *

The Offices and Names of Christ.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom and of power,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore ;

- All are too mean To speak his worth,
 Or set Immanuel's Glory forth.
- 2 Great *Prophet* of our God,
 Our souls would bless thy name ;
 By thee, the joyful news
 Of our salvation came.
 The joyful news Of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, And peace with Heaven.
- 3 Jesus our great *High-Priest*
 Hath shed his blood, and died ;
 Our guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside.
 His precious blood Did once atone,
 And now he pleads Before the throne.
- 4 Our great almighty *Lord*,
 Our *Saviour* and our *King*,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace we sing.
 Thine is the power, Behold we sit,
 Thy willing captives, At thy feet.
- 5 We hear our *Shepherd's* voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 Our wandering souls among
 Ten thousands of his sheep.
 He feeds his flock, He knows their names ;
 His bosom bears The tender lambs.
- 6 Should the proud host of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and malice on,
 We shall be safe, For Christ displays
 Superior power, And guardian grace.

WATTS.

HYMN CXLI. Common Metre. * or b

Divine Counsels.

- 1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod !
My soul stands trembling, whilst she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Before his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men ;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfils some kind design.
- 5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown ;
And then the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 No creature asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
No favourite angel dares to pry
Between the folded leaves.
- 7 My God, I would not wish to see
My fate with curious eyes ;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
May I but find my name,

Recorded, in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN CXLII. *Common Metre.***b**

The Scriptures.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I come to thee, my Lord ;
For not a ray of hope appears
But in thy holy word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;
There I behold my Saviour's face
In every sacred page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
Then blest is he who wisely tries
To make that pearl his own.
- 4 Here living water gently flows,
To wash me from my sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where sense and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 May thy wise counsels, O my God,
These roving feet command ;
Lest I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CXLIII. Common Metre. ✕ or b

In a Thunder Storm.

- 1 LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To sheltering caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate,
Which thunders through the sky.
- 2 Protected by that hand, whose law
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.
- 3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's horrid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Power
Which breathes the vernal air.
- 4 Through nature's ever varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is universal good.
- 5 With like beneficent effect,
O'er flaming ether glows ;
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
And blushes in the rose.
- 6 When through creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the guilty soul :
- 7 Unmov'd, may we the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the tranquil morn
Of everlasting day.

Mrs. CARTER.

HYMN CXLIV. *Common Metre.* *

The Gospel Invitation.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind ;
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind !
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul reviving feast ;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With streams that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 O Lord, the treasures of thy love
Are deep, unfathom'd mines ;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.
- 7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;
We humbly seek that rich supply
That drives our wants away.

WATTS.

HYMN CXLV. Long Metre. *

True Charity.

- 1** LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervours and their faith proclaim ;
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.
- 2** Patient and meek she suffers long,
And slowly her resentments rise ;
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
And soon the angry passion dies.
- 3** She envies none their better state,
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own ;
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,
But still a modest air puts on.
- 4** Her neighbour's infamy and ill
To her no entertainment give ;
She's pleas'd to see him prosper still,
And still in good repute to live.
- 5** This is the grace that reigns on high,
And will for ever brightly burn,
When hope shall in enjoyment die,
And faith to intuition turn.

SMART.

HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre. *

The Conquest of Michael over the Dragon.

- 1** LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heaven, when Michael stood,
Appointed by th' eternal King,
To fight the battles of our God.
- 2** Against the dragon and his host,
The armies of the Lord prevail ;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

- 3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell ;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.
- 4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ hath assum'd his reigning power ;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.
- 5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the dragon down ;
'Twas by thy word and powerful name,
They gain'd the battle and renown.
- 6 Rejoice, ye heavens, let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky ;
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your Deliverer's name on high.

WATTS.

HYMN CXLVII. Common Metre. * or **b**
Frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass, our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our flesh contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who made us first ;

Salvation to th' almighty Name
That rear'd us from the dust.

- 5 Whilst we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

WATTS.

HYMN CXLVIII. *Short Metre.* * or b
Catholicism.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of pleasure always flow,
And every heart is love.

BEDDOME.

HYMN CXLIX. *Common Metre.* * or b
Charity greater than Faith or Hope.

- 1 LET Pharisees of high esteem,
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
 Nor is provok'd in haste ;
 She lets the present injury die,
 And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
 She quenches with her tongue ;
 Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
 Though she endures the wrong.
- 4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
 The scandals of the time ;
 Nor looks with pride on those below,
 Nor envies those who climb.
- 5 She lays her own advantage by,
 To seek her neighbour's good ;
 So God's own Son came down to die,
 And save us by his blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
 In the blest realms above ;
 There faith and hope are known no more,
 But saints for ever love.

WATTS.

HYMN CL. Common Metre. * or **b**
 Sincerity.

- 1 LET those who bear the Christian name
 Their promises fulfil ;
 The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
 Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
 Though to their hurt they swear ;
 Constant and just to all they speak,
 For God and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips, their hearts agree,
 Nor flattering words devise :

They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

- 4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears ;
And God has promis'd, when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.
- 5 Lo, from afar the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down ;
He bids his saints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.

WATTS.

HYMN CLI. Common Metre. * or b

The Bread of Life. John vi. 49, 54.

- 1 LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed ;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.
- 2 The manna came from lower skies ;
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.
- 3 The ancient fathers died at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread ;
But these provisions, which we taste,
Can raise us from the dead.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies ;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
 But Christ our life shall come ;
 And by his mighty power shall raise
 Our bodies from the tomb.

WATTS.

HYMN CLII. *Common Metre.*

b

On the Death of a Child.

- 1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
 How soon the vapour flies !
 Man is a tender transient flower,
 That in the blooming dies.
- 2 Death spreads, like winter, frozen arms,
 And beauty smiles no more ;
 Where now are fled those rising charms
 Which pleas'd our eyes before ?
- 3 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And wither'd all her joys.
- 4 But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo ! stern winter flies !
 And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flowery tribes arise.
- 5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When, what we now deplore
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom, to fade no more.
- 6 Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears,
 Religion points on high ;
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys that never die.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLIII. *Long Metre.*

b

Life and Death.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward ;
And whilst the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour which God has given,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love are lost ;
Their envy buried in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 No acts of pardon can be past
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
For no repentance can be found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 Then, what my thoughts design to do,
My soul, with all thy might pursue ;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

WATTS.

HYMN CLIV. *Common Metre.* * or b

Conviction of Sin, and Relief by the Gospel.

- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread !
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead !

- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright ;
 But since the precept came,
 With a convincing power and light,
 I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
 Till, terrified, I saw
 How perfect, holy, just and pure
 Is thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
 My sins reviv'd again ;
 I had provok'd a holy God,
 And all my hopes are vain.
- 5 My God, what power shall I invoke
 With my last labouring breath,
 To rid me of this wretched yoke,
 These bonds of sin and death.
- 6 In Jesus I behold thy face,
 Thy mercy there I see ;
 Through him I trust thy boundless grace,
 To set the prisoner free.

WATTS, with Variation and Addition.

HYMN CLV. Common Metre.

*

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 LORD, in thy service I would spend
 The remnant of my days ;
 Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
 But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thy own almighty power and love
 Did this weak frame sustain,
 When life was hovering o'er the grave,
 And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
 Didst chase the fears of hell ;

And teach my pale and quivering lips,
Thy matchless grace to tell.

- 4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
I did my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.
- 5 From the dark borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come ;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.
- 6 Where thou shalt settle my abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLVI. *Long Metre.* * or b
Storm and Thunder.

- 1 LORD of the earth, and sea, and skies,
All nature owns thy sovereign power ;
At thy command the tempests rise,
At thy command the thunders roar.
- 2 We hear with trembling and affright
The voice of heaven, tremendous sound !
Keen lightnings pierce the shades of night,
And spread their horrors all around.
- 3 What mortal could sustain the stroke,
Should wrath divine in dreadful storms,
Which our repeated crimes provoke,
Descend to crush rebellious worms !
- 4 These dreadful glories of thy name
With terror would o'erwhelm our souls ;

But mercy dawns with kinder beam,
And guilt and rising fear controls.

- 5 O let thy mercy on my heart,
With cheering, healing radiance shine ;
Bid every anxious fear depart,
And gently whisper, " thou art mine."
- 6 Then, safe beneath thy guardian care,
In hope serene my soul shall rest ;
Nor storms nor dangers reach me there,
In thee, my God, my refuge, blest.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLVII. Long Metre. * or b

The eternal Sabbath.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And let our songs and worship rise,
Like grateful incense to the skies.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms, no raging foes,
To interrupt the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
To veil the bright eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of death and sin ;

Fain would we quit this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE:

HYMN CLVIII. *Common Metre.* *

Divine Goodness.

- 1 LORD, thou art good, all nature shows
Thee full and free and kind ;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Nor can it be confin'd.
- 2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good will !
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 It fills the wide extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Still hath it been diffus'd and free,
Through ages past and gone ;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through all its parts ;
Lord, may thy goodness draw our eyes,
And captivate our hearts.
- 6 High admiration let it raise,
And kind affections move ;
Employ our tongues in hymns of praise,
And fill our hearts with love.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CLIX. Short Metre. * or **b**

The Promise to Believers and their Children.

- 1** LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace ;
Thy love in long succession shown
To Sion's chosen race.
- 2** Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine ;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine.
- 3** Thee, let the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore ;
Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.
- 4** Thy covenant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which closer still engage their hearts
To honour thy commands.
- 5** How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is thy grace !
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.
- 6** Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God,
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN CLX. Common Metre. *

Creation and Providence.

- 1** LORD, when my raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,

All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak the hand divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms
In earth, and sea, and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
A mighty power declare.
- 4 All rose to life at thy command,
And wait their daily food
From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
Exhaustless spring of good !
- 5 The meads, array'd in beauteous green,
With wholesome herbage crown'd ;
The fields with corn, a richer scene,
Spread thy full bounties round.
- 6 The fruitful tree, the blooming flower,
In varied charms appear ;
Their varied charms display thy power,
Thy goodness all declare.
- 7 The sun's productive quickening beams
The growing verdure spread ;
Refreshing rains and cooling streams
His gentle influence aid.
- 8 The moon and stars his absent light
Reflect with borrow'd rays ;
And deck the sable veil of night,
And speak their Maker's praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXI. *Long Metre.* * or b

Faith in the Redeemer's Sacrifice.

- 1 LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amidst the wonders of thy love,
Glad hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fear depart.
- 2 But whilst thy sufferings I survey,
And faith enjoys a heavenly ray,
These dear memorials of thy pain
Present anew the dreadful scene.
- 3 I hear thy groans, with deep surprise,
And view thy wounds with weeping eyes ;
Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
With anguish fill'd, and pains unknown.
- 4 For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour dies ;
What love, what mercy, how divine !
And can I call the Saviour mine ?
- 5 Repenting sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart ;
O may my future life declare
The sorrow and the joy sincere.
- 6 Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise ;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXII. *Long Metre.*

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round ;

Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet you fall,
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, who have borne the heavy chain
Of sin, and hell's tyrannick reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And plead the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your crown are freely given ;
Fair Salem, your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore ;
No debt but love immensely great,
Whose joy still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls, who know the sound !
God's light shall all their steps surround,
And shew that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXIII. *Hallelujah Metre.* *

The Triumph of Christ, and the Power of his Gospel.

- 1 LOUD to the Prince of heaven
Your cheerful voices raise !
To him your vows be given,
And fill his courts with praise.
With conscious wo.th, All clad in arms,
All bright in charms, He sallies forth,

- 2 Gird on thy conquering sword,
 Ascend thy shining car,
 And march, Almighty Lord,
 To wage the holy war.
 Before his wheels, In glad surprise,
 Ye vallies, rise, And sink, ye hills.
- 3 Fair truth and gentle love,
 With righteousness and peace,
 In thy retinue move,
 Thy conquering power to grace.
 Thou in their cause Shalt prosperous ride,
 And far and wide Dispense thy laws.
- 4 Before thy mighty sword,
 Millions of foes shall fall,
 The captives of thy word,
 That word which conquers all.
 The world shall know, Great King of kings,
 What wondrous things Thine arm can do.
- 5 Here to my willing soul
 Bend thy triumphant way ;
 Here every foe control,
 And all thy power display.
 Beneath thy sword, Blest Jesus, see,
 I bow to thee, My Prince and Lord.
DODDRIDGE, varied.

HYMN CLXIV. *Long Metre.***b**

Folly cured by Affliction.

- 1 LOW at thy gracious feet I bend,
 My God, my everlasting friend,
 Permit the claim ; O let thine ear
 My humble suit indulgent hear.

- 2 Lord, thou hast bid me seek thy face,
And ask of thee thy promis'd grace ;
O may thy favour, bliss divine !
With fuller, clearer radiance shine.
- 3 But, O my heart, reflect with shame ;
Can I prefer so bold a claim ?
Conscious how often I have stray'd,
By empty vanities betray'd.
- 4 How oft, ungrateful to my God,
Have trifles call'd my thoughts abroad !
Till heavenly pity saw me roam,
And bade affliction bring me home.
- 5 And when the snares of earth were broke,
By kind affliction's needful stroke,
Have not I own'd, with humble praise,
That just and right are all his ways ?
- 6 Yes, gracious God, before thy throne,
My vileness and thy love I own ;
O let that love, with beams divine,
Forgiving, healing, round me shine.
- 7 Whene'er ungrateful to my God,
This heedless heart requires the rod,
Thy arm supporting I implore ;
The hand that chastens can restore.
- 8 O may the kind conviction prove
A fruit of thy paternal love ;
Wean me from earth, from sin refine,
And make my heart entirely thine.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXV. *Common Metre.*

*

The new Jerusalem.

- 1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes ;
 The earth and seas are past away,
 And the old rolling skies !
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The new Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,
 “ Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 “ Of your descending King.
- 4 “ The God of glory, down to men
 “ Removes his blest abode ;
 “ Men are the objects of his love,
 “ And he their gracious God.
- 5 “ His tender hand shall wipe the tears
 “ From every weeping eye ;
 “ And pains and groans and griefs and fears,
 “ And death itself shall die.”
- 6 How bright the vision ! but how long
 Shall this glad hour delay ?
 Fly swifter round, ye wings of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXVI. *Common Metre.* * or **b**

A living and a dead Faith.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast

Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
Whilst they are slaves to lust.

- 2 Vain are our fancies' airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey our Father's will,
As well as trust his grace ;
A pardoning God is jealous still,
For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean ;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.
- 7 His Spirit fills our hearts with love,
And seals our peace with God ;
With cheerful steps our feet shall move
Along the heavenly road.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CLXVII. *Long Metre. ** or **b**
The Example of Christ.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;

But in thy life thy law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy piety and zeal,
Thy deference to thy Father's will ;
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXVIII. *Long Metre. ** or **b**

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amidst ten thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus degrade my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
Thy sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;

In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXIX. *Common Metre.* * or b

The Everlasting Covenant.

- 1 MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And in its boundless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ?
To higher joys than nature gives,
My nobler views aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become ;
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home ;
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when thy providence is dark,
I wait thy light above.
- 5 Thy cov'nant in my dying hour
Shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And when I wake, shall still employ
My everlasting song.

DODDRIDGE, varied.

HYMN CLXX. *Common Metre.* *

Gratitude the Spring of true Religion.

- 1 MY God, what silken cords are thine !
How soft, and yet how strong !
Whilst power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

- 2 When crush'd beneath the heavy yoke
 Of Satan and of sin,
 Thy hand our iron bondage broke,
 Our grateful hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
 Thy mercy takes away ;
 Thy promise, when the war begins,
 Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort through all this vale of tears
 In rich profusion flows ;
 The glory of unnumber'd years
 Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
 Till round thy throne we meet ;
 And, captives in the chains of love,
 Fall at our conqueror's feet.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXXI. Long Metre. * or **b**
 Imploring divine Influences.

- 1 MY God, whene'er my longing heart
 Its grateful tribute would impart ;
 In vain my tongue with feeble aim
 Attempts the glories of thy name.
- 2 In vain, my boldest thoughts arise,
 I sink to earth, and lose the skies ;
 Yet I may still thy grace implore,
 And low in dust thy name adore.
- 3 O let thy grace my heart inspire,
 And raise each languid, weak desire ;
 Thy grace, which condescends to meet
 The sinner prostrate at thy feet.

- 4 With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight ;
Then shall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praise my constant, blest employ.
- 5 Thy name inspires the harps above,
With harmony and praise and love ;
That grace, which tunes th' immortal strings,
Looks kindly down on mortal things.
- 6 O let thy grace guide every song,
And fill my heart, and tune my tongue ;
Then shall the strains harmonious flow,
And heavenly joy begin below.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXXII. *Short Metre. * or b*

God our Creator and Benefactor.

- 1 MY Maker and my King !
To thee my all I owe ;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live ;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.
- 4 Lord, what can I impart
When all is thine before !
Thy love demands a thankful heart ;
The gift, alas, how poor !

- 5 Shall I withhold thy due ?
 And shall my passions rove ?
 Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
 And fill it with thy love.
- 6 O let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXXIII. Common Metre. * or **b**
 Repentance and Hope.

- 1 MY Saviour, when my thoughts recall
 The wonders of thy grace,
 Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
 And hide my guilty face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
 Ah, vile ungrateful heart !
 By earth's unworthy cares betray'd,
 From Jesus to depart !
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give
 True pleasure, peace and rest :
 When absent from my Lord, I live
 Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
 My wandering soul restores ;
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 O whilst I breathe to thee, my Lord,
 The penitential sigh,
 Confirm the kind, the pardoning word,
 With pity in thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
 Rejoice to seek thy face,
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet
 Is thy forgiving grace.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXXIV. *Short Metre.* b

Confession and Pardon.

- 1 MY sorrows, like a flood
 Impatient of restraint,
 Into thy bosom, O my God,
 Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 How often have I stood
 A rebel to the skies !
 Yet, O the patience of my God,
 Thy thunder silent lies.
- 3 Now by a powerful glance,
 My Saviour, from thy face,
 This rebel heart no more withstands,
 But yields to sovereign grace.
- 4 I see the Prince of Life
 Display his wounded veins ;
 I see the fountain open'd wide,
 To wash away my stains.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,
 My tears his pity move ;
 He calls me his adopted child,
 The object of his love.
- 6 Now let me not receive
 In vain this heavenly grace ;
 But let it be a fruitful seed,
 Producing holiness.

WATTS, abbreviated and altered.

HYMN CLXXV. Common Metre. *

The Christian Race.

- 1 MY soul, awake, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice,
Which calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize pursue,
And meet with joy the high command,
To bid this earth adieu.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXXVI. Short Metre. b

Prayer in Sickness.

- 1 MY Sovereign, to thy throne,
With humble hope, I press ;
O bow thine ear, to hear the groan
Of indigent distress.

- 2 Th' eternal priest appears
 Before thee with his blood ;
 Through him I offer these my tears,
 And cast my care on God.
- 3 My life, bow'd down with pain,
 Mourns its decaying bloom ;
 Lord, clothe these bones with flesh again,
 And spare me from the tomb.
- 4 Without one murmuring word,
 Thy chastening I receive ;
 But with submission ask, O Lord,
 A merciful reprieve.
- 5 Distress'd and pain'd as now,
 Thy aid I once implor'd ;
 Thy pity heard my earnest vow,
 Thy power my health restor'd.
- 6 My supplicating voice,
 Unwearied, I will raise :
 Say to thy servant's soul, " Rejoice,"
 And fill my mouth with praise.

SCOTT.

HYMN CLXXVII. *Common Metre.* *

Marriage.

- 1 MYSTERIOUS rite ! by Heaven ordain'd
 This sacred truth to prove,
 The bliss which mortals here enjoy,
 Must flow from virtuous love.
- 2 Though made by God's almighty hand,
 And in his image form'd ;
 Yet Adam knew no happiness,
 Till love his bosom warm'd.

- 3 Eden, with all its beauteous groves,
 And fruits of richest taste,
 To one for social bliss design'd
 Was but a lonely waste.
- 4 But when his lovely bride appear'd,
 In native graces drest,
 The latent spark burst into flame,
 And love inspir'd his breast.
- 5 What wise provision hast thou made,
 Great Parent of mankind,
 That all thine offspring may enjoy
 The bliss for them design'd !
- 6 Then will we join our hearts and hands
 In bonds of virtuous love ;
 And whilst we live in peace below,
 Prepare for bliss above.

HYMN CLXXVIII. Common Metre. b

Submission to Providence.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
 And rose to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And call our own, in vain,
 Are but short favours, borrow'd now,
 To be repaid again.
- 3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them to the grave ;
 He gives, and, blessed be his name,
 He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then !
 Let each impatient sigh

Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXIX. Common Metre. b

Vain Prosperity, or Forgetfulness of God.

- 1 NO, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great ;
Though they increase their golden store,
And shine in robes of state.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod ;
In vain they search the creature through
Whilst they forget their God.
- 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own ;
But death comes hastening on to you,
To cut your glory down.
- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies ;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine ;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXX. *Common Metre.* *

The Holiness and Happiness of Heaven.

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lip, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Not the malicious or profane,
The covetous or proud,
Nor thieves nor slanderers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.
- 5 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame ;
None shall receive admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.
- 6 If we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
And pardon'd through his name ;
If the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame :
- 7 We ask a persevering power,
To keep thy just commands ;
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CLXXXI. *Long Metre.* *

Christians the Sons of God.

- 1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is given,
To be the sons and heirs of heaven ;
Sons of the God, who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.
- 3 On them, a happy, chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace ;
To them his counsels he imparts,
And writes his law within their hearts.
- 4 When through temptation they rebel,
His chastening rod he makes them feel ;
Then, with a Father's tender heart,
He sooths the pain and heals the smart.
- 5 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye ;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.
- 6 Have I the honour, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family ?
On me thy gracious gift bestow,
To call my God my Father too.
- 7 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love ;
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's image in my face.

STENNET.

HYMN CLXXXII. Long Metre. * or **b**
Divine Compassion to Sinners.

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear ;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Let sinners hear the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live ;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 " Come, all ye weary, fainting souls,
" Ye heavy laden sinners, come ;
" I'll give you rest from all your toils,
" And lead you to my heavenly home.
- 5 " Ye shall find rest, that learn of me,
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
" But passion rages like the sea,
" And pride is restless as the wind.
- 6 " Blest is the man whose shoulders take
" My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
" My yoke is easy to his neck,
" My grace shall make the burden light."
- 7 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To rule and guide us at thy will.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXXIII. *Common Metre.* *

Sinai and Sion.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke ;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God ;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight !
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven !
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest ;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXXIV. *Common Metre.* b

On the Death of a Minister.

- 1 NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry ;

- Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What though the gloomy tyrant death
Doth God's own house invade ?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young ;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue :
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His hand still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
" My church shall safe abide ;
" For I will ne'er forsake my own,
" Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death
This promise is our trust ;
And this shall be our children's song
When we are laid in dust.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXXXV. *Common Metre.* *

The Intercession of Christ.

- 1 NOW let our humble faith behold
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetick love.
- 2 Exalted to his Father's throne,
With matchless honours crown'd ;
And Lord of all th' angelick host,
Who wait the throne around.

- 3 The names of all the saints he bears,
Engraven on his heart ;
Nor shall the meanest saint complain
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall firm remain
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are moulder'd into dust.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXXXVI. *Common Metre.* *

God's Love to his Church.

- 1 NOW shall my inward joys arise
And burst into a song :
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasures tune my tongue.
- 2 God, on his thirsty Sion hill,
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints ?
Is he a God ? and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints ?
- 4 Can a kind mother e'er forget
The object of her care ?
Among a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no share ?
- 5 " Yet, (saith the Lord) should nature change,
" And mothers monsters prove,
" Sion still dwells upon the heart
" Of everlasting love.

- 6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
 'I have engrav'd her name ;
 "My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
 'And build her broken frame."

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXXVII. *Long Metre.* *

The Glory and Grace of Christ.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song !
 Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue ;
 Hosanna to th' eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
 The brightest image of his grace ;
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his noblest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
 Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
 And thy rich glories from afar,
 Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in thy Son a glory shines,
 Drawn out in far superior lines ;
 The lustre of redeeming grace
 Outshines the beams of nature's face.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a pure celestial theme,
 Our thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O may we reach that glorious place,
 Where we shall see him face to face ;
 Where all his saints from death restor'd,
 Shall be for ever with the Lord.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Long Metre. *

Glory to Christ, our Priest and King.

- 1** NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2** 'Twas he who cleans'd us from our sins,
And wash'd us in his precious blood ;
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3** To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be universal power confess'd,
And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4** Behold, on flying clouds he comes !
And every eye shall see him move !
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pardoning love.
- 5** The unbelieving world shall wail,
Whilst we rejoice to see the day ;
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXXXIX. Long Metre. *

Salvation by Grace.

- 1** NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given ;
He saves from sin, we bless his name,
And calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2** Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,

He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue sinners doom'd to die ;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known ;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy ;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

WATTS.

HYMN CXC. *Common Metre.*

Divine Goodness in Afflictions.

1 NOW to thy heavenly Father's praise,
My heart, thy tribute bring ;
That goodness which prolongs my days,
With grateful pleasure sing.

2 Whene'er he sends afflicting pains,
His mercy holds the rod ;
His powerful word the heart sustains,
And speaks a faithful God.

3 A faithful God is ever nigh,
When humble grief implores ;
His ear attends each plaintive sigh,
He pities and restores.

4 My grateful soul would humbly bring
Her tribute to thy throne ;

Accept the wish, my God, my King,
To make thy goodness known.

- 5 O be the life, thy hand restores,
Devoted to thy praise ;
To thee I consecrate my powers,
To thee, my future days.
- 6 Thy soul-enlivening grace impart,
A warmer love inspire ;
And be the breathings of my heart
Dependence and desire.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CXCI. *Common Metre. ** or **b**
Winter.

- 1 NOW winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round :
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
With verdure lately crown'd !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart ;
And, drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,
How desolate and sad !
- 4 Ere long the sun, with genial ray,
Shall cheer the mourning earth ;
And blooming flowers, and verdure gay,
Renew their annual birth.
- 5 So, if my soul's bright Sun impart
His all-enlivening smile,

The vital ray shall cheer my heart,
Till then a frozen soil.

- 6 Then faith and hope and love shall rise,
Renew'd to lively bloom,
And breathe, accepted to the skies,
Their humble, sweet perfume.
- 7 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CXCII. Common Metre.

Charity.

- 1 O CHARITY ! thou heavenly grace !
All tender, soft and kind !
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd !
- 2 The man of charity extends
To all his liberal hand ;
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends,
His pity may command.
- 3 He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain ;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.
- 4 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find,
He loves to give relief.
- 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet,
'Tis love that makes us rise,

With willing mind and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

- 6 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue ;
Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,
And love as angels do.

PROUD.

HYMN CXCIII. *Long Metre.* * or b

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 O COULD I soar to worlds above,
That blessed state of peace and love !
How gladly would I mount and fly
On angels' wings to joys on high !
- 2 But ah ! still longer must I stay,
Ere darksome night is chang'd to day ;
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
Expos'd to trials, pains and care.
- 3 Well, let these troubles still abound,
Let thorns and briars fill the ground ;
Let storms and tempests dreadful come,
Till I arrive at heaven, my home.
- 4 My Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest ;
To him I cheerful give my all,
Go where he leads, and wait his call.
- 5 When he commands my soul away,
Not kingdoms then shall tempt my stay ;
With rapture I shall wake, and rise
To join my friends above the skies.

PROUD.

HYMN CXCIV. *Common Metre.* *

The universal Extent of Christ's Kingdom. Isaiah, ii. 2, 4.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God,
 In latter days, shall rise
 Above the summits of the hills,
 And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
 Up to the mount of God, they say,
 And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
 Shall lighten every land ;
The King, who reigns in Salem's towers,
 Shall the whole world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,
 His judgments truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
 Disturb those happy years ;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords
 To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
 Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
 And study war no more.

Scotch Paraphrases.

HYMN CXCV. *Common Metre.* * or b

Obedience to God our Father.

- 1 O GOD, my Father, I adore
 That all commanding name;

- It will my soul to life restore,
And kindle all my flame.
- 2 Entire, I bow at thy commands,
My filial homage pay ;
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,
I'll cheerfully obey.
- 3 I'll wilfully no more transgress,
As I too oft have done ;
But every sinful thought suppress,
Each sinful action shun.
- 4 Each day I live, I'll seek with care,
My Father well to please,
And in this course will persevere,
By thine assisting grace.
- 5 Thus will I my relation claim,
And call myself thy son,
And whilst I bear the glorious name,
My Father's rights will own.
- 6 I will ; but thou must strength impart
This promise to fulfil ;
Lord, write thy law upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.

HYMN CXCVI. *Long Metre.* * or b
Brotherly Love.

- 1 O GOD, our Father and our King,
Of all we have, or hope, the spring ;
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with holy love.
- 2 May we from every act abstain
That hurts, or gives our neighbour pain,
And every secret wish suppress
That would abridge his happiness.

- 3 Still may we find our hearts inclin'd
 To act the friend to all mankind ;
 Still seek their safety, health and ease,
 Their virtue and eternal peace.
- 4 With pity may our breast o'erflow,
 When we behold a wretch in woe ;
 And bear a sympathizing part
 With all who are of heavy heart.
- 5 Let love in all our conduct shine,
 An image fair, though faint, of thine ;
 Thus may we his disciples prove
 Who can e to manifest thy love.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN CXCVII. *Common Metre.* **TE DEUM.*

A general Hymn of Praise.

- 1 O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
 That thou the only Lord
 And everlasting Father art,
 By all the earth ador'd.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
 To thee the powers on high,
 Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
 Continually do cry :
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,
 The world is with the glory fill'd
 ,Of thy majestick sway.
- 4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
 And prophets crown'd with light,
 With all the martyrs' noble host,
 Thy constant praise recite.

- 5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.
- 6 Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never ceasing joy ; O Christ,
Of glory thou art King.

PATRICK.

HYMN CXCVIII. *Long Metre.* ✘

The Glory and Safety of the Church.

- 1 O HAPPY Church, celestial bride,
Thy husband will with thee reside ;
With matchless glory thou shalt shine,
In robes of honour all divine.
- 2 Silver and gold her happy dress,
Truth, meekness, love and righteousness ;
Holy without, and pure within,
Free from the guilt of reigning sin.
- 3 Her laws and doctrines just and right ;
Her priests the ministers of light ;
Her order from the courts above,
And all her service done in love.
- 4 Her discipline is from the word,
Her head and ruler is the Lord ;
Her sons and daughters all agree,
And live in peace and charity.
- 5 Her journey is the holy way
Which leads to everlasting day ;
And her eternal sure reward,
A crown of glory with the Lord.

PROUD.

HYMN CXCIX. *Common Metre.* *

The Ways of Wisdom.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears
Instruction's faithful voice ;
And who, celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days ;
Riches, with splendid honours join'd,
Her left hand full displays.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Scotch Paraphrase.

HYMN CC. *Common Metre.* * or b

Filial Submission.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?

Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears !

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a gift withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

COWPER.

4 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

5 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

6 My Father ! O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCI. *Common Metre.* *

A Morning or Evening Hymn.

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend ;
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys ;
And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
Her sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,

In peace and safety, I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill ;

For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wondrous acts proclaim ;

Whilst all with me shall praises sing,
And bless thy sacred name.

6 At morn, at noon, at night I'll still
The growing work pursue ;

And thee alone will praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CCII. Common Metre.

b

Resignation, or Good out of Evil.

1 O RESIGNATION ! heavenly power !

Our warmest thoughts engage ;

Thou art the safest guide of youth,
The sole support of age.

2 Teach us the hand of love divine

In *evils* to discern ;

'Tis the first lesson which we need,
The latest which we learn.

3 Is resignation's lesson hard ?

On trial we shall find,

It makes us give up nothing more
Than anguish of the mind.

4 Resign, and all the pain of life

That moment we remove ;

The heavy load of grief and care,
Devolves on ONE above.

- 5 He bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hand ;
Supports our feeble frame, and makes
Our weary feet to stand.
- 6 What though we're swallow'd in the deep,
And billows round us roar ?
Like *Jonah* thou wilt safely keep,
And guide us to the shore.
- 7 Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form ;
Though tempests rise, we know that thou
Canst save us from the storm.

YOUNG, altered.

HYMN CCIII. *Common Metre.*

b

Desire of Communion with God.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God !
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise ;
What sorrows I sustain ;
How strength decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And plead my Saviour's blood.

- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
The language of their organs.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls me to his throne of grace,
To spread my sorrows there.

WATTS.

HYMN CCIV. *Long Metre.*

b

On the dangerous Sickness of a Minister.

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down ;
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief ;
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock ;
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.
- 4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies ;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the gloomy way.

- 6 Around him may thy angels stand,
 Waiting the signal of thy hand,
 To bid his happy spirit rise,
 And bear him to their native skies.

RIPON'S Collection.

HYMN CCV. Common Metre. * or **b**

The Christian's Resolution, founded on Jacob's Vow.

Gen. xxviii. 20.

- 1 O THOU, by whose all bounteous hand
 Thy people still are fed ;
 Who through life's weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 To thee our humble vow we raise,
 To thee address our prayer ;
 And in thy kind, and faithful hand,
 Deposite all our care.
- 3 If thou, through each perplexing path,
 Wilt be our constant guide ;
 If thou wilt daily food supply,
 And raiment wilt provide ;
- 4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's safe abode
 Our souls arrive in peace ;
- 5 To thee, as to our covenant God,
 Ourselves we will resign :
 And count that all on earth we have,
 And e'en our life is thine.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCVI. Common Metre.**b**

The contrite Heart.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 C^{on}trition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See ! low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said—Return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
 To drive me from thy feet ?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
 Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.
- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy ;
Be this my comfort here below,
 And my eternal joy.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCVII. Long Metre. * or **b**

The Importance of Time.

- 1 O TIME, how few thy value weigh,
 How few will estimate a day !

Days, months and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.

- 2 In painful cares or empty joys
Our life its precious hours destroys ;
Whilst death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place ?
Was it for this, his thought design'd
The frame of your immortal mind ?
- 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time ;
Pilgrims on earth, but soon to be
The heirs of immortality.
- 5 This season of your being, know,
Is given to you, your seeds to sow ;
Wisdom and folly's differing grain
In future worlds is bliss and pain.
- 6 Then let me every day review,
Idle or busy, search it through ;
And whilst probation's minutes last,
Let every day amend the past.

SCOTT.

HYMN CCVIII. *Common Metre. * or b*
Prudence.

- 1 O 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart !
Whose thoughts and lips and life agree
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife and wars begin
In little angry souls,

Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor does their anger rise ;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love ;
Good works employ their day ;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind ;
Such pleasures he pursued ;
His manners gentle and refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

HYMN CCIX. Long Metre.

b

Importunate Prayer. “Ask, and ye shall receive.”
Matt. vii. 7, &c.

- 1 OUR Father, thron'd above the sky,
To thee, our empty hands we spread ;
Thy children at thy footstool lie,
And ask thy blessings on their head.
- 2 Let mercy all our sins dispel,
As clouds before the solar beam ;
Our souls from bondage and from hell
To liberty and life redeem.
- 3 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that august and precious name,
By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,
And would the promis'd blessing claim.
- 4 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famish'd son ?

- Will he reject the filial prayer,
Or mock him with a cake of stone ?
- 5 Our heavenly Father, how much more
Will thy divine compassion rise ;
And open thy unbounded store
To satisfy thy children's cries ?
- 6 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
For gracious audience to thy seat ;
Still hoping, waiting for success,
If persevering to entreat.
- 7 For Jesus in his faithful word
The patient suppliant has blest ;
And all thy saints with one accord
The prevalence of prayer attest.

SCOTT.

HYMN CCX. *Short Metre.* ✠ or b

Communion with God and Christ.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs,
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 How large his bounties are !
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood !
- 4 Jesus, my living head,
I bless thy faithful care,

My advocate before the throne,
And my fore-runner there.

- 5 Here fix my roving heart,
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXI. *Hallelujah Metre.* *

Christ seen of Angels.

- 1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song,
And make the Saviour known ;
On earth ye knew His wondrous grace ;
His radiant face In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd ;
How innocent and mild,
When in the manger laid !
And praise to God, And peace on earth,
For such a birth, Proclaim'd aloud.
- 3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd ;
Ye join'd to crown The victor's head,
When Satan fled Before his frown.
- 4 Ye kept a silent guard
Around his sleeping head,
Till the bright morn appear'd,
Which wak'd him from the dead.
Then roll'd the stone, And all ador'd
Your rising Lord, With joy unknown.

- 5 When all array'd in light,
 The shining Conq'ror rode,
 Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight,
 Up to the throne of God ;
 And wav'd around Your ardent wings,
 And tun'd your strings, Of noblest sound.
- 6 The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise ;
 Whilst mortals sound with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise.
 And thou, my soul, With equal flame,
 His praise proclaim, Whilst ages roll.
DODDRIDGE, altered.

HYMN CCXII. Long Metre. * or **b**
 Patience.

- 1 PATIENCE, O what a grace divine,
 Sent from the God of peace and love !
 That leans upon its Father's hand,
 As through the wilds of life we rove.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear
 The troubles of our mortal state ;
 And wait contented our discharge,
 Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Though we in full sensation feel
 The weight, the wounds our God ordains
 We smile amidst our heaviest woes,
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 O for this grace to aid us on,
 And arm with fortitude the breast ;
 Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
 We reach the port of endless rest.

5 Faith into vision shall be brought,
 Hope shall in full enjoyment die ;
 And patience in possession end
 In the bright world of bliss on high.

RIPPON'S Collection.

HYMN CCXIII. Common Metre. * or b

The Peace and Consolation of a Christian.

1 PEACE, all ye sorrows of the heart,
 And every tear be dry ;

The christian ne'er can be forlorn,
 Who views his Saviour nigh.

2 " Let not your sorrows rise," he says,
 " Nor be your souls afraid :
 " Trust in your God's almighty name,
 " And trust your Saviour's aid.

3 " Fair mansions in my Father's house
 " For all his children wait ;
 " And I, your elder brother, go
 " To open wide the gate.

4 " And if I thither go before,
 " A dwelling to prepare ;
 " I surely will return again
 " That I may fix you there.

5 " United in eternal love,
 " My people shall remain,
 " And with rejoicing heart shall share
 " The glories of my reign."

6 Thy gracious words, O Lord, we hear,
 And cordial joys they bring ;
 Frail nature may extort a groan,
 But death has lost its sting.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXIV. Common Metre. b

Submission to afflictive Providence.

- 1 PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart,
Ye busy cares be still ;
Adore the just, the sovereign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.
- 2 Unerring wisdom guides his hand ;
Nor dares my guilty ear,
Amidst the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.
- 3 To soften every painful stroke,
Indulgent mercy bends ;
And unrepening when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.
- 4 Let me reflect with humble awe,
Whene'er my heart complains ;
Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
How easy are my pains !
- 5 Great sovereign Lord, I own thy hand,
Thou just and wise and kind ;
Be every anxious thought suppress'd,
And all my soul resign'd.
- 6 From evil thou wilt good produce,
And light from darkness raise ;
Thus thou wilt change my grief to joy,
And turn my tears to praise.

Mrs. STEELE, with addition.

HYMN CCXV. Common Metre. b

The Trials of Virtue.

- 1 PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene survey'd ;

- I** view'd its ills of various kinds,
Afflicted and afraid.
- 2** But chief my fear the dangers mov'd
That virtue's path inclose ;
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd,
But oh, what toils oppose !
- 3** For see, while yet her unknown ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.
- 4** O how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
Those terrors learn to meet ?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienc'd feet ?
- 5** Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude ;
My Maker's will has plac'd me here,
A Maker wise and good.
- 6** He to my every trial knows
Its just restraint to give ;
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul ?
Say, why distressful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill ?
- 8** Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide ;
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the rolling tide.

MERRICK.

HYMN CCXVI. Sevens Metre. *

Praise in Prosperity and Adversity.

- 1 PRAISE** to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our songs employ.
- 2** For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use ;
- 3** Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse ;
- 4** All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land :
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores ;
- 5** These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source, whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6** Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem, the opening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop its green untimely fruit ;
- 7** Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;
- 8** Yet to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;

And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

HYMN CCXVII. Long Metre. *

The Old and New Creation.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright ;
His presence fills the world above,
Th' eternal Source of light and love.
- 2 This rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil'd ;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.
- 3 " Let there be light," Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread ;
The world array'd in charms unknown,
With all its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, obscur'd within
The shades of ignorance and sin ;
And darts from heaven a vital ray,
That changes darkness into day.
- 5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine ;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd
As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 6 My soul, reviv'd by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display,
Whilst all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN GCXVIII. *Short Metre.* *

The Grace of God in Christ.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 But mercy fill'd the throne
Of the eternal sky,
When Christ was sent with pardon down,
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast wrought,
And love and praise thy name.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXIX. *Common Metre.* * or b

For a New Year.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year ;

How swift the weeks complete their round !
How short the months appear !

- 2 So fast, eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year ;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXX. Common Metre.

*

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION ! O melodious sound
To wretched dying men !
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again !
- 2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From darkness, fire and chains ;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love with glory reigns !
- 3 But O, may a degenerate soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,

Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine ?

4 The lustre of so bright a scene
My feeble heart o'erbears ;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise ;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my tears to praise.

6 My Saviour God, this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim ;
And call on all th' angelick harps,
To sound thy glorious name.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXI. Common Metre. * or **b**
Christ's Regard to little Children.

1 SEE, Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms !
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And takes them in his arms !

2 " Permit them to approach, (he cries,)
" Nor scorn their humble name ;
" It was to bless such souls as these,
" The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,
And yield them up to thee ;
Rejoic'd that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
Ye children, seek his face ;

And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust ;
That thought shall heal our bleeding hearts,
When weeping o'er their dust.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXIL *Short Metre,* *

Christ the Wisdom of God.

- 1 SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard ?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard ?
- 2 I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.
- 3 Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.
- 5 When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree,
In its own bounds to keep.
- 6 Upon the empty air
The earth was balanc'd well ;

With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.

7 My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran ;
Ere sin appear'd, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.

8 Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise ;
Happy the man that keeps my ways,
The man that shuns them, dies.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXIII. Common Metre. *

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 " SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And send your fears away ;
" News from the region of the skies,
" Salvation's born to-day.
- 2 " The Son of God, whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you,
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.
- 3 " No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
" Nor royal shining things ;
" A manger for his cradle stands,
" And holds the King of kings.
- 4 " Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
" And see his humble throne ;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng ;

They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :

- 6 “ Glory to God, who reigns above,
“ Let peace surround the earth ;
“ Mortals shall know their Maker’s love,
“ At their Redeemer’s birth.”
- 7 Lord, shall the angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When they forget to praise.
- 8 Glory to God, who reigns above,
Who pitied us forlorn ;
We join to sing our Maker’s love,
For there’s a Saviour born.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXIV. *Long Metre.* b

Faith in God in a Time of Distress. Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

- 1 SHOULD famine o’er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign ;
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the ripening grain :
- 2 Should lowing herds and bleating sheep
Around their famish’d master die ;
And hope itself expiring weep,
Whilst life deplores its last supply :
- 3 Amidst the dark, the deathful scene,
If I can say the Lord is mine,
The joy shall triumph o’er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives,
My nobler life he will sustain ;

His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my hope or trust be vain.

- 5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die ;
Thy love can bid my pain depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 6 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine,
The barren desert shall rejoice,
'Tis paradise if thou be mine.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXXV. *Common Metre.* *

Christ the Supreme Beauty. Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

- 1 SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compar'd with thine.
- 2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store ;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.
- 3 But ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells !
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.
- 4 O could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King !
- 5 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there, (divine employ !)

The triumphs of thy love repeat,
In songs of endless joy.

- 6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place ;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face ?

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXXVI. Long Metre. *

Faith in God's Names.

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.
- 2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all-sufficient Lord ;
He through the world most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.
- 3 Awake, our noblest powers to bless
The God of Abrah'm, God of peace ;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Through every age, his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That he hath sought his God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare,
In whispers to suggest a fear ?
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same.
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes ;

And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXVII. *Common Metre. ** or **b**

The brazen Serpent.

- 1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
 The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
 The sick forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in th' expiring hour,
 " And live," the prophet cries ;
But Christ performs a nobler cure;
 When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung ;
 High in the heavens he reigns ;
Here sinners, by the serpent stung,
 Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
 A dying world revives ;
The Jew beholds the blessed hope,
 Th' expiring Gentile lives.

WATTS

HYMN CCXXVIII. *Long Metre. b*

On the Death of a Child.

- 1 SO fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour !
So soon our transient comforts fly,
 And pleasure only blooms to die !
- 2 To certain trouble we are born,
Hope to rejoice, but sure to mourn ;

- Ah, wretched effort ! sad relief !
To plead necessity of grief !
- 3 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart ?
To ease the heavy load of care
Which nature must, but dreads to bear ?
- 4 Can reason's dictates be obey'd ?
Too weak, alas ! her strongest aid ;
O let religion then be nigh,
Her consolations never die.
- 5 Her powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind control ;
Whilst she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
- 6 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.
- 7 The promise guides her ardent flight,
And joys, unknown to sense, invite,
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasure blooms, to fade no more.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXXIX. *Long Metre.* ✠ or b

Holiness.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;

When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
Whilst justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
Whilst we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXX. Common Metre. *

The Hope of Heaven.

- 1 SOON shall this earthly frame dissolv'd
In death and ruin lie ;
But better mansions wait the just,
Prepar'd above the sky.
- 2 A house eternal, built by God,
Shall lodge the holy mind,
When once the prison walls are broke
In which 'tis now confin'd.
- 3 Such are the hopes that cheer the just,
These hopes their God hath given ;
His Spirit is the earnest now,
And seals their souls for heaven.
- 4 What faith rejoices to believe,
We long and pant to see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

Scotch Paraphrases.

HYMN CCXXXI. *Common Metre.* * or **b**

Human Misery, and divine Consolation.

- 1 The days how few, how short the year
Of man's so rapid race !
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place.
- 2 They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us, with a sigh,
That to be born, seems little more
Than to begin to die.
- 3 Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and numerous ties ;
But every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.
- 4 When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end ;
It takes the most effectual way,
And robs us of a friend.
- 5 If we presume to counteract
A sympathetick God,
Have we not cause to fear the stroke
Of his avenging rod ?
- 6 If we resign, our patience makes
His rod a gentle wand ;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand.

YOUNG.

HYMN CCXXXII. *Long Metre.* *

Divine Providence towards Man and Beast.

- 1 THE earth and all the heavenly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;

- He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft refreshing shower.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.
- 3 Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodness shown ;
The tribes of earth, of sea and air,
Enjoy thy universal care.
- 4 Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath
Till God permits the stroke of death ;
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father and the friend of all.
- 5 Thy care, great God, sustains them all ;
When urg'd by hunger's powerful call,
Expectant of the known supply,
To thee they lift the asking eye.
- 6 To thee, in ceaseless strains, my tongue
Shall raise the morn and evening song ;
And long as breath inspires my frame,
The wonders of thy love proclaim.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CCXXXIII. *Long Metre. ** or *b*
Sinai and Sion.

- 1 THE God, who once to Israel spoke
 From Sinai's top in fire and smoke,
 In gentler strains of gospel grace
 Invites us now to seek his face.
- 2 He wears no terrors on his brow,
 He speaks in love from Sion now ;

It is the voice of Jesus' blood
That calls us wanderers back to God.

- 3 God's servant, Moses, quak'd and fear'd,
When Sinai's thundering law he heard !
But gospel grace, with accents mild,
Speaks to the sinner as a child.
- 4 Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds,
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds :
“ Pardon and grace I freely give,
“ Then, sinner, look to me and live.”
- 5 What other arguments can move
The heart that slight a Saviour's love ?
O may that heavenly power be felt,
And cause the stony heart to melt.
- 6 Else how shall we thy presence bear,
When as our Judge thou shalt appear ;
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And the whole earth like Sinai burn.

NEWTON.

HYMN CCXXXIV. Common Metre. *

Room at the gospel Feast.

- 1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board ;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given ;
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come ;

Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace will find you room.

4 Thousands of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And thousands more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That thousands more may come ;
Nor could the wide assembling world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready ; enter in,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Come, take your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXXV. Short Metre. ✠ or b
The Law and Gospel.

1 THE law by Moses came,
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God,
Their different works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood ;
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the head.

4 The man who durst despise
The law that Moses brought,

Behold how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

- 5** But sorcer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXXVI. *Common Metre.* * or b

The new Covenant.

- 1** "THE promise of my Father's love
"Shall stand for ever good,"
He said ; and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2** To this new cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name ;
I seal th' engagement to the Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3** The light and strength and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine ;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers be thine.
- 4** Thus will I join my soul to God
In everlasting bands ;
And take the blessings he bestows,
With thankful heart and hands.

WATTS and DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXXXVII. *Long Metre.* *

The Reward of faithful Servants. Dan. xii. 3.

- 1** THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;

Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
And God's own word reveals the way.

- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord
With never fading lustre shine ;
Surprising honour ! large reward,
Conferr'd on man by love divine !
- 3 How happy then the truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road !
How happy they whom heaven employs,
To turn rebellious men to God !
- 4 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;
And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus wrought, and God approves !
- 5 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 6 No fancied joy beyond the sky,
No fair delusion is reveal'd ;
'Tis God that speaks, who cannot lie,
And all his word must be fulfill'd.
- 7 And shall not these cold hearts of ours,
Be kindled at the glorious view ?
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
Our feeble, dying strength renew.
- 8 On wings of faith and strong desire
O may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXXXVIII. Common Metre. * or **b**

Death and Heaven.

- 1 THERE** is a house not made by hands,
Eternal and on high ;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly** this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;
Then, oh my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis** he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven ;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We** walk by faith of joys to come ;
Faith lives upon his word ;
But whilst the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis** pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXXXIX. Common Metre. b

The Humiliation of Christ. Isaiah liii.

- 1 THE** Saviour comes ! no outward pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh ;
No earthly beauties in him shine,
To draw the carnal eye.

- 2 Fair as a blooming, tender flower
 Amidst the desert grows ;
 So, slighted and despis'd by man,
 The heavenly Saviour rose.
- 3 They held him as condemn'd by heaven,
 An outcast from his God ;
 While for their sins he groan'd and bled
 Beneath his Father's rod.
- 4 With sinners in the dust he lay,
 The rich a grave supplied ;
 Unspotted was his blameless life,
 Unstain'd by sin he died.
- 5 His soul rejoicing shall behold
 The purchase of his pain ;
 And every sinner by him sav'd
 Shall bless Messiah's reign.
- 6 He died to bear the guilt of men,
 That sin might be forgiven ;
 He lives to bless them, and defend,
 And plead their cause in heaven.

Scotch Paraphrase.

HYMN CCXL. Common Metre. * or **b**

The Resurrection of the Martyrs. Rev. vii.

- 1 "THESE glorious minds how bright they
 Whence all their white array ? [shine !
 How came they to the happy seats
 Of everlasting day ?
- 2 From torturing pains to endless joys,
 On fiery wheels they rode ;
 And strangely wash'd their raiment white,
 In Jesus' dying blood.

- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne ;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his saints reside ;
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast ;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise ;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXLI. *Long Metre.*

The Voice of Nature.

*

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky ;
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found :
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

ADDISON.

HYMN CCXLII. *Long Metre. ** or **b**
Remembrance of Christ.

- 1 "THIS do, in mem'ry of your friend."
Such was the Saviour's last request,
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever blest.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends !
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see ;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But oh ! what vast transporting joys
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When, join'd with the celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire !
- 5 When these vile bodies, all refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as thy own,

Unwearied shall our minds obey,
And join in worship near thy throne.

HYMN CCXLIII. Common Metre * or **b**

The Testimony of a good Conscience.

- 1 THOUGH frightful snares beset me round,
 And threatening billows roll ;
Though scandal and reproach abound,
 To vex my weary soul ;
- 2 A conscience pure can testify
 My heart to be sincere ;
Presumption and hypocrisy
 All hateful still appear.
- 3 My feet have kept the path divine,
 Though sinners did entice,
Nor do I yet from thence decline,
 To tread the paths of vice.
- 4 God's word I treasure up, and prize
 Beyond all earthly good ;
Compar'd with this, I may despise
 My necessary food.
- 5 Censorious men who dwell at ease,
 May proudly on me tread ;
My Saviour whom I seek to please,
 My righteous cause will plead.
- 6 His righteousness I shall behold,
 When light springs from above ;
And tri'd I shall come forth as gold,
 To praise his wondrous love.

WALLIN.

HYMN CCXLIV. Long Metre. * or **b**

Christ the Image of the Invisible God.

- 1 THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen,
 And by thy offspring here unknown,

- To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thy image in thy Son.
- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays
When shining with reflected light ;
- 3 So in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth and love
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 Though harden'd Jews denied his claim,
And turn'd away their scornful face ;
Yet those who trusted in his name,
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.
- 5 O thou, at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Give us to know our glorious Lord,
And see the Father in the Son.
- 6 Whilst we, thine image there display'd,
With love and admiration view ;
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thy image too.

MASON, altered.

HYMN CCXLV. *Common Metre.*

b

God our Refuge in Trouble.

- 1 THOU refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;

- Thy promises can bring relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But when these gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would rise to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?
- 6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
There shall my soul retreat ;
With humble hope attend thee still,
And wait beneath thy feet,

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXLVI. *Long Metre.***b**

Self-Examination.

- 1 THOU vain intruding world, depart !
No more allure or vex my heart ;
Let every vanity be gone,
I would be peaceful and alone.
- 2 Here let me search my inmost mind,
And try its real state to find ;
The secret springs of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.
- 3 Reflect how soon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend ;
What aim my busy thoughts pursue ;
What work is done, and what to do.

- 4 Eternity is just at hand ;
 And shall I waste the ebbing sand ?
 And careless view departing day ?
 And throw my fleeting time away ?
- 5 Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,
 A pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 6 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart,
 And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXLVII. Long Metre. * or **b**.
 Seeking Christ the Shepherd.

- 1 THOU, whom my soul admires above
 All earthly joys and earthly love,
 Tell me, my Shepherd, let me know
 Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow ?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
 Which from the sun defends thy flock ?
 Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
 Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 The footsteps of thy flock I see,
 Thy sweetest pastures here they be !
 A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
 Bought by thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
- 4 His sacred flesh he makes my food,
 And bids me drink his precious blood ;
 Here to this feast my soul will come,
 Till my beloved lead me home.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXLVIII. Long Metre. * or **b**

The Vanity of Forms without Virtue.

- 1 TH' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee ;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Can fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than *Sheba's* groves, or *Sharon's* fields ;
- 4 Than floods of oil, or costly wine,
Rolling by thousands to thy shrine ;
Or than if to thine altar led,
A first-born son the victim bled.
- 5 " Be just and kind and humble too,
" In all you say, in all you do ;
" To men, your charity impart,
" And love your God with all your heart. "
- 6 This truth by ancient prophets given,
Was by thy Son confirm'd from heaven ;
And, deep engrav'd, this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand.

Reformed Liturgy.

HYMN CCXLIX. Long Metre. * or **b**

Love to God and Man.

- 1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
" Let all thy inward powers unite
" To love thy Maker and thy God
" With sacred fervour and delight.

- 2 "Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Share thine affections and esteem ;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove ;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
- 4 But oh, how base our passions are !
How cold our charity and zeal !
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

WATTS.

HYMN CCL. *Long Metre.* * or b

God dwelling with the humble.

- 1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne ;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 "But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too ;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live ;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 "When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been ;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath the stroke."

5 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die ;
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLI. Common Metre. * or b

Characters of Christ. Isa. xlvi. 1, 4.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, who built the heavens,
And bade the planets roll ;
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And form'd the human soul ;
- 2 "Behold my servant, see him rise,
Exalted in my might ;
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.
- 3 "On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
My spirit shall descend ;
My truth and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.
- 4 "Gentle and still shall be his voice,
No threats from him proceed ;
The smoking flax he shall not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 5 "The feeble spark to flame he'll raise,
The weak will not despise ;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.
- 6 "The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine."

Scotch Paraphrase.

HYMN CCLII. Common Metre. * or **b**

Children devoted to God.

- 1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
“ I'll be a God to thee,
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me.”
- 2 Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God ;
But water seals the cov'nant now,
Which then was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia's house was sanctified,
When she receiv'd the word ;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus do thy saints, O faithful God,
Thine ancient truth embrace ;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLIHI. Long Metre. * or **b**

Christ's Commission to preach the Gospel.

- 1 THUS spake the Saviour, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word ;
They through the world obedient went,
And spread the gospel of their Lord.
- 2 “ Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;
The gospel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.
- 3 “ The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
Bind up the broken bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

- 4 " Be wise as serpents where you go,
 But harmless as the peaceful dove ;
 And let your heaven-taught conduct show
 That you're commission'd from above.
- 5 " Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
 Freely in love to others give ;
 Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
 And by your labours, sinners live.
- 6 " All power is trusted in my hands,
 I will protect you and defend ;
 Whilst thus you follow my commands,
 I'm with you till the world shall end."
- 7 Happy those servants of the Lord,
 Who thus their Master's will obey !
 How rich, how full is their reward,
 Reserv'd until the final day !

HYMN CCLIV. *Common Metre.* *

Divine Goodness to Man.

- 1 THY wisdom, power and goodness, Lord,
 In all thy works appear ;
 But man thy bounties shall record,
 For thy distinguish'd care.
- 2 From thee, the breath of life we drew,
 That breath thy power maintains ;
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 Our brittle frame sustains.
- 3 Yet nobler gifts demand our praise,
 Of reason's light possess'd ;
 By revelation's brighter rays
 Still more divinely blest.
- 4 Thy providence our constant guard,
 When threatening woes impend,

Will either threat'ning dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

5 On us thy providence has shone
With its propitious rays ;
O let our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

6 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart,
O teach us to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLV. Short Metre. * or **b**
The Voice of Wisdom.

1 'TIS wisdom's earnest cry,
Wisdom, the voice of God,
To young and old, the low and high,
She speaks his will abroad.

2 Within the human breast
Her strong monitions plead,
She thunders her divine protest,
Against th' unrighteous deed.

3 Within the holy place,
She calls with open arms ;
“ How long, ye fools, will you embrace
“ Folly's deceiving charms ?

4 “ The race of men I love ;
“ In mercy I chastise ;
“ Severely faithful, I reprove ;
“ Hear, mortals, and be wise.

5 “ My doors are open wide ;
“ My table spread within ;
“ Come then, ye simple, turn aside,
“ And leave the paths of sin.

- 6 " My joys, unsensual taste,
 " Come, drink of wisdom's wine ;
 " No sorrow poisons my repast,
 " The banquet is divine.
- 7 " My ways are ways of peace,
 " My pleasures never cloy ;
 " The bliss I give will never cease,
 " But lead to endless joy."

SCOTT, varied.

HYMN CCLVI. Short Metre. *
 Preserving Grace.

- 1 TO God, the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne ;
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,
 Wisdom and power belongs,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLVII. Long Metre. *

Divine Preservation.

- 1 TO heaven my grateful soul ascends,
On God alone for help depends ;
His hand is my perpetual guard,
His grace the source of my reward.
- 2 The spreading skies, by power divine,
In all their radiant glories shine ;
From his command, the solid earth
And all its stores deriv'd their birth.
- 3 Inspected by his piercing eyes,
No threatening snares my soul surprise ;
My faithful guardian never sleeps,
My trembling feet he safely keeps.
- 4 Protected by his powerful arm,
Should dreadful scenes our souls alarm,
Our lives are safe ; his heavenly care
Defends us still from every snare.
- 5 He guides our feet, directs our way,
His morning smiles enliven day ;
And when the sun withdraws the light,
His presence cheers the shades of night.

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CCLVIII. Long Metre. *

Communion with Christ.

- 1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in heaven and earth ador'd,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;

Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

- 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more ;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd ;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;
And thy forgiving love impart,
Life, hope and joy, to every heart.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLIX. Long Metre. *

The Heavenly Conqueror.

- 1 TO Jesus, our victorious Lord,
The praises of our lives belong ;
For ever be his name ador'd,
The subject of each thankful song.
- 2 Enslav'd by sin, beset by foes,
Undone and perishing, we lay ;
His pity melted o'er our woes,
To save the trembling, dying prey.
- 3 He fought, he conquer'd, though he fell,
Whilst with his last expiring breath

He triumph'd o'er the powers of hell,
And, by his dying, vanquish'd death.

- 4 Now on his Father's throne he reigns,
And all the tuneful choir above
Resound, in high immortal strains,
The praises of victorious love.
- 5 Though still surviving foes arise,
Temptations, sins and doubts appear,
And pain our hearts, and fill our eyes,
With many a groan, and many a tear ;
- 6 Still shall we fight, and still prevail,
In our almighty Leader's name ;
His strength, whene'er our spirits fail,
Shall all our active powers inflame.
- 7 Immortal honours wait above,
To crown the dying Conqueror's brow ;
And endless peace, and joy, and love,
For the short war sustain'd below.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLX. Long Metre. b
The Lord's Supper.

- 1 'TWAS on that dark and doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran ;
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food ;"

Then took the cup, and blest the wine,
 " 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

- 4 " In mem'ry of your dying Lord,
 Do this (he said) till time shall end ;
 Meet at my table, and record
 The love of your departed friend."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
 We show thy death, we sing thy name ;
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXI. Common Metre. * or **b**

The New Birth.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built ;
 The carnal mind is all unclean,
 And all its actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouth,
 Without a murmuring word ;
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now ;
 When, to convince and to condemn,
 Is all the law can do.
- 4 Not all the outward forms on earth,
 Nor rites that Moses gave,
 Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,
 The guilty race can save.
- 5 God's Spirit, like a heavenly wind,
 Blows on the sons of flesh ;

Changes the heart, renews the mind,
And forms the man afresh.

6 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise,
From the long sleep of death ;
To heavenly things we turn our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

7 The sins and follies of our mind
Are crucified and dead ;
By holy love our souls are join'd
To Christ our living Head.

Altered from WATTS.

HYMN CCLXII. Long Metre. b

The Grave destroyed.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust !
And give these sacred reliks room
To slumber in thy silent dust.

2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
Whilst angels watch its soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Past through the grave and blest the bed ;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O grave, his sovereign word !
Restore thy trust ; the glorious form
Will then arise to meet the Lord.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXIII. *Short Metre.* *

The Lord's Day.

- 1 WELCOME thou day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to his reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CCLXIV. *Common Metre.* *

The Victory and Dominion of Christ.

- 1 WE sing our Saviour's wondrous death,
He conquer'd when he fell ;
" 'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd," our Immanuel cries,
The mighty work is done ;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,

That he could give his life away,
And take his life again.

- 4 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown ;
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd, to reach the crown.
- 5 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord ;
His saints from sinners to divide,
To punish or reward.
- 6 Live, glorious Lord, and reign above,
And every tongue shall sing
The riches of eternal love,
The conquest of our King.

WATTS, varied.

HYMN CCLXV. Common Metre. * or b

Resignation in Death.

- 1 **WHAT** cannot resignation do ?
It wonders can perform ;
That powerful charm, " Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudest storm.
- 2 **Haste**, then, O resignation, haste,
'Tis thine to reconcile
The mind to death ; at thy approach
The monster wears a smile.
- 3 **What** sight beneath the arch of heaven
Has most of heaven to boast ?
The dying saint, resign'd, serene,
And giving up the ghost.
- 4 **O** for that summit of my wish,
Whilst yet I draw my breath,
That foretaste of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death !

YOUNG.

HYMN CCLXVI. Common Metre. *

Gratitude for divine Mercies. Part I.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd ;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing scenes of vice
Where thousands go astray.

ADDISON.

HYMN CCLXVII. Common Metre. *

Gratitude for divine Mercies. Part II.

- 1 WHEN pale with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

- 2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly good
 Has made my cup run o'er ;
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Has doubled all my store.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 5 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide the time no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 6 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For O, eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

HYMN CCLXVIII. Common Metre. *
 The Spring.

- 1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
 And blossoms deck the spray ;
 And fragrance breathes in every gale,
 How sweet the vernal day !
- 2 Hark, how the feather'd warblers sing !
 'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;
 Soft musick hails the lovely spring,
 And woods and fields rejoice.

- 3 How kind the influence of the skies !
 The showers, with blessings fraught,
 Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
 And fix the roving thought.
- 4 Then let my wondering heart confess,
 With gratitude and love,
 The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
 The garden, field and grove.
- 5 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
 Beyond expression kind,
 Hath better, nobler gifts in store,
 To bless the craving mind.
- 6 O God of nature and of grace,
 Thy heavenly gifts impart !
 Then shall my meditation trace
 Spring, blooming in my heart ;
- 7 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join
 Glad nature's cheerful song,
 And love and gratitude divine
 Attune my joyful tongue.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXIX. Common Metre. *
 Strength from God.

- 1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise ?
 And where's our courage fled ?
 Has restless sin and hopeless fear
 Struck all our comforts dead ?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty hand
 That form'd the earth and sea ?
 Or can the all-creating arm
 Grow weary, or decay ?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
 In our Jehovah dwell ;

He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease ;
But they who wait upon the Lord
Shall find their strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss ;
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXX. *Common Metre.* *

Victory over Death, through Christ.

1 WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 How shall I meet this potent foe,
Whose frown my soul alarms ?
Dark horror sits upon his brow !
And victory waits his arms !

3 But see my glorious Leader nigh !
My Lord, my Saviour lives ;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

4 Jesus, be thou my sure defence,
My guard for ever near ;
My faith shall triumph over sense,
And never yield to fear.

5 O, may I meet the final hour
With fortitude divine ;
Sustain'd by thine almighty power,
The conquest must be mine.

- 6 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
 Accept the sacred trust ;
 Receive this nobler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust.
- 7 Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise ;
 And, cloth'd in thine immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies.
- 8 O let me join their raptur'd lays,
 And, with the blissful throng,
 Resound salvation, power and praise
 In everlasting song.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXI. *Long Metre.* *

Christ the Life of the Soul.

- 1 WHEN doubts and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to thee, I lift mine eyes,
 To thee I breathe my strong desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fix'd on thine everlasting word,
 That word which built the earth and sky ?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal hope is sure ;
 His word a firm foundation gives,
 Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;
 Immoveable the promise stands ;
 Not all the powers of earth and hell
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, then, my soul, thy trust repose,
 If Jesus is for ever mine,

Not death itself, the last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine. **Mrs. STEELE.**

HYMN CCLXXII. Common Metre. b

Thirsting after God. Isa. xli. 17.

- 1 WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parch'd with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool refreshing stream ;
- 2 Should, sudden to his hopeless eye,
A crystal spring appear,
How would th' enlivening, sweet supply
His drooping spirit cheer !
- 3 So longs the weary fainting mind,
Oppress'd with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.
- 4 Thus sweet the consolations are
The promises impart ;
Here flowing streams of life appear,
To ease the panting heart.
- 5 O when I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent strong desire,
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace, aspire ;
- 6 Then, let my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice ;
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXIII. Common Metre. * or b

The Discipline of God's Providence.

- 1 WHEN I review the crooked ways,
Through which my feet have trod,

- I find incessant cause to bless
And love my guardian God.
- 2 Through all the labyrinth of life,
My folly he pursu'd ;
My wandering heart to quick return,
How tenderly he woo'd !
- 3 I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless !
Oft I lamented an event
Which turn'd to my success.
- 4 When labouring under fancied ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with wholesome draughts
Of unaffected pain.
- 5 Sometimes he brought me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Made terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.
- 6 To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds
As spangles o'er us shine ;
One day he gave, and made the next
My soul's delight resign.
- 7 From what seem'd horror and despair,
The richest harvest rose ;
And gave me in the will divine,
An absolute repose.

YOUNG.

HYMN CCLXXIV. *Long Metre.*

b

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 But in the death of Christ, my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXV. Common Metre. * or **b**
 Trust in God's Word.

- 1 WHEN sin and sorrow, fear and pain
 My trembling heart dismay,
 My feeble strength, alas, how vain,
 It sinks and dies away.
- 2 My spirit asks a firmer prop,
 I lean upon the Lord ;
 My God, the pillar of my hope
 Is thy unchanging word.
- 3 On this are built the brightest joys
 Celestial beings know ;
 And 'tis the same almighty voice
 Supports the saints below.
- 4 'Tis this upholds the rolling spheres,
 And heaven's immortal frame ;

Then let my soul suppress her fears,
My basis is the same.

- 5 Thy sacred word, thy solemn oath
For ever must remain ;
I trust in everlasting truth,
Nor shall my trust be vain.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXVI. Common Metre. * or **b**

Repentance and Pardon. Isaiah iv.

- 1 WHEN sinners quit their wicked ways,
Their evil thoughts forego,
The God to whom their steps return
Returning grace will show.
- 2 He pardons with o'erflowing love ;
For, hear the voice divine ;
“ My nature is not like to yours,
“ Nor like your ways are mine.
- 3 “ But far as heaven's resplendent orbs
“ Beyond this earth extend ;
“ So far my thoughts, so far my ways
“ Your thoughts and ways transcend.
- 4 “ Like as the showers from heaven distil,
“ Nor thither rise again,
“ But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
“ And all its tribes sustain ;
- 5 “ So not a word that flows from me
“ Shall ineffectual fall ;
“ But universal nature prove
“ Obedient to my call.
- 6 “ Where briers grew in barren wilds,
“ Shall firs and myrtles spring ;
“ And nature through her utmost bounds
“ Eternal praises sing.”

Scotch Paraphrases.

HYMN CCLXXVII. Long Metre. * or **b**
The Influence of the Divine Spirit.

- 1 WHEN the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my sinking heart ;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Does not his kind and welcome voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice ?
- 3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires ?
- 4 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me welcome to my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?
- 5 And when my lively hope can say
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which gives the vision of thy face ?
- 6 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love ;
And light and heavenly peace impart ;
Blest earnest of the joys above.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. Common Metre. *
The Pleasure of Religion.

- 1 WHEN true religion gains a place,
And lives within the mind,
The sensual life, subdued by grace,
And all the soul refin'd ;

- 2 The desert blooms in living green,
Where thorns and briars grew ;
The barren waste is fruitful seen,
And all the prospect new.
- 3 The storms of rugged winter cease,
The frozen powers revive ;
Spring blooms without, within is peace,
All nature seems alive.
- 4 O happy christian, richly bless'd !
What floods of pleasure roll !
By God and man he stands confess'd
In dignity of soul.
- 5 Substantial, pure, his every joy ;
His Maker is his friend ;
The noblest business his employ,
And happiness his end !
- 6 Ye sensual, worldly, proud and vain,
Your airy good pursue ;
Let me religion's pleasure gain,
I'll leave the world to you.

PROUD.

HYMN CCLXXIX. Common Metre. * or **b**

The last Tempest.

- 1 WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies ;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire
In harsh disorder rise ;
- 2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song ;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspir'd my tongue.
- 3 I'll shout aloud, " Ye thunders roll,
" And shake the sullen sky,

- “ Your sounding voice from pole to pole
 “ In angry murmurs try.
- 4 “ Let the earth totter on her base,
 “ And clouds the heaven deform ;
 “ Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
 “ And rush the final storm.
- 5 “ Come quickly, blessed hope, appear,
 “ Bid thy swift chariot fly ;
 “ Let angels tell thy coming near,
 “ And snatch me to the sky.
- 6 “ Around thy wheels in the glad throng
 “ I'd bear a joyful part ;
 “ All hallelujah on my tongue,
 “ All rapture in my heart.”

M. BYLES.

HYMN CCLXXX. *Long Metre. ** or **b**
 To Christ the Eternal Life.

- 1 WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
 The sovereign good to fill the mind ;
 Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
 The spring whence living waters flow.
- 2 Say, will the Stoick's flinty heart
 Melt, and this cordial balm impart ?
 Could *Plato* find these blissful streams
 Among his raptures and his dreams ?
- 3 In vain I ask ! for nature's power
 Extends but to this mortal hour ;
 'Twas but a poor relief she gave
 Against the terrors of the grave.
- 4 Jesus, our kinsman and our Lord,
 By angels and by men ador'd,
 Thou art our life, our souls in thee
 Possess a full felicity.

- 5 Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
 Th' eternal life and Jesus' name ;
 Yet our immortal hopes are laid
 In thee our surety and our head.
- 6 Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne
 Are full of glories, yet unknown ;
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face, to sing thy love,

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXXI. *Common Metre.* * or b

Mercy before Sacrifice.

- 1 WHEREWITH shall guilty man appear
 Before Jehovah's throne ;
 Or how procure thy kind regard,
 And for his sins atone ?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
 And spicy fumes ascend ?
 Will these our earnest wish succeed,
 And make our God our friend ?
- 3 Should thousand rams in flames expire,
 Would these thy favours buy ?
 Or oil that should for holy fire
 Ten thousand streams supply ?
- 4 With trembling hands and bleeding heart
 Should we our offspring slay ;
 Would this atone for ill desert,
 And take our guilt away ?
- 5 "No," saith the Lord, " 'tis fruitless all,
 Such costly rites are vain ;
 No victims from the field or stall
 My favour can obtain.
- 6 "But truth to men and justice show,
 And proofs of mercy give ;

“ Then humbly walk with God below,
“ And you with God shall live.

- 7 “ Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
“ I never will despise ;
“ And cheerful duty will prefer
“ To costly sacrifice.”

Liverpool Collection.

HYMN CCLXXXII. *Common Metre.* *

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 WHILST shepherds watch their flocks by
Near Bethle'm's happy ground, [night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 “ Fear not,” said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd the troubled mind,)
“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
“ To you and all mankind.
- 3 “ To you, in David's town, this day
“ Is born, of David's line,
“ The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
“ And this shall be the sign.
- 4 “ The heavenly babe you there shall find
“ To human view display'd ;
“ But meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
“ And in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song.
- 6 “ All glory be to God on high !
“ And to the earth be peace !

“Good will henceforth from heaven to men
 “Begin and never cease !”

PATRICK, or TATE.

HYMN CCLXXXIII. Long Metre. ✠ or b.

Peace of Conscience:

- 1 WHILST some in folly's pleasure roll,
 And seek the joys which hurt the soul ;
 Be mine that silent calm repast,
 A peaceful conscience to the last :
- 2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
 Without a canker at the root ;
 That Friend who never fails the just,
 When other friends desert their trust,
- 3 With this companion in the shade,
 My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;
 I will defy the midnight gloom,
 And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Though God afflicts, I'll not repine,
 The noblest comforts still are mine ;
 Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,
 And journey with me through the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scenes of ills,
 Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
 And shall I murmur at my God,
 When sovereign love directs the rod ?
- 6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
 And lead me to the realms of day ;
 To milder skies and brighter plains,
 Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

ENFIELD'S Collection.

HYMN CCLXXXIV. *Common Metre.* *

Devotion.

- 1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee !

Miss H. M. WILLIAMS.

HYMN CCLXXXV. *Long Metre. ** or *b**REANIMATION.*

A Hymn for the Humane Society.

- 1 WHO, from the shades of gloomy night,
When the last tear of hope is shed,
Can bid the soul return to light,
And break the slumber of the dead?
- 2 No human skill that heart can warm,
Which the cold blast of nature froze ;
Recal to life the perish'd form ;
The secret of the grave disclose.
- 3 But thou, our saving God, we know,
Canst arm the mortal hand with power
To bid the stagnant pulses flow,
The animating heat restore.
- 4 Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand
Could with young life, these limbs unfold ;
Did the imprison'd brain expand,
And all its countless fibres told.
- 5 As from the dust, thy forming breath
Could the unconscious being raise ;
So can the silent voice of death
Wake at thy call, in songs of praise.
- 6 Since *twice* to die is ours alone,
twice the birth of life to see ;
O let us, suppliant at thy throne,
Devote our *second* life to thee.

Mrs. MORTON.

HYMN CCLXXXVI. Long Metre. *

Faith Triumphant.

- 1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God who justifies their souls ;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ who suffer'd in their stead ;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead !
- 3 He lives ! he lives ! and reigns above,
For ever interceding there ;
Who shall divide us from his love ?
Or what shall tempt us to despair ?
- 4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He who hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith has an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour ;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. C. M. * or b

Death and the Resurrection.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There Jesus' sacred body lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head ?
- 4 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 5 Then shall the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our friends arise ;
Awake, ye nations, from the ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

WATTS.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII. C. M. * or **b**
Looking at Things unseen.

- 1 WHY should the world's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes ;
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies !
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight ;
And quickly will their brighter day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day ! alas, how vain !
With conscious sighs we own ;
Whilst clouds of sorrow, care and pain
O'er shade the smiling noon.
- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,

To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades.

- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCLXXXIX. Long Metre. *
Marriage.

- 1 WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King ;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bless with conjugal delight.
- 2 This wedded pair, O Lord, inspire
With heavenly love, that sacred fire ;
From this blest moment may they prove
The bliss divine of marriage love.
- 3 O may they both increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind ;
Happy together may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.
- 4 To you, blest pair, your God hath given
To taste the love which reigns in heaven ;
His gift with all your powers improve,
And cultivate that virtuous love.

5 So may you live as truly one ;
 And when your work on earth is done,
 Rise, hand in hand, to heaven, and share
 The joys of love for ever there !

PROUD.

HYMN CCXC. *Common Metre.* * or b
 The penitent Thief.

- 1 WITH deep contrition, grief and shame,
 The thief his crimes confess'd,
 Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
 And thus his prayer address'd :
- 2 " When to thy kingdom thou shalt come,
 " O Lord, remember me."
 " This day, with me in paradise
 " Thy happy soul shall be."
- 3 Thus spake the Saviour to a wretch
 Who languish'd at his side ;
 Whilst on the fatal tree he hung,
 And bled, and groan'd, and died.
- 4 Jesus, thou Son, and Heir of heaven,
 Thou Lord of all below ;
 Though then unjustly thou wast brought
 To infamy and woe ;
- 5 Yet quickly from that dreadful scene
 In triumph thou didst rise,
 Burst through the prison of the grave,
 And gain'd thy native skies !
- 6 Exalted to thy Father's throne,
 Pardon and life to give ;
 The penitent thou still dost hear,
 And bid the sinner live.

Altered from STENNET.

HYMN CCXCI. Common Metre. * or **b**

The First and Second Adam.

- 1 WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts
A fallen world survey !
See the wide ruin sin has made
In one unhappy day.
- 2 Adam, in God's own image form'd,
See from his God estrang'd !
And all the joys of paradise
For guilt and horror chang'd !
- 3 This fatal heritage bequeath'd
To all his helpless race !
Through this dark maze of sin and woe,
Thus to the grave we pass.
- 4 But, O my soul, with rapture hear
The second Adam's name ;
And the celestial gifts he brings
To all his seed, proclaim.
- 5 What, though in mortal life they mourn ?
What, though by death they fall ?
Jesus, in one triumphant day,
Transforms and crowns them all !
- 6 Praise to his rich transcending grace,
Ev'n by our fall we rise !
And gain for earthly Eden lost
A heavenly paradise.

MASON, altered.

HYMN CCXCII. Common Metre. *

Compassion of Christ.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is full of tenderness,
Of pity and of love.

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he endur'd the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood ;
When Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every Christian bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

WATTS.

HYMN CCXCIII. Common Metre. * or **b**
Repentance and Hope.

- 1 WITH restless agitations tost,
And low immers'd in woes,
When shall my wild distemper'd thoughts
Regain their lost repose ?
- 2 O thou, the wretched's sure retreat,
These torturing cares control ;
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive my fainting soul.

- 3 Did ever thy paternal ear
 The humble plea disdain ?
 Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
 Or supplicate in vain ?
- 4 Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
 In penitential tears,
 Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
 And dissipates our fears.
- 5 New life from thy refreshing grace
 Our sinking hearts receive ;
 For 'tis thy darling attribute
 To pity and forgive.
- 6 From that blest source, propitious hope
 Appears serenely bright,
 And sheds its soft diffusive beam
 O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 7 My griefs confess its vital power,
 And bless the friendly ray,
 Which ushers in the glad serene
 Of everlasting day.

Mrs. CARTER,

HYMN CCXCIV. *Long Metre. ** or *b*

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

- 1 WITH wonder, Lord, our souls proclaim
 Th' immortal honours of thy name !
 Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
 We make his countless glories known.
- 2 Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
 Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd ;
 Before creation was begun,
 Before all ages, was the Son.

- 3 Through all succeeding ages, he
 The same hath been, and still shall be ;
 Immortal honours crown his head,
 Though earth and skies wax old and fade.
- 4 The same his power his flock to guard ;
 The same his bounty to reward ;
 The same his faithfulness and love
 To saints on earth, and saints above.
- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and die,
 Jesus shall raise his people high ;
 And place them near his Father's throne,
 In glory lasting as his own.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXCV. Common Metre. ✠ or b
 The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light ;
 Farewell, thou ever changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames array'd ;
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode ;
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,
 Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display ;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into my eyes ;
 Nor the meridian sun decline,
 Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite ;
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCXCVI. *Common Metre. ** or **b**
 Divine Goodness.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise ;
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move ;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well beloved Son,
 To save our souls from sin ;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
 And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
 And here our hope relies ;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee ;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward
 With bliss divinely free.

- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love
 What honours shall we raise ;
 Not all the raptur'd songs above
 Can render equal praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXCVII. *Long Metre.* *

Blessed are the Poor in Spirit.

- 1 YE humble souls, complain no more ;
 Let faith survey your future store ;
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred words of truth attest !
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
 And pours the penitential tear,
 Hope points to your dejected eyes
 A bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
 In vain they boast their little stores ;
 Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
 Where health and peace and joy unite ;
 A kingdom which shall ne'er decay,
 Though earthly kingdoms fade away.
- 5 There shall your eyes with rapture view
 The glorious Friend who died for you ;
 Who died to ransom, died to raise
 To crowns of joy and songs of praise.
- 6 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer ;
 Confirm to me my interest there ;
 Whatever be my lot below,
 This, this my soul desires to know.

7 O let me hear thy voice divine
 Pronounce the glorious blessing mine ;
 Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
 My largest wishes ask no more.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCXCVIII. *Common Metre.* *The Invitation. *Isaiah iv.*

- 1 " YE thirsty souls, approach the spring
 Where living waters flow ;
 Free to that sacred fountain, all
 Without a price may go.
- 2 " How long to streams of false delight
 Will ye in crowds repair ?
 How long your strength and substance waste
 On trifles light as air ?
- 3 " My stores afford those rich supplies
 That health and pleasure give ;
 Incline your ear, and come to me ;
 The soul that hears shall live.
- 4 " With you a cov'nant I will make,
 That ever shall endure ;
 The hope which gladden'd David's heart
 My mercy hath made sure.
- 5 " Behold he comes, your Leader comes,
 With might and honour crown'd ;
 A witness who shall spread my name
 To earth's remotest bound.
- 6 " See, nations hasten to his call
 From every distant shore ;
 Islands unknown shall bow to him,
 And Israel's God adore. "

Scotch Paraphrases.

HYMN CCXCIX. Common Metre. ***The Gospel Feast.**

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room !
- 3 In Jesus' condescending heart
Both love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 Come then, and with his people taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne ;
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CCC. Common Metre. ✕ or b
True and false Zeal.

- 1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies ;
Whilst that which often bears the name,
Is self but in disguise.

- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace ;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it aught beside.
- 5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view ;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
" Come, see what I can do."
- 6 Self may its own reward obtain,
And be applauded here ;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.
- 7 This idol self, O Lord, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove ;
And let no zeal by us be shown
But that which springs from love.

NEWTON.

HYMN CCCI. *Short Metre.*

b

Christ the Light of the World.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace !
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetick word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness :

Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

- 3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, thou light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quick'ning pow'r
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heav'nly way :
The path, which Christ unwearied trod
Will lead to endless day.

NEEDHAM.

HYMN CCCII. 7s. Metre.

Christ's Invitations. Matth. xi. 28.

b

- 1 COME ! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn ;
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye who, tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain,
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;
- 4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

BARBAULD.

HYMN CCCIII. 7s. Metre.



Love to God and Man.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd :
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what off'rings shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye express'd ;
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wound, or feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with lib'ral store :
Teach us, O thou heav'nly king,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

TAYLOR.

HYMN CCCIV. *Common Metre.***b**

Religious Retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
Thou Source of light divine ;
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe thee ! and what love,
A vast and boundless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more !

COWPER.

HYMN CCCV. *Short Metre.***b**The Designs of Providence in the Changes and Revolutions
of the World.

- 1 GOD, to correct the world,
In wrath is slow to rise ;

- But comes at length in thunder cloth'd,
And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 His banners, lifted high,
The nation's God declare ;
And stain'd with blood, with terrors mark'd,
Spread wonder and despair.
- 3 All earthly pomp and pride
Are in his presence lost ;
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres, crowns,
In wild confusion tost.
- 4 While war and woe prevail,
And desolation wide ;
In God, the sovereign Lord of all,
The righteous still confide.
- 5 Mysterious is the course
Of his tremendous way :
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.
- 6 Yet, tho' now wrapt in clouds,
And from our view conceal'd ;
The righteous Judge will soon appear,
In majesty reveal'd !
- 7 He'll curb the lawless pow'r,
The deadly wrath of man ;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

JERVIS, altered.

HYMN CCCVI. 7s. Metre.

b

A penitential Hymn.

- 1 GOD of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on ev'ry face,
Penitence on ev'ry tongue.

- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time misspent ;
 Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent—
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain ;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain—
- 4 These, and ev'ry secret fault,
 Fill'd with grief and shame we own ;
 Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy ! God of grace !
 Hear our sad repentant songs ;
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom our praise belongs !

TAYLOR.

HYMN CCCVII. *Long Metre.*

Meekness.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
 Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,
 Calm as the regions of the blest,
 Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
 No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
 He rests beneath th' almighty wing,
 Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace ! all meek and mild,
 Inspire our breasts, our souls possess,
 Repel each passion rude and wild,
 And bless us, as we aim to bless.

SCOTT.

HYMN CCCVIII. Long Metre. *

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 HE dies ! the friend of sinner dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
 - 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
 - 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree !
The Lord of Glory dies for men !
But lo, what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again !
 - 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise :
Cherubick legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
 - 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains !
 - 6 Say, live for ever, wondrous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;
Then ask the monster, where's thy sting ?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?
- WATTS, altered.

HYMN CCCIX. Common Metre. b

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Rev. xiii. 14,

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

- 2 They sleep in Jesus, and are bless'd :
How calm their slumbers are !
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry care.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

WATTS.

HYMN CCCX. *Long Metre.*

Christian Friendship.

- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds !
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
one !
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face :
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sick'ning fire
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy—because of love.

BAREAULD.

HYMN CCCXI. *Common Metre.* *

Remember thy Creator in the Days of thy Youth. *Eecl.*
xii. 1.

- 1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
 Its summons to the tomb ;
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
 For him thy pow'rs employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
 Through life's uncertain sea :
Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of bless'd eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
 The path of heav'nly truth :
The earth affords no lovelier sight
 Than a religious youth.

Salisbury Collection.

HYMN CCCXII. *Short Metre.*

Christian Unity.

- 1 LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Envy and strife, be gone,
 And only kindness known,
Where all one common Father have,
 One common Master own.

4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
 And every heart is love.

Birmingham Coll.

HYMN CCCXIII. *Hallelujah Metre.* *

Fruitful Showers, Emblems of the Effects of the Gospel
 Isai. iv. 10, 11.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
 And the descending rain !
 To heav'n, from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again ;
 But waters earth
 Thro ev'ry pore,
 And calls forth all
 Her secret store.

2 Array'd in beauteous green
 The hills and vallies shine,
 And man and beast are fed
 By providence divine :
 The harvest bows
 Its golden ears,
 The copious seed
 Of future years.

3 So, saith the God of grace,
 My gospel shall descend,
 Almighty to effect
 The purpose I intend :
 Millions of souls
 Shall feel its pow'r,
 And bear it down
 To millions more.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CCCXIV. Long Metre. b

Things below and Things above. Ps. ciii. 15, 16.

- 1 OF mortal life how short the date !
Like flow'rs, which in their brightest state
With gaudy hues the fields adorn,
But soon by passing storms are torn.
- 2 Their boasted beauty left away,
How quick the vernal blooms decay !
Each in an hour its pride resigns,
And with'ring in the dust reclines.
- 3 So transient is the life of man,
At most a brief contracted span ;
It blooms, it fades ; and serves to show
How vain, how frail are things below.
- 4 To things above with fix'd desire
Then let our better hopes aspire ;
To realms, where, in eternal day,
Nor mortals die, nor flow'rs decay.

MERRICK.

HYMN CCCXV. Long Metre. *

Veni Creator Spiritus.

- 1 OH ! source of uncreated light !
By whom the worlds were rais'd from night ;
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.

- 4 Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 Aid us to live as we believe.
- 5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow :
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in our way.

DRYDEN.

HYMN CCCXVI. *Common Metre.* *

The first and second Coming of Christ.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands !
 Ye tribes of every tongue ;
 His new-discover'd grace demands
 A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus came
 A guilty world to save ;
 From vice and error to reclaim,
 And rescue from the grave.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day ;
 Joy through the earth be seen ;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 With pleasure lift your wond'ring eyes,
 Ye islands of the sea !
 Ye mountains ! sink ; ye vallies ! rise ;
 Prepare the Saviour's way.
- 5 Behold he comes ! he comes to bless
 The nations from their God ;
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.
- 6 Again he comes, with pow'rful voice,
 To wake the numerous dead,

And call his churches to rejoice
With their exalted Head.

- 7 When He, who is our life, draws near,
 And all his glory view,
His faithful servants shall appear
 With him in glory too.

WATTS.

HYMN CCCXVII. Common Metre. b

The Instability of worldly Enjoyments.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path,
 Who can prevent or cure ?
We stand upon the brink of death,
 When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
 It soon may be withdrawn ;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
 Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
 And find an easy prey ;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
 Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The grounds from which we look for fruit
 Produce us often pain ;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
 And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
 And creatures fade and die ;
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
 And fix our hopes on high !

COWPER.

HYMN CCCXVIII. *Short Metre.* *

Light and Deliverance.

- 1 THE trav'ller, lost in night,
 Breathes many a longing sigh,
 And marks the welcome dawn of light,
 With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of day
 Which weary sinners find,
 When mercy with reviving ray
 Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- To slaves opprest with chains,
 How kind, how dear the friend,
 Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
 And bids their sorrows end !
- 4 Thus dear that Friend divine,
 Who rescues captive souls ;
 Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
 And all its power controls.
- 5 My God ! to gospel light
 My dawn of hope I owe ;
 Once, wandering in the shades of night,
 And sunk in hopeless woe.
- 6 Thy hand redeem'd the slave,
 And set the pris'ner free :
 Be all I am, and all I have,
 Devoted, Lord, to thee !

Mrs. STEELE, altered.

HYMN CCCXIX. *Common Metre.* b

For a Fast Day.

- 1 WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,
 Before Jehovah stood,
 And, with an humble fervent pray'r,
 For guilty Sodom su'd ;

2 With what succes, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd !
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain ?
Good God ! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?

4 Our country, guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast ;
See their united pray'rs ascend ;
And shall these pray'rs be lost ?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes ?

6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode :
Long has thy presence blest our land
Forsake us not, O God !

7 O may our people, rulers, priests,
Thy choicest blessings share ;
And know thee by that glorious name,
“ The God who heareth pray'r ! ”

West Boston Coll.

HYMN CCCXX. *Long Metre.* b
Humility.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of
Who, from the cradle to the shroud, [clay,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O why should mortal man be proud ?

- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way ;
How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast !
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man ;
- 5 God of my life, Father divine !
Give me a meek and lowly mind :
In modest worth O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

ENFIELD.

HYMN CCCXXI, 7s. Metre.

b

Close of the Year.

- 1 WHILE by calm reflection led,
We review each passing year,
Think how many souls are fled,
Never more to meet us here !
- 2 Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have now no cares below ;
We a little longer wait ;
But how little, none can know.
- 3 Life how frail ! how fleeting breath !
Fate stands threat'ning still in view ;
And the next dread bolt of death
May be sent to me or you.
- 4 While we speak, and while we hear,
Teach us, Lord, with awe to think,

That eternity is near,
We are standing on the brink.

- 5 As the winged arrow flies
Quick, the destin'd mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind :
- 6 So our brief and transient days
To their end speed swiftly on ;
Soon we pass life's little space,
Here to-day, to-morrow gone.
- 7 Lord our humble vows receive
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us by thy grace to live,
With eternity in view.
- 8 Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
Take us to thy bliss above !

Olney Hymns.

HYMN CCCXXII. *Long Metre. b*
Hymn in Time of War.

- 1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground ;
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The parent and the lord of all !
- 2 Thou, who hast stamp'd on human kind
The image of a heav'n-born mind,
And in a father's wide embrace
Hast cherish'd all the kindred race ;
- 3 O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage ;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood !

- 4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth ;
While righteousness and justice mourn ;
And love and pity droop forlorn.
- 5 Great God ! whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the madd'ning world to peace.
- 6 With rev'rence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,
" My creatures, live in mutual love !"

AIKEN.

HYMN CCCXXIII. *Common Metre. ✠ or b*

Brotherly kindness from the precept and example of Christ.

- 1 YE foll'wers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught,
Inspir'd by love, he died.
- 3 And do you love him ? do you feel
Your warm affections move ?
This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love.

Birmingham Collection.

ASCIPTIONS AND BENEDICTIONS,

FOUNDED ON TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE; TO BE SUNG AT
THE END OF PSALMS AND HYMNS, IN VARIOUS
METRES.

I.

COMMON METRE.—SINGLE.

Phil. iv. 7.

MAY peace, which from the Lord proceeds,
Which Christ alone imparts,
Which human knowledge far exceeds,
Preserve and keep our hearts.

II.

Psalm xxviii. 9.

LORD, bless thy people, who to thee
Do all their safety owe ;
Feed thou thy flock, and raise them up
When they are fallen low.

Unknown.

III.

Rev. v. 13.

BLESSING and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

TATE.

IV.

Another.

To him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore ;
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore.

Scotch Paraphrases.

V.

COMMON METRE.—DOUBLE.

Phil. ii. 10, 11.

LET every creature bow the head
 To God's exalted Son ;
 Since God hath rais'd him from the dead,
 And plac'd him on his throne.

Let every mortal tongue confess
 That Jesus is the Lord ;
 Thus when the Saviour's name we bless,
 The Father is ador'd.

VI.

Hebrews xiii. 20, 21.

Now may the God of peace and love,
 Who from the shades of death
 Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep
 To draw immortal breath,
 Enrich our souls with every grace,
 That we may do his will ;
 And all that's pleasing in his sight,
 Inspire us to fulfil.

RIPPON'S Collection.

VII.

Rev. i. 5, 6.

To him, who wash'd us from our sins
 In his own precious blood ;
 And made us kings and priests, before
 His Father and his God ;

To him who died and rose again,
 Be glory ever given ;
 And may his wide dominion spread
 Throughout the earth and heaven.

VIII.

Rev. v. 9, 10.

WORTHY art thou, who once wast slain,
 To open every seal,
 And from the book of God's decrees
 His counsels to reveal.

Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
 From sin hast set us free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

Partly from WATTS.

LONG METRE.—SINGLE.

I.

Matt. xxi. 9.

HOSANNA* to king David's Son,
 Who reigns on a superior throne ;
 We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
 Who brought salvation down to earth.

WATTS.

II.

I. Tim. i. 17.

Now to the great eternal King,
 Th' immortal God, we mortals sing,
 God only wise we glorify,
 Invisible to mortal eye.

S. D.

III.

I. Tim. vi. 15, 16.

To him who dwells in heavenly light,
 Beyond the reach of human sight,

* The word Hosanna signifies, " Save, we beseech thee ;" it is an ascription of honour to Christ as our Saviour.

The King supreme, the Lord of heaven,
Be endless praise and honour given.

IV.

II. Thess. ii. 16, 17.

MAY God the Father, and his Son,
From whom all love and grace proceed,
Comfort our hearts, and 'stablish us
In every virtuous word and deed.

V.

LONG METRE.—SIX LINES.

Jude, ver. 24, 25.

To him whose wisdom, love and power
Preserves us in temptation's hour,
Who will present our souls complete
Before the glory of his seat ;
To God, our Saviour, only wise,
Let songs of praise and honour rise.

ALL SEVENS METRE.

II. Cor. xiii. 14:

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favour
Rest upon us from above.

NEWTON.

SHORT METRE.

I.

Rom. xvi. 25, 27.

TO God the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

II.

II. Cor. xiii. 14.

THE grace of Christ our Lord,
 The Father's boundless love,
 The Spirit's blest communion, too,
 Be with us from above.

III.

Mat. xxi. 9—John i. 14.

HOSANNA to the WORD,
 Who from the Father came ;
 Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
 And ever bless his name.

HALLELUYAH METRE.

I.

I. John iv. 19—Gal. iii. 13—Col. i. 12.

TO him who lov'd us first,
 Before the world began,
 To him who bore the curse
 To save rebellious man :
 To him who forms
 Our souls for heaven,
 Be endless praise
 And glory given.

WATTS.

II.

Mat. xxi. 9—Acts v. 15—Phil. ii. 11.

HOSANNA to the King
 Of David's royal blood ;
 Behold, he comes to bring
 Forgiving grace from God :
 Upon his head
 Shall honours rest,
 And every tongue
 Pronounce him blest.

III.

Heb. i. 6—Rev. v. 11, 12.

WITH angels round the throne,
And saints who dwell above,
We join to praise the Son,
And sing his wondrous love.

Worthy the Lamb,
Who once was slain,
O'er heaven and earth
To live and reign.

IV.

I. Cor. xv. 47—Col. i. 18—Acts v. 31.

To Christ the Lord from heaven,
The first-born from the dead ;
The Prince of life, be glory given,
And wide his kingdom spread :
Through earth's extent
His honours raise ;
And all consent
His name to praise.

SINCE the death of my brother, the late Dr. JOHN CLARKE, I think I am at liberty to say, that many of the variations and additions in this Collection of Psalms and Hymns, where either made or suggested by him ; that the alteration of the 149th Psalm was altogether his own ; and that the whole work passed under his critical eye and correcting hand before it went to the press. For this, and for many other acts of Christian friendship, his memory will ever be precious to me.

J. B.

MAY, 31, 1798.

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FINIS.









